



For Spring and Summer Wear

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**MANTLES, CAPES,
JACKETS, WATERPROOFS,
BLOUSE WAISTS**

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At time of going to press we are scarcely prepared to describe accurately what these stocks will be like, but from communications just to hand from our buyers abroad, we can promise the ladies of the Dominion a choice from an aggregation composed of the very latest styles in **Mantles, Capes and Jackets.**

Waterproofs in every style, black and colors, plain and check; linings in greys, fawns, and browns, with detachable capes.

Blouse Waists in silks and cambrics. The neatest and newest styles shown at the fashion centers.

Cambric Underwear. New York Styles. Night Gowns, Chemises, Drawers, Corset Covers, Skirts with lace and embroidery trimming. Dressing Sacques—Elaborate sets of five pieces for trousseaux.

CORSETS

R. & G., in all styles and qualities, from **\$1.00 to \$6.00 pair.** Lewis' Magnetic, Qebah.—French model Yatisi, etc., **\$1.00 and \$1.25.**

Misses' and childrens' **Ferris and Hygienic Waists.**
C. P.—the favorite a la Sirene, French, **\$1.90 to \$3.50 pair.**

GLOVES

This department is completely stocked with everything in **best make French Kid Gloves.**

No. 1 Special. Real reindeer (washable), tan and white, at **\$1.25 and \$1.75 pair.**

No. 2 Special. Genuine French Kid, plain or fancy backs, in black and colors, **\$1.00 pair**—usual price \$1.25.

SPRING DRESS FABRICS

Our display will comprise everything that is fashionable and "correct."

In **Black Goods** we show the very newest ideas in Mohair Crepons, Sicilians, Tricotine, with narrow plisse stripes and Canniche effects, Brocade Mohairs and Lustres, Cheviot and Estamene Serges.

IN COLORED FABRICS

Two-toned Mohair Crepons, Worsted Novelties, Warp Printed Styles, Mohair Brocades in small naite and diagonal weaves. Diaphanous effects with crepon figures, stripes, and plaids. Latest Boucle weaves, fine Mozambiques and Persian novelties. Tweeds, Cheviot and Estamene Serges.

Just now our display of **Wool Traveling Rugs, Wraps and Shawls** is at its very best, with prices never before so tempting.

Mail Order Department is specially equipped. Through samples and correspondence we aim to give a customer who lives a thousand miles away just as many advantages as are possessed by those who shop in person. We are successful in this effort every day, as letters received will show.

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JOHN CATTO & SON,
KING ST., TORONTO



SOME half-dozen meager plants growing, or existing, in sterile earth from the New York back yard on whose parched, brick-girdled ugliness they looked, the entire collection replaceable by thriving duplicates for less than a dollar, to their mistress they were priceless: high-born exiles when she herself was in a hopeless mood, glorious ambassadors from "demi-Paradise" when things went well.

She was a person of few friends, this little Miss Prosser, and to her these were friends, more than kith, more than kind. Now and then one of the elder pupils at the school where she taught her beautiful old-fashioned penmanship came to see her; oftener a fellow-worker in the great parish to which, from its Queen Anne ancestry, she had attached herself, penetrated to the "far West" third-rate boarding-house where she had now, these many years, been passed on, old and shabby with the old and shabby furniture, from landlady to landlady. To her eyes the long drawing-room, with its carved Carrara mantelpieces, and lofty, once gilded ceiling of heavy plaster moldings, had an air of stately distinction. The pitiful Ichabod-cry which the whole neighborhood so loudly uttered to those who could hear was dumb to her. She had boarded there with dear mamma in the long-ago days when private houses, ay, and private houses with menservants and much-used horse-blocks, were the rule in West—th Street, and to her conservative mind the gentility and air of fashion remained, though the Bleeckers and DePeysters and Livingstons had gone; and in such a neighborhood she was glad to be found by those whose interest led them to track her to her lair.

If the girl or the Sunday-school teacher were of a reverent or enthusiastic nature, more particularly if she proved to have traveled, Miss Prosser would take her away from the sitting-room splendors of white and gilt framed cheap etchings and Mexican marble tables to the third-floor back hall bedroom where she lived her life. And when the guest had crossed the threshold, she would be amazed to see (unless she had had a hint given her by some previous visitor) her hostess turn and make a sweeping courtesy to a large engraving of Queen Victoria which hung, surmounted by the Union Jack, on the door.

"I am English, my dear girl," Miss Prosser would say, with a half-proud, half-deprecatory smile. Her unmarried callers, by the way, were all girls up to sixty. "My papa was from Winchester, officially connected with the Cathedral—not exactly of the Chapter. And well he remembered the burial of Miss Austen. You perhaps have read her works? Ah, they are very old-fashioned now, but I like them, and they tell me so do others—so do others. But when my papa first heard her name it was only as that of a connection of the Knights of Chawton and Godmanstone, who was to be buried in the north aisle. Yes, he was from Winchester, and in 1826 he came out to this country with his young wife, also

from Hampshire, and here I was born; but, my dear, being born here does not make one an American, no matter what the American Constitution may say, nor the birth registers. All the water of Hudson cannot wash the English blood out of my body. I am her Majesty's humble and loyal servant, and while I live she has one throne-room in New York City. So I bow to her throne, as you saw."

Then came the introductions. "If you are fond of plants, my dear Miss Jinny," or "Miss Mary," as the case might be, "you may find a few here of interest."

And first a fairy flourishing a bit of English ivy was produced.

"From Windsor Castle, my dear. A young friend of mine nipped it off herself when the guide was not looking. I am sure my good Queen cannot miss it, and it is *such* a satisfaction to me! From the home of my Sovereign Lady and of Albert the Good, the prison of James I. of Scotland, where he saw Joan Beaumont, where the Royal Martyr is buried, and where that dear excellent King George used to walk on the Terrace. Fancy, my dear girl, only fancy what earth this little plant has grown in! I declare, nothing—not 'Magnall's Questions' itself, which people don't study now as they did when I was educated—makes history so real to me as this half-yard of English ivy! Should you"—with a persuasive tone whose reluctance was apparent only to herself—"should you value a leaf, my dear?"

The guest of the moment, not to hurt her patriotism, usually said "Yes," and threw the sprig in the gutter on leaving. I think the reverse of Ophelia's words is true, and to the noble mind poor gifts wax rich when the receiver proves unkind, and that the flouted bits of glossy green were more beautiful than rare emeralds as they lay, a waste of love and reverence, in the dust and scattered garbage of the neglected street.

Then there was a silky willow, forlorn as the captives of Babylon remembering the banks of "Sabrina fair," whence it had been reft when only a spray of early pussies. Its presentation was always accompanied by a quotation from "Comus" and a reference to Arthur Hallam's ashes, which led on to perhaps the most unique plant in the collection, an onion from Farringford.

Miss Prosser and those who sat long in her tiny room could have wished it something more suggestive of the last great Laureate, more redolent of

The garden that I love,

or of Maud's acacias and roses; but an onion it was, and would not be dignified into a lily, nor even into a Shakespearean leek. Its only claim to consideration besides the place of its birth lay in the fact that, for an onion, it was of a good sort, and as such had been given by an under-gardener at Farringford to a friend who kept a market-garden at Jersey City, near the home of one of Miss Prosser's fellow-teachers. She acquired it as a seedling, but, learning its history, felt compelled to pass it on to the little writing-mistress, whose joy over it was worth many onions. To be sure, it had gone through many hands, and perhaps had never been touched by Lord Tennyson at all, but doubtless its brethren had ministered to his needs, had even, perhaps—since onions are said to stimulate the brain—helped in the production of "Crossing the Bar" or other of the later lyrics.

Stratford had been represented by a primrose, which, after refusing for two springs to blossom in an alien land, had retired under-