

FASHION NOTES.

Plush Pelerines are in high favor.
High, flat crowns are most in favor.
Polonaises are a feature in spring styles.
Surplices and Greek waists are much worn.

Mantles grow longer, wider, and more elaborate.

Balayuses are no longer worn under trained skirts.

Lengthwise tucks are seen on late imported costumes.

Light draped d'ete comes up among other spring dress fabrics.

Mantles are of larger size, and frequently of two materials.

Capotes and round hats divide the run of fashionable favor.

Gray French cashmere is immensely popular for spring suits.

Diversity is the most marked feature in fashions this spring.

The long redingote bids fair to be the popular early spring wrap.

Embroidered and brocaded taffeta glaze silks will be much worn.

Ottomans play an important part in young girl's spring dresses.

Flower ruches are pretty decorations of high-necked evening toilets.

Slippers, gaiters, boots, and shoes of all kinds are still pointed at the toe.

The newest jerseys are fitted to the figure with darts, side and back seams.

New cotton prints for dresses show the fine India silk designs of last year.

Demi-trained dresses are again in favor for house, dinner, and evening toilet.

The spring wraps most in vogue are mantle visites, pelerines, redingotes, and jackets.

Rose-color and silver-gray are the colors most worn in combination of Parisians at present.

Basques continue to be made with points in front, short curved sides, and full postilion backs.

Silk stockings, black or the color of the dress, are worn with shoes and slippers having large rosettes.

Embroideries, Valenciennes, and Oriental laces form the trimmings of new white muslin and veiling dresses.

Checked percales and sateens reproduce the colors and combinations of Scotch gingham and Madras zephyrs.

Basques are cut at the bottom into various eccentric points and curves, but the backs are invariably postilions.

Corsages are cut with points and without points, with long waistcoats and short waistcoats, gathered, plain, and plaited.

Corsages of black satin covered with long jet bugles are worn in Paris, making the wearers look as if cased in black diamonds.

The Romilly mantelet is very unique, cut with snug fronts, each of which is caught at the bottom, forming a point tied with a knot of ribbon. The back is fitted with a curved seam down the middle finished with a short plaited position. A variety of other mantelets, each equally novel and graceful, assume shapes cut with long tabs in front, and dolman sleeves, open mantilla sleeves, and long plaited tabs. Added to these wraps are coquettish little capes, fichus, pelerines with hoods, all adapted for the demi-saison, and when summer days are long.

The jaunty little peplums, paletots, and pelerines which are revived for spring ware, are made of the richest black velvet brocade, jetted grenadine, embossed satin, gauze velours, and Escorial net, trimmed with drooping chenille fringes, idle black laces of the costliest description, and jet applique bands in novel designs

some of which cost \$35 a yard. Jetted grenadines are shown for the body of the wrap, at the cost of \$30 a yard. Many of the wraps have a sloping vest front made of jet pendants mingled with jabots of wide lace. The long peplum fronts, and the pointed ends of the short back are pointed to correspond.

Among the new decorations for caps and millinery in general are gauze and velvet butterflies carefully copied from nature, representing the most gorgeously colored specimens, as well as the common yellow ones. There are also dragonflies made of some transparent substance that resembles mother-of-pearl. The brilliant colors of these insects are closely imitated, as are various other specimens, and at a glance along the line one might easily imagine that some naturalist's collection had been rifled, so exact are the representations. These insects are worn in the hair and produce a very glittering and pretty effect under the gaslight.

FLIRTING IN NEW YORK.

It is very difficult to judge of a woman's station in life from appearance on the street, says a New York correspondent. I presume this is the reason why it is often asserted out of town that New York ladies are confirmed flirts. The fact is that in no city of America is there so little street-flirting by ladies as in New York. Brooklyn is notorious for its flirting women. It is considered quite the correct thing, or, more properly, it is not considered incorrect for a girl to have an occasional flirtation in the street there, but in New York it is frowned down severely. There is no doubt that in Brooklyn, and many smaller towns of similar characteristics, women and girls who are bored by loneliness and the absence of any sort of excitement occasionally, and "just for the lark of the thing," indulge in a quiet street flirtation. There are many cases where women of unexceptionable character are led to the thing more through excitement than viciousness or an absence of moral stamina. But in New York such a thing is unknown. It may be asserted, without a particle of doubt, that a lady here never flirts—in the street. I don't know exactly who is responsible for this. Perhaps it is that the most picturesque and attractive men to be found in New York streets are bunko men, card sharks, adventurers, and dissipated club men, who live without visible means of support. There is a vast class of these fashionable men who spend most of their time on the public highways and devote as much of their attention as they can spare from the arduous toils of business to the women who walk abroad. It does not take a New York girl long to find out that men of this class are dangerous. She is never sure who the man is whom she brushes against in the crowd. He may be a bank burglar or a Wall street broker. She is liable to find out if she pursues investigations a little further, but she is always afraid to take the risk, and therein is the safeguard.

It will be observed that I do not give New York women credit for having a higher moral standard than women of any other city in the country. Such an assumption would be grotesque, for ladies here are no better off morally than anywhere else in the country. But their street manners are certainly vastly superior to those of the ladies of other cities that I have ever visited. This may be because they know the danger they run and are proportionately careful, or it may be on account of the firm conviction that street flirting is low and in execrable taste. When I speak of ladies in connection with this subject I mean a lady in the highest sense of the term. There are unquestionably lots of women who indulge in Broadway flirtations. When one traces them up, however, they are always found to belong to a very-low social strata.

WOMEN'S POWER.

From his cradle to his grave man relies for his happiness upon the love of woman, says a southern writer. His light, his joy, his very life, depend blindly and trustingly upon the mother-love that nurses his infant years, tends his childhood, trains his youth, and rejoices in his manhood. Infinitely holy, utterly self-sacrificing, pure, noble, and beautiful is the "maternal instinct"—and, knowing the heights of it, proving its strength, seeing its abnegation of self, men call it divine—and so realize the love of God unto all humanity. Yet, even from this fount of exquisite tenderness, they turn their steps to a love more alluring, more entrancing, more absorbing; they leave all and cling to their wives, possessing in them everything. Wonderful and peculiar is this great mingling of human hearts, of organisms irresistibly attracted, of souls that feel with and for each other, of two brains forming one mind, of two lives and loves from which spring other lives and yet another love—parental affection.

This is true marriage, and in this state woman is most lovely. Standing on an equality with her husband, she is adviser and assistant—the sharer of his happiness and his troubles, his helpmeet, his comfort, his joy.

That there are marriages far different from this is true, most unhappily; but even here woman shows her power—for evil if she chooses to curse, for good if she desires to bless and ennoble the life thus brought beneath her personal influence. A great poet says that

As the husband is the wife is; thou art mated with a clown.
And the greatness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

This is entirely fallacious. It will always be the strongest that leads, whether their strength be of an intellectual or moral force, and a woman of mind, of refinement, of honorable nature, of idealism, could not fail to modify and even correct the materiality that may exist in her husband's thoughts, feeling, or action, as his very consciousness would serve to lessen his power. A wife need not sink to the level of the "clown" to whom she is "mated." She can raise him, perhaps slowly, but still surely, to her own standard. Let her first touch his heart—through pity, through shame, or even through his mere passions, but once possess power over that and it will not be difficult to influence the brain. If the soul can be made to respond to beautiful and refining agencies, the battle is won. It may take a lifetime, but a woman can afford to spend even a lifetime in such ennobling endeavor.

A man finds his warmest, his most tender, his most unselfish friend in a woman. Possessing no interests that clash with his, she believes in him thoroughly and hopefully, and her great faith in his powers encourage him to act up to her standard of belief. She makes him feel that she truly likes him. Her affection is frank and free, and he appreciates her sympathetic interest, her cheerful looks, her many little womanly ways that make all her surroundings in harmony with herself. If weary, her sensible, quiet talk rests him; if discouraged, she finds a thousand ways to cheer him; if too elate, her sound common sense gives him the needed balance. The lamp of friendship burns clear and bright between man and woman—lit by an emotion springing from the best impulses of human nature.

"How can a women tell?" is the title of a recent poem. Humph! How can she help telling?

Does a bonnet sing because it is covered with birds? No; but the husband that pays for it whistles.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a life time is unravelled.

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