

"I shall look forward to meeting the new editor," he said. "As a fellow sufferer I shall be glad to extend fraternal sympathy."

Miss Foster turned and looked at him. A student of physiognomy would have read determination in her chin; Mr Phinney saw only the dimple.

"It is possible," she observed calmly, "that the editor may not need your sympathy."

When Shakespeare returned to the office he found his patron seated in the desk chair staring intently at the brier pipe. A portion of the stem—the least stained portion—was almost the identical shade of brown.

"Say!" whistled Shake enthusiastically. "Ain't she a dandy? Bein' as you don't want this poem of mine, I'm agoin' to take it to her. She's the new editor of the 'Gazette' and—"

Ben whirled round in his chair. "Do you mean to tell me," he exclaimed, "that she is going to edit the 'Gazette' herself?"

"Didn't you know it? Her name's Edith Foster, and she's old Caleb's niece. She's got some money of her own, so folks say, and she used to run the college paper when she was student to Wellesley. She's hired a room at the Ocean House, and she's goin' to start up the 'Gazette.' I bet you she'll make it go too. Ed White knows her; he says she's awful smart."

Half an hour later the editorial concerning the rumoured "resurrection" was reposing, in very small pieces, in Mr Phinney's wastebasket, and its author was busy with a new one which began thus:

"A great pleasure is in store for the reading portion of this community. Our esteemed contemporary, the 'Trumet Weekly Gazette,' is to resume publication at an early date. Miss Edith Foster, the talented niece of its proprietor, is to act as editor. The 'Breeze' wishes Miss Foster and the 'Gazette' the fullest measure of success. Any favour which it is in our power to grant will be gladly extended and . . ." etc., etc.

The first number of the "Gazette," un-

der its new management, appeared at the end of a fortnight. Meanwhile Trumet had discussed, with unction, the proceedings and appearance of the new editor. She re-engaged the aged compositor and the apprentice who had worked for her uncle. The dilapidated print shop and editorial room had been washed and whitewashed. All the outstanding bills contracted by Caleb had been paid. This among the local shopkeepers and their families, had created a favourable impression. The impression had been strengthened by Miss Foster's hiring a pew in the church and occupying it on Sundays. Also she had attended the Friday evening prayer-meetings. Trumet believes in orthodoxy and in honesty. The higher criticism and "high finance" have made little headway there.

Ben Phinney read his copy of the new paper with interest. It was feebly amateurish in make-up and contents, he decided. There was a "Woman's Column" and a "Poet's Corner." Shake's effort, "Beautiful Sunset in Higgin's Cove," crowded the "Corner." Ben smiled as he read it. He felt almost sorry that his rival's first attempt at editing was not more successful. Plainly the "Breeze" might rest secure upon its pedestal of popular favour. The "Gazette" was not destined to shake it down.

But, as months passed, he became less confident. The "Gazette" had improved wonderfully. It still kept its "Woman's Column"—in fact it was a "Woman's Page" now; and the Trumet women seemed to like it. It had gained a respectable subscription list. Also advertisements of local shopkeepers' "Mark-down sales" appeared in it regularly. And the "Breeze" had to use diplomacy and discounts to retain its subscribers and its advertising. Even at that it did not retain all of them.

"I tell you, Mr Phinney," said Andrew Smalley, who kept "The Boston Store," "the women folks like the 'Gazette.'" Amandy, my own woman, she swears by it. No, I don't believe I'll put no ad. in the 'Breeze' this week. Can't afford to patronise two papers, you know."

And there were others—a disquieting number of them.

The rival editors had become good friends in a social way, by this time. Ben made regular calls at the Ocean House, and occasionally dropped in at the "Gazette" office. Business was not mentioned during these visits. Neither was anything else of importance, and yet there were times when the brown eyes and the dimple being particularly alluring, Mr Phinney would have liked to speak more specifically. He attended prayer-meeting now. At least, if he did not attend, he "happened to be passing" when the meeting was over, and generously acted as Miss Foster's escort to the hotel.

One Friday night Ben was a little late in "happening to pass." The cares of business were troubling him greatly. Subscriptions and advertising had dropped to an alarming point. Were it not for the fact that Asa White and Son, the leading merchants in town, and Annabel Saunders, who kept the dress-making, candy, ice-cream, and millinery store, still advertised with him to the exclusion of the "Gazette," the "Breeze's" future would have looked dark indeed. And it was rumoured that Annabel was wavering.

The usual crowd of would-be escorts was waiting by the vestry door. One of them spied Ben and hailed him.

"Lookin' for Edith Foster, was you, Mr Phinney? You're too late. She's gone with another feller."

The editor of the "Breeze" was aware of an uneasy feeling, distinctly apart from his business worries. However, it was his fault for being late. Just then Annabel Saunders, pretty—and conscious of it—in a new spring hat, emerged from the vestry, and he begged permission to "see her home." As they turned the corner an awkward person bumped into them. The awkward person was Zebedee Gott, alias "Shake," and he stood staring after them till they passed out of the light from the church windows.

Miss Saunders' conversation was much to the point. She had decided to transfer her advertisement from the "Breeze" to the "Gazette." Her escort's pleadings

were in vain. She "hated to," but "twas best for custom. Everybody said so."

Next morning, as Mr Phinney was gloomily climbing steps leading to his office stairway, he saw the bard of Trumet approaching along the sidewalk.

"Hello, Shake!" he hailed, throwing off the gloom. "Haven't seen you in a dog's age. Why don't you give us a poem once in a while? Have you gone over to the 'Gazette' altogether? I'll bet you've got a lyric gem in your clothes now. Come."

The poet reddened consciously. "Wa-ll, now, Mr Phinney," he stammered, "I have made up a little piece, but I was callatin' to give it to the 'Gazette.'" Seems more fittin' for it, to me. But if you'd like to see it, why—"

"Of course I'd like to see it. Come upstairs. Not a word. Come on."

Aloft in the sanctum Shake unfurled the usual sheets of foolscap and cleared his throat.

"This piece is about Edith Foster," he said; "I made it up after I see somethin' last night. That's why I thought 'twould suit the 'Gazette' better. Besides she's been payin' me a dollar a piece for poetry, and you wouldn't pay nothin', so—"

But Ben was curious. "Never mind, Shake," he said. "Read it me, anyhow."

"It's named 'To a Beautiful Young Woman in Trumet,'" confessed Shake. "That means Edith, but I thought 'twas best not to put in her name. It begins this way:—"

She is pretty and she is fair  
As any girl you'd find anywhere;  
Her cheeks are red, her hair is brown,  
And she is sweet as this whole town.

"That's true, ain't it?" he inquired.  
"Not half emphatic enough. Go on."  
The poet went on for some 20 lines,

The sweetheart that steals her away,  
Is mighty lucky, so I say.  
And when from meetin' Friday night,  
I see her walk with Edward White,  
And when with looks of lovin' bliss  
I see 'em swap a tender kiss—

Then:—  
There was a great deal more. When the reading was over Shake looked up

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## The Famous Remedy for COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA & CONSUMPTION,

Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in the World.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Its healing power is marvellous. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it affects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

### CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure the Most Effective Remedy.

Mr. Hearne, Dear Sir,—I have used a number of bottles of your medicine for bronchitis, which was a chronic complaint of mine, and I must say that of all the medicines I have taken (including those from doctors), none have proved so effective as your Bronchitis Cure. I have recommended it to many others. Yours faithfully,  
THOS. OLIVER,  
Proprietor of "The Lilliput Express,"  
Lilydale, Victoria.

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A Camberwell Resident Expresses Gratitude.

Mr. Hearne, Dear Sir,—Your Bronchitis Cure has relieved my wife of a cough

which followed on an attack of influenza. While I acknowledge that all good comes from only one source, ordinary gratitude bids me to offer my earnest thanks to you, through whom this particular blessing has come. I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,  
GEO. S. CALDWELL,  
Camberwell, Victoria.

### SEVERE COUGH.

Completely Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure after other treatments had failed.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—Having used your Bronchitis Cure with very speedy and good results for severe cough, and cold on the chest, I am sending you this testimonial to make any use of it you wish. I have used many cough medicines, and can unhesitatingly say that yours gave me the quickest relief, and I have not been troubled with the cough since. I have also given it to my little boy, aged two years, with equally good results, and now re-

commend it to my friends. Wishing you every success.—I am, yours truly,  
J. ERSKINE,  
Kilbirnie, New Zealand.

### A Seven Years' Case.

Expectorating Blood and Matter.

Completely Cured.

Mr. W. G. Hearne,  
Dear Sir,—Your medicine has cured me of bronchitis and asthma, from which I had suffered for upwards of seven years, during which period I was scarcely ever free from coughs, and frequently the difficulty of breathing was so distressing that for nights in succession I had to sit up. I write to you this acknowledgment from a sense of duty, as in my case every other treatment had failed. For a year previous I had been getting very much worse, and at the time I obtained your medicine I was confined to bed, suffering from a most violent cough, expectorating blood and matter, and apparently beyond hope of re-

covery. The first dose of the medicine gave me welcome relief, and I steadily improved as I continued the treatment, until I became as I am now, quite well.—Yours sincerely,  
H. WALKER, Ralmah, Sydney.

### BRONCHITIS.

A Very Obstinate Case.

Cured through persevering in the treatment by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—Having been a sufferer from Bronchitis for a number of years, and not being able to get relief from doctors, I started taking your Bronchitis Cure about two years ago, and have been taking it on and off ever since. I am happy to tell you that I now feel thoroughly cured, and I can bear testimony to its worth.—I am, yours truly,  
W. J. CLARKE,  
Redbank, via Avoca, Victoria.

**Beware of Imitations!** The great success of HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, has induced a number of unprincipled persons to make imitations, each calling his medicine "Bronchitis Cure," with the object of deceiving the simple-minded, and so getting a sale for an imitation which has none of the beneficial effects that HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE has. Consequently it has become necessary to draw your attention to this fact, and to request you in your own interests to be particular to ask for HEARNE'S and to see that you get it.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6. Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

**NOTICE.**—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure No. 1a does NOT contain any poison within the meaning of the Act. It is equally beneficial for the youngest child and the most aged person.