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

'I will never sing with you!" I shout-stamping. But my mother seized

ed, stamping.

In arm.

"Now I try to save money," she said.

"I shall get a good staging teacher, and Peppine shall be famous! That is why I asked you for more work to-day. I min so strong! If you will only give me enough to do!"

His face suddenly brightened.

"So that is it," be said. "Well, you have never save enough by working. You

can never save enough by working, must marry."

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 augry 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 chunt 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 has

"You will spoil your voice!" she cried.
"You must never do this again!"
But I stood up very straight, for I fell a great deal older. Solemnly I looked at her.

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

She grew red.

"Yes." with 1

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

She turned quickly around. I clutch-

But then

bins! Don't marry kim!"
I saw she was laughing.
"Poor little Peppino!"
"Poor't be so soleun! We marry him! Never!" also eried.

"Pon't be so solemn! We will never marry hint 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."

sad. She tooked at me, and in a flash f new she loved to have me hoss her. "Oh, Peppino," she said, "if you were

only older!" I cried stoutly. "I will

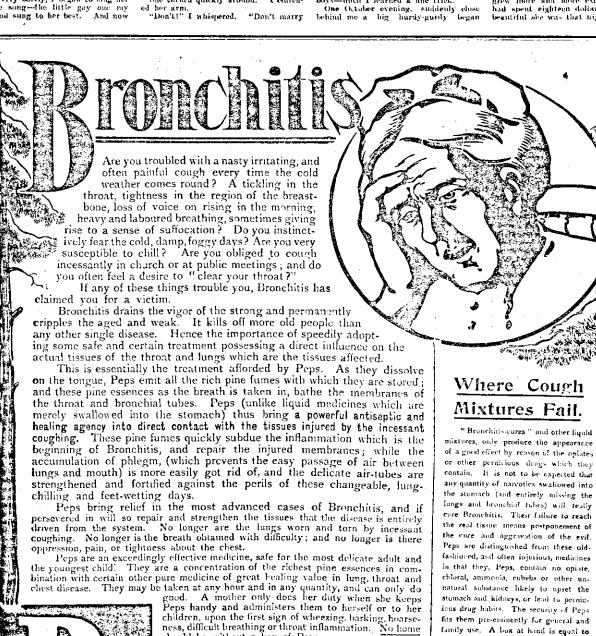
"I am older?" I cried stoutly. "I will show you."

And I did. My only school was the roaring old Street. The thundering elevated trains, the clanging trolleys, waggons and stout horses, whistling peanureasters, hurdy-gurdles and voices of thousands of people—all this for me was music deep and exciting, the music of the Fight. Everyone was fighting! All day I shouted against hundreds of other boys—mutil I learned a fine trick.

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

Funiculit 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 'lammo, iammo—iammo, iammo—ya!" I sang: "Extry, extry—extry, extry, ya! Extry, extry—extry, catry, ya! De train is snushed—de people mashed—de people yell—Ha! Ha! Get de latest extry out—extry!" extry!"
The ground chosed in hundreds of men

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! And at ten of-clock I ran home with a dollar and lift-two cents! All that winter I sang headlines. I rusde my nother work slower, and in her face the rich colour came again. When I had saved thirty dollars I begged her to key some line clothes. And at first she refused but at last one evening we started; we went from alone to store, and grew more and more excited—until we had spent eighteen dollars! And how beautiful she was that night! had spent eighteen dollars! And how beautiful she was that night!



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