

\$100,000 Lost Through Delay.

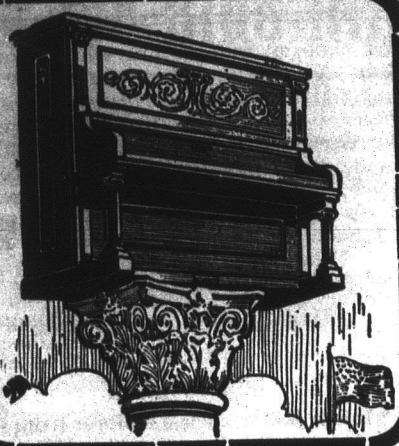
Recently a prominent building Contractor died suddenly. Before his death he completed arrangements for \$100,000 of Life Insurance, but taking a heavy cold, was stricken down just before the time appointed for his medical examination.

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THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

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As to tonal quality stands the Morris. Go where you will, search every piano wareroom and every factory from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and you will not find a piano that will give you more solid, permanent satisfaction than the

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This Piano is finding ready sale, because its discriminating buyers are quick to recognize the many excellent qualities of its tone and action. We invite the most critical comparison of the Morris Pianos with those of other high grade makes.

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THE MORRIS PIANO CO.,

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WINNIPEG

A Bit of New France in Canada.

To see French-Canadian life in all the charm of its simplicity and quaintness, and, at the same time, to enjoy an outing in a neighborhood noted for the beauty of its woods and waters, its fine drives, and good fishing and gunning in the season, one should go to St. Eustache.

A ride of less than an hour from Montreal, and one finds an atmosphere and surroundings as foreign as if he had travelled 3,000 miles across the ocean to some green hamlet of northern France.

The way to St. Eustache lies over a rolling plain dotted with maple groves and fertile farms; whose gray farmhouses, with sloping eaves and stone barns, recall the pictures seen on the journey between Dieppe and Paris.

It was on an ideal day of the cool, Canadian summer that we—a camera girl and a writer—took the train at the Place Vigor station for this village of the Province of Quebec.

The car was gayly noisy with the *patois* derived from the language of Versailles when the Sun King was the greatest monarch of Europe.

At Ste. Rose the swift-flowing Ottawa, famed in the romantic traditions of New France, widens almost into a lake. Its azure current gleamed in the sunshine, a tide of rippling light, upon which floated merry boating parties whose care-free laughter was borne to us on the breeze. When we stopped at the station, through the car passed a man wearing upon his head a red handkerchief knotted at the corners, while under one arm he carried a neat straw hat to protect it from the dust—an illustration of the comic side of the habitant's genius for economy.

It was sunset when we arrived at St. Eustache, and as we approached the *auberge* or inn, from the doorway stared two half-grown girls, and through every pane of glass in the windows of the lower storey peered a feminine countenance wearing an expression of lively curiosity.

Pushing our way into the house, we were promptly surrounded by the throng. "Can we be lodged here?" I asked of a fair-haired woman who seemed to be the hostess.

"Oui, Oui," she responded, with the ready smile of her race.

Past experience among an English-speaking people had made us cautious.

"What will be the charge?" interposed the camera girl, affecting a business-like bravado.

"Trente sous."

Our surprise was evidently reflected in our faces, for an aged caricature of Joan of Arc, in a man's coat and heavy boots, elbowed her way to the front.

"It is thirty cents to sleep, and thirty cents to eat," she explained.

The best rooms of this unique hostelry were occupied by the family of the innkeeper, but a thick-set, dimple-cheeked maid-of-all-work conducted us to an airy chamber, whose whitewashed walls and antique furnishings caused us almost to fancy ourselves in Normandy.

At dinner on the evening of our arrival occurred an interesting incident.

At the further of the two long tables of the dining-room were several habitants, awkward youths, but quiet and low-voiced, and we noticed that in giving their orders to the dimple-cheeked maid they invariably addressed her as "mademoiselle," with the formal courtesy paid in French Canada to every woman even of the humblest class.

Seating ourselves at the nearer table we discovered a picturesqueness in the use of pewter forks and spoons, and had scarce decided that we were the only guests from the outside world, when into the room sauntered a broad-shouldered young Englishman in khaki, who took his place at our table. Before many minutes he was joined by a comrade, and, anon, "while our wonder grew, another and another, in turn, made his appearance, until around us, in a cheerful ellipse, were ranged eight as handsome, stalwart and well-bred young fellows as one would wish to meet.

Think of it, ye summer girls who loiter on the verandahs of fashionable resorts, sighing "he cometh not!"

It is to remote villages like St. Eustache that the men go for the angling and canoeing, and because of the enchantments of these rural retreats the great hotels know them not.

Sportsmen in numbers come to fish in the blue current of the Ottawa, here

called the Rivière du Chêne, and to explore its Thousand Islands, but this particular group of college men from McGill University proved to be a survey party which was laying the route of the trolley which is soon to run from Montreal to the city of Ottawa.

The boys and girls of St. Eustache are so naively courteous that to make friends with them is one of the pleasures of a stay there. The visitor feels that he is the guest of the village, and every villager considers it his or her bounden duty to see to it that the stranger is treated with politeness.

Even the small shops are fascinating; they are only dwelling-houses "playing store."

Across the main street tall maples form shadowy arches along its length.

At one end of the maple-shaded thoroughfare is the seigniorial mill and the manor, for St. Eustache still boasts a "real live seignior." In the opposite direction the street leads into the square where stand the old seignior, the convent and, beside the river, the church which, in the Patriot War of 1837, was fortified by Chenier, the physician of St. Eustache, and his companions.

The young curate, whose acquaintance we made, showed us on the battered facade the marks of the cannon-balls from the field-piece of the British troops, and the sacristy window from which the misguided French-Canadian heroes leaped into the thick of the storming party and, fighting, fell.

The French flag still floats over St. Eustache, a bit of sentiment that hurts nobody.

The seignior and other gentlemen have naptha-launches which ply upon the river, and smart traps speed along the road to the Lake of the Two Mountains and the many lovely fastnesses of nature for which this country is noted.

There is enough English spoken to answer the needs of the visitor, and even to communicate with habitants to whom it is an unknown tongue one has only to become versed in the language of smiles and graciousness in which the French-Canadian is an adept.

The trolley will, it is true, rob this tranquil community of much of its dignified aloofness from the rest of the world, but it cannot spoil the loveliness of the village.

Make Yourself a Picture.

If you are not one of the people who always wear a smile, do not attempt to smile when you are having your photograph taken. If you do the result is likely to be unnatural and strained. For a full-length picture throw your body, from the waist upwards, a little forward. Don't wear your hat, unless your picture is to be "just for the time." The style in hats changes rapidly, and what is correct now appears very odd a year later. Don't wear satin or silk. It comes out badly with its gloss and glimmer. Look at some of the old photographs in the big family album if you want to prove this.

Velvet or wool is good wear from the photographer's point of view. You will look nice in white. Don't forget that grey reproduces as white, and yellow and tan like black. Lace is artistic and comes out splendidly. Do not arrange your hair too elaborately. If your hair is really light, a touch with the powder-puff will bring out its color in the photograph.

A CAREFULLY PREPARED PILL.—Much time and attention were expended in the experimenting with the ingredients that enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills before they were first offered to the public. Whatever other pills may be, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of much expert study and all persons suffering from dyspepsia or disordered liver and kidneys may confidently accept them as being what they are represented to be.