

"It makes me think of Naples!" he cried. "Now the boy and I will sing together!"

"I will never sing with you!" I shouted, stamping. But my mother seized my arm.

"Now I try to save money," she said. "I shall get a good singing teacher, and Peppino shall be famous! That is why I asked you for more work to-day. I am so strong! If you will only give me enough to do!"

His face suddenly brightened.

"So that is it," he said. "Well, you can never save enough by working. You must marry."

He went away smiling, and half-way down the stairs he sang again—a happy, ear-splitting roar. My mother sat silent, trying to work, but she could not see, for in her eyes were angry tears.

Late that night I woke up and watched her sew. And I was deeply troubled—so tired and strained was her face. At last, very softly, I began to sing her favourite song—the little gay one my father had sung to her best. And now

she raised her head and gazed at me as I sat up in the bed. Her lip quivered, the coat dropped from her hands, and her head went down and shook and shook with sobbing.

The next day I began to sell papers. My elium was now a bootblack. He loaned me ten cents and showed me how to sell. And by night I had made thirteen cents! How proud I was!

But how angry she was when I told her.

"You will spoil your voice!" she cried. "You must never do this again!"

But I stood up very straight, for I felt a great deal older. Solemnly I looked at her.

"The big man," I said—"he tries to make you marry him."

She grew red.

"Yes," said I, my voice shaking, "and that would be the worst thing I can think of!"

She turned quickly around. I clutched her arm.

"Don't!" I whispered. "Don't marry

him! Don't marry him!" But then I saw she was laughing.

"Poor little Peppino!" she cried. "Don't be so solemn! We will never marry him! Never!"

"Then," said I, "I must get money for a teacher. And you must not work so hard. If you do, you will soon be dead."

She looked at me, and in a flash I knew she loved to have me boss her.

"Oh, Peppino," she said, "if you were only older!"

"I am older!" I cried stoutly. "I will show you."

And I did. My only school was the roaring old street. The thundering elevated trains, the clanging trolleys, wagons and stout horses, whistling peanut roasters, hurdy-gurdies and voices of thousands of people—all this for me was music deep and exciting, the music of the Fichtel. Everyone was fighting! All day I shouted against hundreds of other boys—until I learned a fine trick.

One October evening, suddenly close behind me a big hurdy-gurdy began

Funiculi! I turned and sang, and soon some people stopped to listen. At once, by habit, I jerked out my papers to sell, and then without thinking I sang the headlines. Instead of "I ammo, I ammo—I ammo, I ammo, ya!" I sang: "Extry, extry—extry, extry, ya! Extry, extry—extry, extry, ya! De train is smashed—de people smashed—de people yell—Hut! Hut! Get de latest extry out—extry!"

The crowd closed in, hundreds of men and women—laughing faces. In a minute my papers were sold. They were given back, again I sang and sold them, and so again!

All that winter I sang headlines. I made my mother work slower, and in her face the rich colour came again. When I had saved thirty dollars I begged her to buy some fine clothes. And at first she refused but at last one evening we started, we went from store to store, and grew more and more excited—until we had spent eighteen dollars! And how beautiful she was that night!

# Bronchitis

Are you troubled with a nasty irritating, and often painful cough every time the cold weather comes round? A tickling in the throat, tightness in the region of the breast-bone, loss of voice on rising in the morning, heavy and laboured breathing, sometimes giving rise to a sense of suffocation? Do you instinctively fear the cold, damp, foggy days? Are you very susceptible to chill? Are you obliged to cough incessantly in church or at public meetings; and do you often feel a desire to "clear your throat?"

If any of these things trouble you, Bronchitis has claimed you for a victim.

Bronchitis drains the vigor of the strong and permanently cripples the aged and weak. It kills off more old people than any other single disease. Hence the importance of speedily adopting some safe and certain treatment possessing a direct influence on the actual tissues of the throat and lungs which are the tissues affected.

This is essentially the treatment afforded by Peps. As they dissolve on the tongue, Peps emit all the rich pine fumes with which they are stored; and these pine essences as the breath is taken in, bathe the membranes of the throat and bronchial tubes. Peps (unlike liquid medicines which are merely swallowed into the stomach) thus bring a powerful antiseptic and healing agency into direct contact with the tissues injured by the incessant coughing. These pine fumes quickly subdue the inflammation which is the beginning of Bronchitis, and repair the injured membranes; while the accumulation of phlegm, (which prevents the easy passage of air between lungs and mouth) is more easily got rid of, and the delicate air-tubes are strengthened and fortified against the perils of these changeable, lung-chilling and feet-wetting days.

Peps bring relief in the most advanced cases of Bronchitis, and if persevered in will so repair and strengthen the tissues that the disease is entirely driven from the system. No longer are the lungs worn and torn by incessant coughing. No longer is the breath obtained with difficulty; and no longer is there oppression, pain, or tightness about the chest.

Peps are an exceedingly effective medicine, safe for the most delicate adult and the youngest child. They are a concentration of the richest pine essences in combination with certain other pure medicine of great healing value in lung, throat and chest disease. They may be taken at any hour and in any quantity, and can only do good. A mother only does her duty when she keeps Peps handy and administers them to herself or to her children, upon the first sign of wheezing, barking, hoarseness, difficult breathing or throat inflammation. No home should be without a box of Peps.



## Where Cough Mixtures Fail.

"Bronchitis-cures" and other liquid mixtures, only produce the appearance of a good effect by reason of the opiates or other pernicious drugs which they contain. It is not to be expected that any quantity of narcotics swallowed into the stomach (and entirely missing the lungs and bronchial tubes) will really cure Bronchitis. Their failure to reach the real tissue means postponement of the cure and aggravation of the evil. Peps are distinguished from these old-fashioned, and often injurious, medicines in that they, Peps, contain no opiate, chloral, ammonia, rubbers or other unnatural substance likely to upset the stomach and kidneys, or lead to pernicious drug habits. The security of Peps fits them pre-eminently for general and family use. A box at hand is equal to "A Pine Forest in Every Home."

# PEPS

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Peps are the most unique family medicine for coughs, colds, chills, influenza, lung weakness, bronchitis, "Hoarse" or "Lumpy" Breathing, whooping cough, and tightness of the chest, tonsillitis, asthma, consumption's hacking cough, hay fever, running of the nose, cold in the head, croup, children's colds, whooping cough, sore or relaxed throat, hoarseness and loss of voice. They are invaluable to clergymen, teachers, lawyers, singers, and public speakers.

In case of pleurisy, pneumonia, indigestion, flatulence, and the lung and throat diseases due to the dust and odours of the employment, Peps are of great service. PRICE: 1/6 per box of all chemists, or post free for same price direct from the N.Z. Agents, Kempthorne, Frosser & Co., Dunedin.

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