



HERE is a good-natured tussle for a cake of Pears' Soap, which only illustrates how necessary it becomes to all persons who have once tried it and discovered its merits. Some who ask for it have to contend for it in a more serious way; and that too in drug stores where all sorts of inferior soaps, represented "as just as good," are urged upon them as substitutes. But there is nothing "just as good," and they can always get Pears' Soap, if they will be as persistent as are these urchins.

The man who has once tried Pears' Soap in form of a shaving stick wants no other; he takes it with him on all his journeys. The woman who travels and fails to take—as she would her toothbrush or hairbrush—a supply of Pears' Soap, must put up with cheap substitutes until her burning, smarting skin demands the "matchless for the complexion." So long as fair, white hands, a bright clear complexion and a soft, healthful skin continue to add to beauty and attractiveness, so long will Pears' Soap continue to hold its place in the good opinion of women who want to be beautiful and attractive.