

Shopping in Paris.

SHOPPING is always a pleasure—to a girl. The very word has a distinct aroma about it, though perhaps not exactly of sanctity. And shopping in Paris is different from shopping anywhere else. There one sees so many things one wants, and which one can't possibly have, while in other places one may possibly have some of the things one sees, without being put to too great inconvenience.

Paris has often been called the Woman's Paradise. And when you come to think of it, there are so many reasons for this that you almost hesitate to give any one of them as being paramount. I think, however, that the majority of women, if asked to state in all sincerity what Paris held most dear to them, would admit that the shops came a close second after the Galleries.

Let us go to the shops then, and see and see again, for we shall be sure to go and go again, and then look forward to a last hasty "au revoir" sandwiched in just before train time.

That portion of Paris devoted to the feminine interests in laces and chiffons, is situated in the heart of the city, and quite clearly outlined by a triangle of beautiful streets. It is easy of access from any part of the city, and within walking distance of the Gare de St. Lazare, which is a natural starting point, being the first bit of experience of real Paris which strikes the tourist forcibly on entering this modern Athens. Leaving the Gare we are soon in sight of the Opera House, that queen of all theatres, which stands at the head of the Rue de l'Opera, a long, white street, running without a twist or turn to the "Grand Magasin du Louvre," which rises in soft grey outlines like a silhouette against the sky. This is not for the Parisians themselves however. It is merely an anteroom and generally set apart by the politeness of our hosts for their visitors. For all summer long the women flock from everywhere, from England, America, New Zealand, and Australia, choosing this or that as it strikes their