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in Your  
Dealer's Window

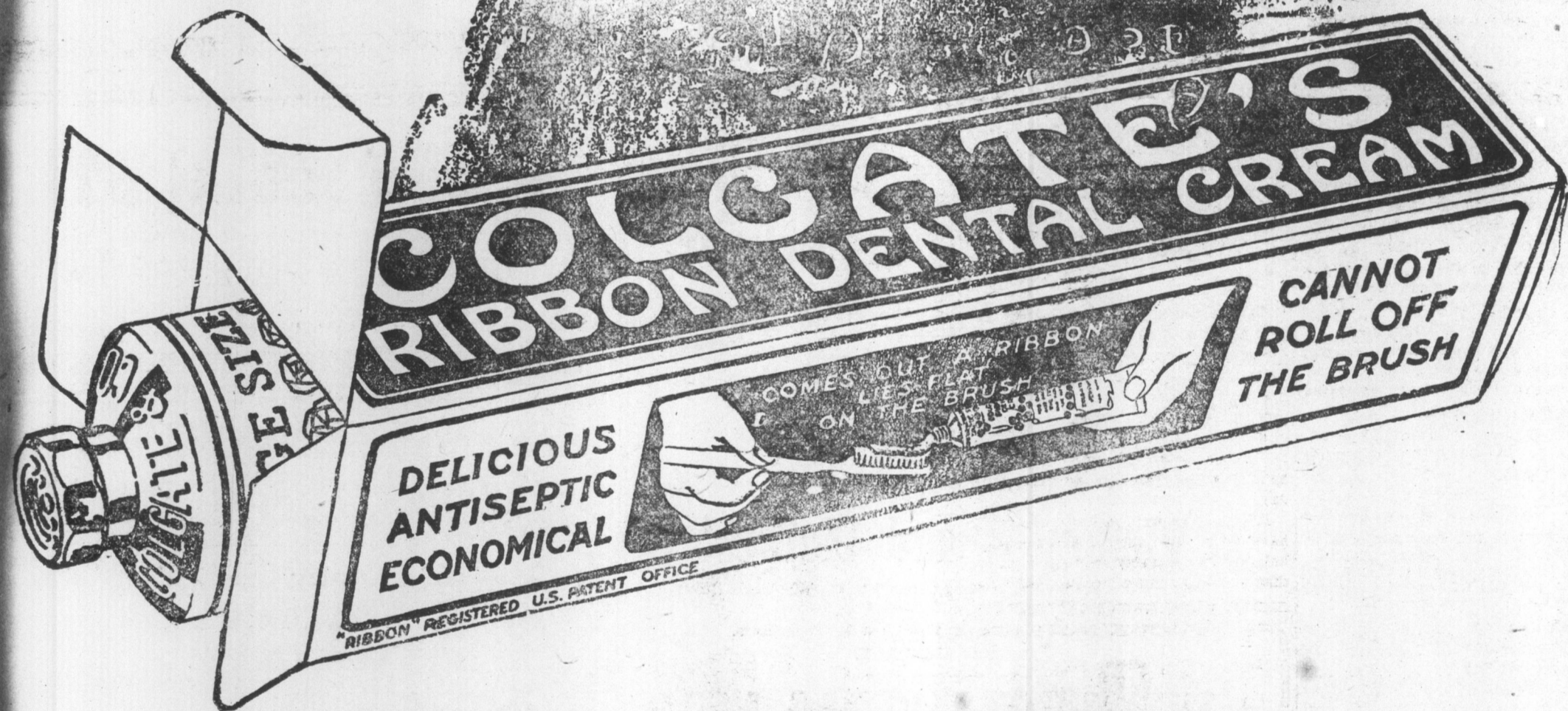


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## Fifty Years of “Blood and Fire.”

The Salvation Army Jubilee.

(By General Bramwell Booth, in Tit-Bits.)

When first the Salvation Army began its great work of rescue, our of-ficers and “lassies” had a very hard time of it.

They were often mobbed by the very people of the East-end of London whom they set out to help; they were abused, down, jeered at, pelted with stones ranging from stinking fish to rotten and brickbats; and many a time their street-corner gospel meetings were broken up and the participants so badly ill-used that the of-ficers had no alternative but to turn round and defend themselves.

But all that's changed. To-day, after fifty-three years of courageous and unflinching toil, the uniform of the Salvation Army is respected where-

ever it goes. It is a passport into the best society and the worst, for now the world knows and appreciates our er-rand of mercy.

Stirring Times.

It is just fifty-three years since Wil-liam Booth, a Nonconformist preacher, heard God calling him to seek the sal-vation of the poorest and most wret-ched dwellers in the East-end of Lon-don. To obey this call, him and his wife had to separate themselves from the Church of their childhood, to dis-appoint their friends, and, without knowing where their needs would be supplied, go forward in simple faith. Thus was founded the Salvation Army, or, as it was first known, the Chris-tian Mission.

The first twenty years were stir- ring and difficult times.

I shall never forget the rebuke I received the first time bricklayers, labourers, factory hands—and even women—were put up to preach in the streets. I was told that this was really “beyond anything” especially as we preached in theatres and other public resorts.

Advised by Abuse.

Another step which came in for a great deal of criticism was the idea of using the latest music-hall tunes, and popular street-songs, as accom- paniments to hymns. Yet who will say that to take the most fetching chorus from the nigger troupe and turn the words into Salvation did not help to make known our message?

In those early days we were ac- cused of every abomination that could be thought of. Apart from the free publicity the Army received from these lies, we did the bulk of our advertis- ing ourselves. I myself had a bill- sticking outfit, a pair of sandwich boards, and a hawk's licence. This latter enabled me to hawk the Mission magazine, its Song-Book, and so forth, in places where meetings were for- bidden.

My method was to read a bit, explain it, and make a dash for the people's souls. Then when I saw a policeman coming I would say, “Here you are! One penny! Who'll buy?” We would also chalk announcements on the pavements, and go from house to house proclaiming our message.

Ill-used Converts.

I must not forget another powerful influence in our favour—the persecu- tion endured by converts. Some of the persecuted were men working at the docks or in the big railway cen- tres, and the way in which they bore ill-usage resulted in the winning of many of our trophies. Not only were our people bullied, but they lost their situations, were turned out by their landlords, tradesmen would not trust them, mistresses dismissed servant- girls, and the young men often sus- tained injuries of a serious character.

This, as well as our following-up of individuals—going down to the public- houses and skittle-alleys and music- halls after them, lying in wait for them as they came from work, finding them out in their misery and drunkenness—interested their neighbours and pro- duced a growing impression that after

all there must be something good in this “noisy crew.”

The first musical instrument used at our meetings was, of course, the fiddle. The way we started to use music in those early days is an in- teresting story. A man, whose name I do not recall, got a few other fiddlers together and used to help up with the singing. One or two of our preachers did not altogether approve of this, but it was welcomed by others, and so it became a feature of many East-end meetings. Then one day a Salvation- ist from a West London centre came to visit Whitechapel and brought his cornet. He was the first man to play a brass instrument in the Salvation Army.

PIONEER WORK.

Very often work of the most prac- tical kind was necessary during our pioneer visits to the provinces. At one town which I remember visiting with a brother worker, we went to- gether into the lowest and poorest dis- tricts, and while he put on an apron and scrubbed the dirt off the floors and cleaned the grates, I helped to wash and tend the sick, and cut the tangled hair of the old and helpless. Between us, we clothed the naked, fed the hun-

gry, and sometimes performed the last loving services for the dead.

And now the Salvation Army's year of Jubilee has come. Fifty-three short years—and the banner of Blood and fire stands unfurled in as many lands—while the message which William Booth first preached amid the drab poverty of East London has been made known to the uttermost ends of the earth.

The hard shell of the coconut, saw- ed to the proper shape and with holes pierced for strings, make a charming hanging basket.

Russian salad dressing is made half of French dressing and half of mayon- naise, with chilli sauce, chopped red peppers, cucumbers and parsley added. Whenever it is necessary to econo- mize on cooking begin on the fancy dishes and keep the substantials.

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