



HE tenderest cord of a mother's affection vibrates for her Baby. She loves to nurse it, to hear its coo and prattle and to care for its needs

and comforts. There is nothing the mother enjoys more than Baby. She loves to attend to its frequent baths. and usually the babe seems to enjoy them too. The frolic assists the tonic effect, and Baby comes out of the bath as sweet as sweet can be.

A ND not only the baby, but the child, the full grown and the aged, all enjoy the bath; but what soap should be used best suited to the delicate organization of the skin? What soap is freest from the alkali which bites, the freest from impurity? What soap is the most perfect requisite for the health of the human skin, the soap which softens and has a fascinating charm? That soap is Pears', the great English complexion soap, a pure soap that has outlived competition and which is unrivalled in the favor of civilization to-day. It has earned its enduring reputation through a lapse of over 100 years. Mothers and all others not already acquainted with Pears' soap should make no mistake; they should ask for Pears' at their druggists, and be sure they get it.

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