

## Spring-Time Pictures

"In the Spring a Modern Young Man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of" all the snapshots he means to take on fine days, of the country putting on her Spring Gown, of the "New Baby" of the many temptations Spring offers the camera lover.

THE KODAK STORE carries full equipment for beginner or expert. All grades and sizes of Cameras, Tripods, Cases, Roll Films, Film Packs, Plates, everything. All you want in one store at one counter.

## TOOTON'S

The Kodak Store Water Street St. John's.  
'PHONE 131.

## Nothing Could Keep This Boy Down.

In Poverty, forced as a Child to sell matches and Newspapers on the Streets, for six years in a badly run Orphan Asylum, Aaron Sapiro lived to reorganize the Asylum, and to fight His way to Leadership of the Greatest Agricultural movement of Present Times.

(By MERLE CROWELL, in the American Magazine.)

It would get up at half past five in the morning and sell newspapers on the street until school time. At school, we would rush for loads of matches and bring from house to house and walk out as far as we could and back to the dormitory—a distance of six or eight blocks—before our goods were sold.

At night so tired that I could not sleep, I would come outside the house for a few minutes to get some fresh air. I remember the fear we had that I did not think I could go through, but I had to go. I remember the sweet and opiate only did she have to protect us, but we were so frightened that I did not think I could go through, but I had to go. I remember the sweet and opiate only did she have to protect us, but we were so frightened that I did not think I could go through, but I had to go.

## ORANGE PULP, in 10 lb. tins.

Fresh Stock just Received:  
BEST SINGAPORE PINEAPPLE CHUNKS—1 1/2 lb. Tin, 24c.  
VALLENCIA ORANGES—40c. Dozen.  
LARGE FANCY SORENTO LEMONS, Extra Bright—40c. Dozen.  
FRESH TOMATOES, BANANAS,  
CALIFORNIA ORANGES and GRAPE FRUIT.

Huntley & Palmer's Fancy Biscuits.  
Small Special Tins of the following varieties: Afternoon Tea, Sweet Assorted, Wine, Mixed Artic Wafers, Rich Mixed, Reading Shortbread, Acorn, Marie, Albert, Arrowroot, etc. By the pound: Pastry Flake, Cream Crackers, Cheesecake, Nut Sandwich, Marie, etc.

C. P. EAGAN,  
2 Stores:  
Blackworth Street & Queen's Road

our coats—which is the modern adaptation of the ancient practice of rendering garments. Phil and I both ran away and when they caught us they had a terrible time trying to persuade us to submit to the mutilation of our new clothes.

"The funeral gave us our first carriage drive—another wonderful event. And after it was over a custom required that we stay at home for a mourning period of seven days. The neighbours brought us food, and we had the blessed privilege of eating all we wanted.

"When father was brought home dead there was less than twenty cents in the house—and seven children—the youngest a babe in arms. Now the burden of supporting the family fell even more heavily on Phil and me. At once we doubled our daily stock of papers and sold them to the last one. We had to, because we couldn't return them and get our money back if there were any left over. We would start in at six in the morning, and at eight-thirty Phil would go to school, because he was the elder and had a more immediate prospect of needing education. Passing by corner, he would pass over to me what papers he had left, and I would stick on the street until I had sold them all. Sometimes I wouldn't get to school until after eleven o'clock.

"Before long my teacher got very indignant at my tardiness and would not accept my excuses. So she reported me to the principal of the school, who was Edwin Maricham, the poet. Mr. Maricham called me into his office, and extracted from me the whole story. Then the dear old man sent me back with a note to the effect that I could come late whenever I wanted to, and he would trust me not to arrive a minute later than was necessary. Moreover, he assigned a teacher to spend each noon hour helping me, so that I could make up for the work I had missed in my classes.

"Phil and I managed to make about fifty dollars a month, and the whole family lived on this amount, supplemented by such money as mother earned by hemming towels for the linen department of one of the large stores. She got a few cents a dozen for this work, and usually she would sew late after we children were sound asleep. I remember one morning when we were particularly hard pressed, I got up earlier than usual to go for my papers and found her still sitting in her chair, with the first slant rays of sunshine setting off the blue circles under her weary eyes. She had been working the livelong night!

"In the meantime, the constant hard work was telling on Phil and me. I was much underfed and not any too well. In addition to selling papers I had to study hard to keep up in school. 'You boys are going to kill yourselves,' mother would say with tears in her eyes. And she worried more and more about us. Moreover, she was fearful that we would learn bad habits from mingling with the tough boys on the streets. In the meantime she took a step that almost broke her heart. She went to San Francisco and made arrangements with an orphan asylum to take four out of the seven children. So Phil and myself, one sister and a brother, who had since died, went to the institution. Mother figured she could support the other three youngsters by taking in more towels than ever.

"I was ten years old when I went to the orphanage, and I stayed there six years. Those years are seared into my very soul. I was no longer Aaron Sapiro; I was 'Number 58'—a puppet in a cold, unfeeling system that tended to squeeze the joy of living and the individuality out of my child. They fed us enough, such as the food was, but if someone could have come in to give us an occasional good-night kiss, or speak a kind word now and then, it would have meant more to us than all the food in the world.

"Dressed in regulation uniforms that stamped us as 'charity children,' we started off for school every morning with a slice of bread and an apple in a tin can on which our number was stamped. That was our lunch. The other children could tell as far as they could see us that we were orphan waifs, and they used to taunt us with the fact. After a while we developed the habit of eating our meager lunches after we had gone a few blocks and hiding the cans under a building.



During the anxious times of illness

# BOVRIL

gives strength

Prevents that Sinking Feeling

until we came back at night. Before noon we were hungry, of course, and we went hungry the rest of the day. Even that substitute, however, didn't do much, if any, good.

"The food at the orphanage was always the same for every day in the week. We could tell on January first what we were going to have for every meal of every day in the year. We knew that for dinner on Sunday we would have veal, which was frequently had, that on Thursday night we would have roast of beef, which was usually pretty good; and that on Friday we would have fish, which more often than not, was stale and unpalatable.

"The bowls and cups were so thick that one could drop them out of a window onto the cement walk, and they wouldn't break. I know—because I have tried it. The dining-room was dark, and the long board tables, around each of which twenty-five boys or girls would be crowded, were covered with red cotton tablecloths—the kind that can be used a long time without showing too noticeably the dirt and stains.

"But the great, thick cups had one saving grace: Every evening those of us whose actions during the day had not suited our custodians would be called into the office and whipped on the hands with rattan switches. As soon as one of us came out of the office, with his hands puffed and red and smarting, he made a bee line for the dining-room and soothed the sting by clasping tightly the cool cups. We had an unwritten law that no one should block the narrow passageway from the office to the dining-room between seven and eight o'clock. A kid didn't have to do much to get a whipping, and I was one of those frequently singled out. I have seen as many as seven or eight fellows in the dining-room at a time, all blinking back the tears as we held the cups between our bruised hands.

"The orphanage had the most extraordinary system of bathing I ever heard of. The boys always took their weekly bath on the same night in a big tank that would hold about twenty at a time. A delegation of the biggest boys would enter the tank first and be scrubbed off with soap and a rough brush. Then part of the water would be let out, and the group of boys next in size would be herded in. I belonged to the last and smallest group, and we had to wash in the water that all the others had bathed in.

"We were never given a physical examination. Some of the fellows had running sores; many of them were tubercular; and nearly all had bad teeth. Nobody seemed to care. The whole system was a dull routine, without a touch of life or color.

"The fighting that Phil and I had done as newsboys stood us in good stead, for the bigger boys were always picking on the smaller ones. The first night I was there an oversized bully thrashed the life out of me because I wouldn't pull off his stockings. He left me all in a heap—but he had to take off his own socks! A few experiences like this gave me an idea that resulted in my first experiment at co-operative organization.

"I got all the smaller boys together and outlined my plan. We took a solemn vow in the dark of the moon that the first time one of the bigger boys started to pick on one of us we would all pitch into him together. We drew up an agreement on paper, picked our thumbs with pins, squeezed out the blood and signed our names with it—in accordance with the procedure followed in a pirate boat I had been reading. We called ourselves 'Aaron's Gang' or 'The Bidding Roses.' It was a darn fool name, and I can't remember whether I was responsible for it or not.

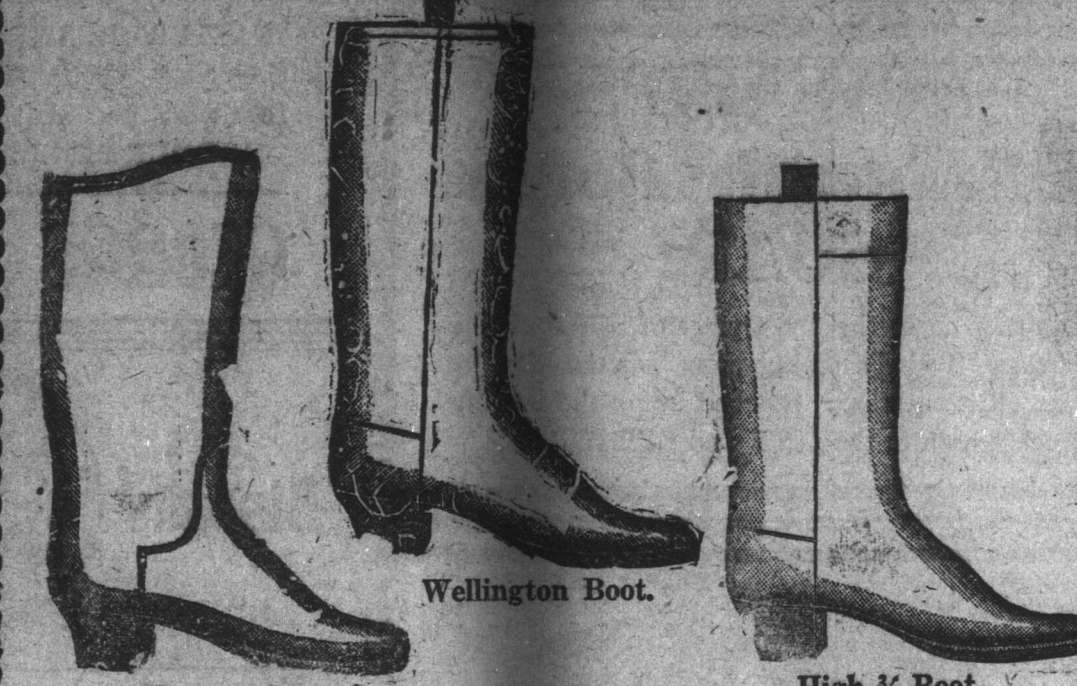
"The very next day one of the big fellows took an awful wallop at one of our band—an inoffensive little duck whom we called 'Stoak.' A moment later thirteen infuriated 'Roses' grabbed each arm; two or three clung to his legs; and the rest of us proceeded to punch the living daylight out of him. After a few experiences like this we enjoyed a welcome immunity."

(To be continued.)

## The Fishermen's Friend!

FISHERMEN! One pair of Smallwood's Hand-made Waterproof Boots will outwear at least three pairs of the Best Rubber Boots on the market to-day!

FISHERMEN! Buy Smallwood's Leather Boots. They wear longer and are more healthy than Rubber Footwear. Leather Boots are warmer and more comfortable to walk in than Rubber Boots.



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Boys Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

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Molassine Meal is not a condiment but a food of great feeding value and takes the place of an equal quantity of other fodder.  
HORSES 2 to 4 lbs. (DAILY) COWS 5 lbs.

## Our Best Farmers Use It!

**Nfld. Fishermen Get Roumanian Interest.**

Montreal.—The recent arrangement made by Roumania to pay interest on its foreign debts is of substantial benefit to the Dominion of Newfoundland as well as to Canada. During recent years Roumania has been a large purchaser of Newfoundland codfish, and these purchases were paid for in bonds. When these bonds depreciated in value and Roumania seemed indifferent about its obligations, many of the Newfoundland holders of these bonds considered them a total loss. Advice has been received in St. John's, however, that Roumania has arranged to pay this month four per cent. interest upon the bonds, and several million dollars' worth held in Newfoundland are thus going to bring some return to their holders.—Financial Post.

The bustle effect may be obtained by an exaggerated bow placed at one side in the back.

**BILLY'S UNCLE**

A Moot Point.

By BEN BATSFORD