



**Thrifty people** look for low cost and high value when buying Soap. **Surprise** is hard, solid, pure Soap. That gives the highest value in Soap.

**Surprise** is the name of the Soap. You can buy it at any grocers for 5 cents a cake.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

## In Woman's Interest

### Give an Order Instead of Thanks.

A Washington woman who belongs to a very famous revolutionary Pennsylvania family a month or two ago went up to a Western Pennsylvania town to visit. There are glass works in the town, and such beautiful imitations of cut glass are turned out there that the woman from Washington determined to buy some. She visited the works one day with a friend, and knowing that goods might be had at wholesale rates, awaited her time to select what she wanted. The superintendent of the factory, himself an old friend of hers, accompanied the two ladies on their tour of inspection. He said something about wanting each of them to pick out a souvenir of the visit, but the Washington woman wasn't listening. He led the way to the sample room.

"Now, ladies, take your choice," he said.

The woman who lived in the town secured a small vase.

"Is that all you're going to take?" asked the Washington woman. "Why, I want ever so many things."

"Would you like this bowl?" asked the superintendent.

"No," said the Washington woman, frankly. "I don't like it at all, but I'll take half a dozen of these goblets and a dozen of those finger bowls and those two punch bowls, and three of those decanters, and this bonbon dish, and that olive dish, and—well, she ordered just dozens and dozens of things, for the fever of bargain buying was on her. Her friend stared, wide-eyed.

"It isn't often I have such a chance as this," explained the Washington woman, "and I might as well get a plenty while I'm getting you know."

And she gave directions for shipping and packing and everything with the air of an hereditary grand duchess.

"Is that all?" asked the superintendent when she had finished.

"That's all for today," she replied. "I may come in again if I think of anything else I want before I go. Good morning."

As soon as they were in the carriage driving away the friend broke forth.

"Well, of all the greedy women I ever knew!" she said.

The Washington woman smiled.

"Oh, you know, I am so fond of glassware," she said, "and I know you know."

"And you know it was so cheap!"

"Cheap!" said the friend. "Cheap! Why, didn't you know that Mr. So-and-So was giving us those things? He told us to select a souvenir, and you took enough to stock a crockery store."

The Washington woman hadn't recovered from the shock yet.

**Bows to Deck the Hair Are Again in Fashion.**

The modern girl of fashion has a new delight. She is now collecting bows—bows of satin, velvet, satin, chenille or chiffon.

With every one of her new gowns three or four bows are ordered. They are all attached to hairpins and have been made to wear in her hair.

The well-dressed girl does not consider her costume complete unless her coiffure is decorated with an upstanding, perky little bow.

The bows are all wired, and are made in many curious shapes. For day wear they are generally of velvet, and sometimes two are worn in preference to one.

It is with the evening gowns that the bows are most fascinating. Many are of satin, hand-embroidered, and made to represent a butterfly. Others are just a soft little choux of chiffon to be tucked coquettishly close to a knot of hair.

Ornaments for the hair are all the vogue this season, but they have the redeeming quality of being light and airy. Heavy jet and gold and silver ornaments are not nearly so fashionable as those made of some filmy fabric-like gauze.

Feathers and pompons are also the rage. Some of the newest and most effective are white pompons, which look not unlike fluffy snowballs; but the hair ornaments are glistening with bits of silver or specks of gold. Feathers for the hair are more in fashion than they have been for several years past. Two small curly tips are worn, and the newest are shaded to blend with the gown.

It is also fashionable to wear turtles

Scott's Emulsion is not a "baby food," but is a most excellent food for babies who are not well nourished.

A part of a teaspoonful mixed in milk and given every three or four hours, will give the most happy results.

The cod-liver oil with the hypophosphites added, as in this palatable emulsion, not only feeds the child, but also regulates its digestive functions.

Ask your doctor about this.

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## COLD STORAGE

Its Value to Producers, Merchants and Consumers.

The Necessity of Keeping Products in Good Quality Urged by Prof. Robertson.

The purpose of agriculture is to produce foods. The surplus foods, above what are consumed on the farms, form the bases of commerce in Canada. The carrying on of commerce is the exchange of something for something else. It has come to be mainly the exchanging of some product, or article, or service for money. In such transactions, from the production of a crop of wheat to the serving of bread on the table of the consumer, and from the care of a pasture field to the filling of the butter dish on the table, different interests are concerned. In considering how the original producer and the ultimate consumer can both obtain the largest measure of value and service, for their labor and what else they have to give in exchange, the interests of other laborers must be recognized.

Besides the producers—those who grow cereals, fruit and other things, those who make butter, fatten cattle and swine, keep poultry, etc.—there are those who buy and collect those products. The interests of the buyers or collectors of farm products are not identical with those of the producers, but both obtain larger profits when all the commodities sold by the one and handled by the other are of excellent quality, and in the very best condition. When food products become spoiled to any extent the value is lessened, and consequently a loss falls on somebody.

The interests of the carriers or transportation companies are directly concerned in the quality, condition and value of the products to be handled.

The interests of the wholesale dealers, who are sometimes a separate class from those who buy and collect the products, and also sometimes a separate class from those who retail or sell the products in small quantities, are relatively large, and the business chances from them also are improved when products are of good quality with the least possible risk of deterioration while in their possession.

The interests of the retail merchants—the distributors—are most important in the development of agriculture. Where these merchants—provision merchants, fruit merchants, green-grocers, butchers, bakers and others—can obtain a steady supply of Canadian products of first class quality, not likely to spoil in their possession, they have a chance to sell the products and like to push the sale of these goods with their customers, more than they would push the sale of goods of irregular quality which are liable to create fault-finding, or goods likely to go out of condition, increasing the risk of loss.

Finally, there are the interests of the consumers. When they obtain a fine quality of farm products in the best condition, larger quantities of them are

consumed. The class of customers who live in towns and cities, and who are well able to pay high prices for such products, select only those which are to their taste, in composition, in condition and in appearance.

In planning to provide or assist in providing a system of cold storage, the consumer, the laborer who is producer of wealth and the progress of the country in those different capacities. The middleman, the buyers, the collectors, the transportation companies, the wholesale merchants, the retail distributors, are quite as essential to the carrying on of the nation's or country's business with profit, as are those who are called the producers or the consumers. The laborer who is producer of commodities, or render service in any capacity, become the consumers in relation to those who do likewise in another capacity. The farmer is a consumer to the manufacturer of furniture and clothing, as much as the carpenter and the shoemaker are consumers in relation to the farmer.

PROF. JAMES W. ROBERTSON.

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"Yes—yes, Go on, my dear." They're rather of the dainty order to my mind. "I tell them beautifully, but they won't have them at the Academy—I'm sure it's only jealousy—and he can't sell them often, you know."

"Umph!" I thought she wanted me to purchase them.

"I want you to get an agent to buy some—with my allowance—which Harry knows nothing about." I was preparing to object, but she put her hand on my shoulder. "It would please a poor Harry so," she pleaded, "and I should be just as well off. He would be sure to buy things for me and baby with the money. If he didn't, we have everything we really need. He is so good and kind to me, and I do so want to—uncle—dear." She paused for breath, with her big eyes looking entreatingly. I wiped my pen carefully and considered.

"Master Harry is a sufficiently lucky man without being a great artist," said at last. "I don't know that he deserves any more good fortune."

"It would please me, uncle."

"My dear child, the allowance is to be spent entirely at your own discretion."

"But you wouldn't mind it, would you?" I watched her eager face admiringly.

"No, my dear child," I told her, "I shouldn't mind it. It is a very good plan of a very good little woman. She jumped up and fairly hugged me, until I had to protest that one of my clerks might come in."

Doris's plans were duly carried out—they generally are. We bought eleven of the masterpieces for £215. The agent evidently thought that we were a pair of lunatics, but he promised to send Harry a check for the amount, less the commission, at once, and as we found afterward, kept his word. Doris was in high glee, and actually offered to stand me lunch out of the small balance. Strange to say, Harry made no mention of the sale to her, though he seemed very jubilant. So we felt sure he was preparing some grand surprise. When a week had passed, however, I began to feel uneasy. Then he called at the office.

"I want to consult you about something, uncle," he said. "It is a secret from Doris, you must understand."

"Yes," said I, rubbing my hands and laughing up my sleeve. "Yes, my boy."

"I've sold some of my old daubs, he comes with a hearty laugh, 'for a couple of hundred. It's quite a windfall. So I want to do something for Doris with the money.'

"Exactly," I agreed.

"You know she wrote a book of poems before we were married, called 'Rose-leaves'—not half-bad, either."

"Yes, of course, I know; but I would not encourage her to do any more if I were you, Harry. She's better occupied with her baby and house—and husband."

"Certainly. But they were published at her own risk—or—?" He looked at me.

"Mine? Well, I'm afraid so." Nine-fifty pounds odd I had to pay for excess of cost over receipts.

"It has always been a sore point with her that they didn't go off better. So I thought perhaps we could arrange to buy up the lot with my two hundred."

"It would please her awfully, poor little woman."

I nearly choked with laughter, but

"I hope not."

"Very well, I promise not to be cross or satirical, but, of course, I may object."

"It's this, uncle. You know how fond Harry is of painting, and how he gets

up early and does such lovely pictures before he goes to the city."

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