

of this store which is one of the leading of its kind on the coast. In the morning, conveyances of various types may be observed at the doors of Gordon Drysdale, Limited; in the afternoon the different departments will be found crowded with lady shoppers who have come by car or afoot.

There are several floors in the building, and each is connected with a different department. In conversing with the chief of one department, we gathered these facts, which we think worth noting for the interest of our readers:

(1) The head of the millinery department is at present in Paris in connection with the selection of spring fashions.

(2) The building is at present being enlarged by the inclusion of the shop that formerly belonged to Mr. O. B. Allan, Jeweller, and by other property.

(3) There is a "French Room" in which a large assortment of evening dress gowns are kept. A visit to this department, into which we were taken on our walk through the present premises, makes a mere man, uninitiated to the trade, marvel at the beauty and daintiness that can be put into garments, one of which (to say nothing of such a large consignment) baffles his powers of description; and, if he is sensible, he gives it up—to the ladies!

(4) And finally, all who have an interest in social progress must approve of the step in that direction taken by the regular closing of this business every evening, Saturdays included, at 6 o'clock. Unless their work has to do with the ministry—or a magazine—men and women should not live to work, but work to live; and we take it as a further proof of the front-rank position of this big business house that its responsible chiefs do not hesitate to lead the way in the shortening of working hours.

By request, we have been given the use of a picture of the front of the present building, and we have pleasure in reproducing it in this number.

* * *

BEVERIE

"Not all regret: the face will shine
 Upon me, while I muse alone;
 And that dear voice, I once have known,
 Still speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
 For days of happy commune dead;
 Less yearning for the friendship fled,
 Than some strong bond which is to be."