

The Free Press Short Story

GREAT AUNT ISABEL

By WINIFRED KIRKLAND

"What is Great-Aunt Isabel?" Pauline's golden head, as she asked the question, was bowed to Edwin's rumpled brown one, as they both bent over the old photograph album: "Great-Aunt Isabel as seventeen," answered Edwin. "But now she's seventy."

health and happiness, which ought to be your tea concern. "Your tea is better for you weak, Teddy boy," said Pauline, patting his hand, with light fingers that expressed the caution her lips dared not speak. Pauline knew a good deal about leading a horse to water, but Edwin's tea stood untouched, for Aunt Isabel could not make him drink.

"But why, Aunt Isabel, haven't we made you happy?" "Because you have made me happy, because I want to take the happiness home with me, to think about it a little, with Hezekiah."

You know it's "good tea" Red Rose Tea

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"Hello, Gran'ma!— I'm a good boy!"

When Amy married Bill Temple, her people made her promise to visit them often. But after young Bill came, the visits were less and less frequent, although the old folks were only 40 miles or so away.

J. Cadesky OPTOMETRIST WILL VISIT ACTON ON Mon., September 12

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THE REVERSING FALLS OF THE SAINT JOHN

The visitor to Saint John, New Brunswick, will find many points of interest in addition to its spacious harbor. The site of Fort Howe, on top of an enormous rock that rises in the centre of the city, the Martello tower on Carlton Heights, and the point of land across the harbor on which stood old Fort Saint John, made famous by the defense of Harlowe Made La Tour, are of historical interest.

SHE SPEAKS THEIR LANGUAGE

From a balcony in the large hall on Ellis Island I watched the immigrants enter for a final inspection. One group in particular interested me. They were bewildered, talking and gesticulating excitedly. One by one the employees tried to calm them, only to be met with shakings of the head and cryptic shrugs of the shoulder.

FUSSY'S TRAGEDY

A cat, which was the pet of the round-house of the Canadian National Railways at Calgary decided to have her family in the centre of a hollow casting beneath an oil-electric car. She and her kittens were carried to Edmonton, where the mother cat left the car, presumably in search of food. Unfortunately she missed the train when it left on the return journey and was not able to rejoin her family until the car returned again to Edmonton. Her mewings then attracted attention and the kittens were discovered. They had travelled nearly 1,000 miles and had been away from their mother for thirty-six hours, along with fatal results.