### The Free Press Short Story

### GREAT AUNT ISABEL

By WINIERED KIRKLAND

to Edwin's rumpled brown one, as they both hent over the old photograph album: "Great-Aunt Isabel as seventeen." answered Edwin. "But now she's seventy."

"His name was Hezekiah, but he was

her Edwin all right.

"So Aunt Isabel has often told me. said Edwin ruefully. "My resemblance to Uncle Hezekiah singled me out for a good deal of her attention when I was a little fellow."

Pauline was studying the little photograph, the sweep of the netted hair, the wide eyes, the merry mouth, the girlish grace that seemed to radiate in spite of stiff crinoline.

"She is so sweet!" said Pauline. "Not now!" said Edwin grimly. "Uncle Hezekiah died when they'd been married a year, and she's grieved for him ever since; and grief hasn't agreed with her!"

Pauline never lifted her grey eyes from the study of the little twin pictures. "She doesn't look like the picture now?" "She's a very handsome old woman, but she doesn't look like that picturenot much!"

sweeping Pauline up for a dance round centrated in a tall chair in the parlor. his study desk. Although they were the Out of this gloom a voice spoke, "Is it ohildren, and they knew that when the evening?" Great-Aunt Isabel came there would be no chance to romp. After a moment blows in first." they stopped, and Pauline, a little breathless, sat down in the desk chair.

"Do you think that Great-Aunt Isabel will try to bring us up?" she asked with shining eyes. "Or perhaps," all Pauline's little face began to twinkle, "she'll think I don't bring you up? For you know.

Teddy boy, I don't!" "I hadn't noticed your bringing me

up," agreed Edwin.

find the study being cleaned!"

Isabel will-think-meals ought-to-be al- | phatic clanging of oven doors and the pects her husband's comfort, and her ways on time."

"If they're not," answered Edwin, "is it 'not because you're out helping this Isabel, I am going out for a walk!" parson in some way that's better than supper?"

"Not always, Teddy boy," said Pauline honestly. "Sometimes I'm out on the hills having a good time with myself." "Did I marry you to stop that, Paul?

I'd rather starve!" Aunt Isabel will think I ought to tell you hand a platter of omelet in the other.

how you ought to preach!" "I'm glad you don't! Sermons are bad enough as it is. I never was built

to preach!" proudly to herself, then added aloud, ing." "But in spite of all the ways I don't

"Too happy to want Great-Aunt Isabel but his thoughts were unholy. to come and spoil it all!"

happy husband, aren't you?"

Across Paulin'e great gray eyes, inkylashed, a look of pity had fallen. will be very hard on her to see you! She lest her happiness so soon!"

really give her a right to spoil our happy it in gloom. It was the first time he to use it for coffee only.

while she pressed her cheek to his sleave trapo. Aunt Isabei's head was white and and looked across into the cheery fire. happy home if we didn't keep it open place, of Pauline's. Edwin silently peck-that suggests a good deal about a wife's places that I could never reach him

for people to catch some happiness from ed at an inch of omelet. before they pass on their way?" But after a while Edwin asked, "Pauline, do you honestly want Great-Aunt

Isabel to come?". Pauline's laugh rang out. win. I honestly don't!"

Great-Aunt Isabel arrived on Thurs- that he was not still ten, if sounds had day, the fifteenth, at four, but she did not come to his ear. There was a scurry firmly, "you show a tendency in your ture? I think you're changing now not act quite as Pauline had expected, of light feet up the steps, the cheery and on Thursday, the twenty-second, at chuckle of a latch-key, a sudden opening young to know anything about." eleven in the evening Pauline, snuggled of the dining-room door, and Pauline,

she were anybody else!" warmth.

"Then it must be all our fault."

"That we've neither of us laughed hungry." since she came into the house, that I feel as if I were a soldier who'd been Edwin! I will give up your seat to you,

"She'll shoot! But I thought it, was I Pauline was tossing off her hat and coat she was waiting to shoot. Aunt Isabel and patting her lace collar. "I'm just niways keeps quiet until she's looked the as happy in any seat."

ground over." "And I'm the ground she's looking over." Pauline shook her curly head. "I know she thought you were starved because supper was so late to-night, even

if she did hat four muffins!" "Who wouldn't? Such muffins! can't I wait for my muffins when you're

Pauline's golden head, as she had blown out under your bookcase.

to her that I was just waiting."

"Just waiting for what?" cried Edwin. for the merest supicion that his study was to be cleaned always threw him into excitement. "I couldn't possibly spare "And that's her Edwin, in all that my study this week, Paul, for I've got to manage an extra good sermon for Aunt her disapproving bonnet down there our pew withers all the preaching in through the service and yank it when I "I think, Aunt Isabel, you may safely

> "Yet she hasn't said a word." Pauline admonished, herself, "but I know from her mouth she's going to. It couldn't be like that if she hadn't said sharp things. It looks as if somebody had run a draw-Teddy, what a horrid thing for me

"Then I'll say a horrider thing," said Edwin stouth. "I've always thought Uncle Hezekiah showed great discretion in-dying!"

They were quite right that Great-Aunt Isabel was waiting to fire. The first shot came the very next evening, but at whose head it was directed they could neither of them afterward deter-"Oh." breathed Pauline, "so many mine. The trouble began at the fall of look, and happy, and O Ted, how young!" latch key admitted him to a chill and "So do you!" cried Edwin, suddenly shadowy house. The gloom seemed conminister and his wife, they were both your duty, Edwin, to light the lamps in

"Mine or Paul's, whichever one of

"Isn't it rather late for Pauline to be "All Trumansville is safe as my pocket.

"And your supper?" "Oh, I can wait: I'm used to it."

Besides, the moon is just rising."

"I am afraid, Edwin, that you are!" The pink lampshade trembled beneath Edwin's" fingers, and then, because "And I don't intend that you ever did not know what to say, he went shall! But you know a Great-Aunt Isabel his study; but he did not stay there, for of the chaos within. might notice how dirty your study is, a stepping consciously loud, consciously though the rest of the house, I'm sure, is determined, reminded him of certain incidents of his childhood. Considering "You know what happens when I come that on the kitchen table flour stood in to work on a sermon in a hurry and sifted for biscuits and eggs broken for bealing, that in the stove the fire lay "Yes. I know what happens, and dirt ready for instant kindling, and that the seems preferable!" Then Pauline's laugh- table in the dining-room was set, there Iti-" ter sobered. "Or perhaps Great-Aunt did not seem much need for the em-

> condemnatory clatter of dishes. Edwin appeared in the doorway, "Aunt prepare.

"You've just come in!"

"Paul isn't here." "I am aware that she is not!" A half-hour later, Edwin returned; he on me, Edwin!

entered the dining-room at the "Or perhaps," and now Pauline's grey mement that Aunt Isabel came in from eyes had a far inward twinkle, "Great- the kitchen, carrying the tea pot in one could never guess what's the matter with still."

> "Pauline here?" "No. but your supper is ready."

"I'm not hungry wat." "Only to practice!" whispered Pauline down at once, Edwin, and ask the bless-

bring you up, Teddy, you're a pretty ployed when Edwin was ten, and it had coffee, she began. the same effect. He asked the blessing,

"Will you have a biscuit, Edwin?" "No. thank you."

sudden change, of voice, "that they're that I was the first person to take you burned." At that Edwin sclected The to hear a sermon yourself." ... . "But," asked Edwin soberly, "does that most cindery sample of all and munched had ever sat down to that table without . In the first place, Edwin, you wander kiah. He will always be young with you, other; not merely the spoken and written Pauline slipped round to him, kneeling having Pauline's curly crown behind the from your text."

"Will you have your tea?":

"Yes, please, Aunt Isabel." "Without sugar!" said Aunt Isabel

with great emphasis. Edwin's mouth and eyes opened; - the next moment he would have forgotten | Sclomon, Aunt Isabel!"

at Edwin's knee by the study fire, was April wind on her cheeks, April star- Isabil?" saying, "But she's been as polite as if shine in her eyes, stood on the threshold. Her quick glance passing from one face Edwin, before I've done my duty and said admitted Edwin without to the other took in also the blackened my say!" biscuits, the withered omelet.

"How good of you to have supper ready, Aunt Isabel! I've come home

court-martialed and was waiting to be Pauline, as soon as I've poured his tea." "Oh, please don't move, Aunt Isabel."

> "Your tea is weak. Edwin," said his aunt. "as it ought to be!

"I'm afraid I'm used to having it the way I like it!" "I've observed that Pauline lets you can walk that off."

be your first concern."

Your tea is better for you weak, Tedrly boy," said Pauline, patting his hand, with light fingers that expressed the caution her lips dared not speak. Pauline knewgood deal about leading a horse to water, but Edwin's tea stood untouched. for Aunt Isabel could not make him

"A big helping of omelet, Teddy, please and two biscuits at once. I'm so sorry I was late, but I was taking care of the gone all day." baby for Flora Stewart. Her mother on the farm has broken her hip, and Flora The baby's teething, and at half past six I found I was pretty tired; so I 'fan saw them, too, and I couldn't explain away, up on Pearson Hill, with the stars and the moon and myself, for I thought I'd make sure of having one dish good you know, Ted. I don't taste good when

> I'm glad about the Stewart baby. You see, Aunt Isabel, Paul and I have

"In my day, a wife's first business was

"Pauline! Pauline is so young that she needs bringing up herself!" There were sparks in Edwin's eyes, on his tongue, too, but Pauline's hand in

his commanded silence. ing string round it! Oh dear, dear! O were young, they were big with underpuckered, trembling lips. "If I had had any share in bringing

don't believe I could ever have trusted

Isabels voice. "He has forgotten that Pauline's right hand slipped from Edwin's, her left dared to fall light as thistle foam on Aunt Isabel's knuckles. you this way?"

"I wasn't there just then," she said, How sweet they the early April twilight, when Edwin's "but I haven't forgotten that time, Aunt along!" --Peace descended once more on the parsonage, but it was a troubling sort of peace. Saturday morning had a tension

about it, due perhaps to the ourlous set of Aunt Isabel's mouth, the curious gleam in her eye when after breakfast Edwin went scurrying off for the mail, and Pauline tripped at his side to her marketing. It was only twenty minutes until Edwin came back, but things had happened during his absence.

Pauline, coming in ten minutes later. stopped humming when she heard his her broom and her mop and her-soap and ner scrub pail, stood on the outside or that door: Edwin was securely master

"You have already disarranged all my papers!" Edwin glared at the orderly "Such a condition of dirt is positively hand suddenly closed over Pauline's hand

unhealthy. The housekeeper that allows on the page, closed and tightened. husband's calling! I have a sermon to

You will excuse me. Aunt through." Isabel, if I shut the door?" The door closed, high and blank, 'Sud-"I'm going out again," he said and denly, beneath her crisp white dusting

added by way of adequate explanation. cap, Aunt Isabel's face became crumpled like the duster at her-feet. "That's not the only door you've shut

But a little hand touched her arm and look much like that picture, now!"

Once more peace ensued. It lasted old to you?" "But I am, and you ought to be! Sit even over Sunday, but that was about as much as Aunt Isabel could manage. At people I know," said wise little Pauline,

"Edwin, I have sat beneath preaching new for two Sundays, and I hope you will excuse me if I offer you a has changed. I myself have grown old. little helpful criticism, considering that I You've made me, feel that ever since I How happy those immigrants must have "I am sorry," said Aunt Isabel in a am seventy, and you twenty-seven, and

". 'She opened her mouth with wisdom, "I want him to!" whispered Pauline stately and topped by a bit of black cob- and in her tongue is the law of kind-"Would ours have any right to be a web for a cap, but it could not take the ness," Edwin quoted. "That's a text wand red so far away from me to new dealing with her husband. There's quite again perhaps. And now, since I've been a lot to be said on that text without

wandering." deal better than you can, Edwin!" "If you're expecting me to improve on

preaching to discuss matters you are too perhaps. I think that he will know "Is there very much more. Aunt

"I. do not intend to leave this house,

"Then I do!" cried Edwin, and up he jumped and flew into the kitchen, where what will he say? He'll-act-as-he-did on so in a minute Pauline followed him; but Saturday. He'll feel the way he did this she carefully left the dining-room door | morning." "I was hungry myself, and so was open that she might not seem to desert Aunt Isabel. Edwin was fumbling wildly about the kitchen table.

> "Looking for a lunch, Ted? I'll fix it. the country, anywhere!" "It's, the best thing you can do, Ted." ness had drawn its puckering string he in search of food. Unfortunately she

"I feel very strange this morning, Paul. kissed her. I can't tell what's the matter with me." you but the Monday feeling, Ted, and you your little boy?'

have a great many things the way you "I'll be gone all day." "Then I'll put up a big lunch right "Is that very bad of me, Aunt Isabel?" off. .. Get down the vacuum bottle. "I'll are not going home!" "It may prove very bad for Edwin's put in some het tea. I'll not wait for it ."To-morrow, yes."

to get so very strong; you'd rather be off

"Put in some cake, Paul, will you?" "Yes, and oh, you'll need a book. I'll run and stick one in your overcoat pocket-you'll wear your light overcoat

"There's so much more room for carrying things in an overcoat, and you'll be seldom, if ever, with any relief. Dr. J.

nough for the dining-room to hear. had not said good-by to the diningdoor clanged behind him Pauline returned to the breakfast table cheery and unperturbed.

"Edwin "went off very abruptly," said

Aunt Isabel severely. "Teddy has a terrible temper." "Oh," cried Aunt Isabel, "I should not call it a terrible temper. Edwin has always been very lovable, very much like

" She stopped, "This morning perhaps to make this old parish our first busi- I spoke too quickly. But, Pauline, do you never yourself try to help Edwin with "He does preach pretty poor sermon

"Not in the least poor, Pauline! Edwin's sermons are in fact a credit to him trust Pauline to take are of me.' and to his upbringing. I have thought I saw surviving in them some of thoughts of our Dear Doctor Barnard. to whem Edwin used to listen when he was

"I don't feel as if I knew enough but I stuck Phillips Brooks into his poc-Phillips Brooks is a very good Teddy up when he was a little boy. I preacher for preachers, on a Monday." "Pauline, I am afraid Edwin isn't enjoying my visit very much."

> Pauline smiled into the brocking old face. "You just wait, Aunt Isabel, until he comes back!" "Is it possible, Pauline, that you don't

feel badly when Edwin goes off from

"But he doesn't, because I always "Then you stayed home on my

"Oh. no. but because, don't you see, we've such a good chance to clean the study! It, you could dust the books, I The two women bent to their task with

was a welcome relief to their troubled feelings. And, like all work, lit drew them closer together. An hour later Aunt Isabel's fice brightened. She was dusting ish haste. Like all Aunt Isabels, she handling Edwin's books more tenderly than she handled Edwin himself. In the

midst of the work Pauline paused, breathless from scrubbing. "We needn't hurry so, Aunt Isabel "Twenty minutes more," Aunt Isabel book in your hand? Edwin's old album? Pauline, blue-capped, blue-pinafored perched on the chair arm. Aunt Isabel'

> "I was seventcen then." "You were beautiful, Aunt Isabel." "He thouht so. He was beautifu Pauline, he was beautiful all the way

"Doesn't Edwin look a little like him? "You see that, dear, do you?" "Yes." whispered Pauline, "and makes us understand each other, doesn't

it, our loving men who are alike?" "Why, child!" murmured Aunt Isabel, why, child!" Then sudden and, "I don't "But he does; he looks like his picture

Aunt Isabel. It's only that he "Pauline, I some imes wonder whether bewildered, talking and gesticulating ex wants to get up a sermon that will please he'll know me. I'm old now, and he was citedly. One by one the employees tried so young. Don't I seem, Paulffie, very to calm them, only to be met with

breakfast Monday morning, almost be- "and the more I love them, the more I It was the tone Aunt Isabel had em- fore Edwin had taken his first sip of know that nobody ever gets old. People's faces change, but they don't. You don't knew the ways of the Island. your feel to me any elder than I."

"Pauline, it isn't only my face that plained. "Oh. I never meant to! -I'm sorry!"

Edwin opened his mouth, but decided needn't be sorry. Your Edwin will never grow old. He will always look like Heze-"Dear, I've often felt as if he had

here, with you and Edwin, I've wondered if perhaps I'd wandered farther than he, "Solomon has already said it a good b:cause I've, changed so. Will he know me, Pauline?"

"Cauldn't you," whispered Pauline while her lips touched Aunt Isabel's can "speak cur language." Only one "Also, Edwin," Aunt Isabel went on cheek, "change back again into the pic-

At a sudden sound they both started. "But who is it. Pauline?" "Why. Edwim of course!"

"But he said he'd be gone all day!"

"But of course he'd come back." "And we're not half done! O Pauline "Wait!" said Pauline.

Edwin stormed up the stairs with all ways at Calgary decided to have her outdoors blowing in with him. He never family in the centre of a hollow casting seemed to see the dismantled study at beneath an oil-electric car. She and her "I'm going off for the day, out into all. He made straight for Aunt Isabel. kittens were carried to Edmonton, where Right on her lips, round which bitter- the mother cat left the car, presumably

"There isn't anything the matter with boy, who remembers that he was once her family until the car returned again

you to before I go."

"But why, Aunt Isabel; haven't made you happy?' "Because you have made me happy,

because I want to take the happiness with Hezekiah."

Relieves Asthma at Little Expense "I wasn't going to wear any overcoat." Thousands of dollars have been vainly spent upon remedles for asthma and D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy, despite its 'Yes, all day," Edwin repeated loud assurance of benefit, costs so little that it is within reach of all. It is the national remedy for asthma, far removed oom when, a moment later, the front from the class of doubtful and experimental preparations. Your dealer can supply it.

THE REVERSING FALLS OF THE

SAINT JOHN

The visitor to Saint John, New Brunsvick, wil 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 heroic Made La Tour, are of historical interest. A natural phenomenon, or unnatural if one wishes, is the sight of a great river changing its flow so that water apparently runs up hill. This is the reversing fall of the Saint John River which has attracted attention since the white man first landed on these shores Champlain, Lescarbot and Denys as well as other explorers and writers have described them in their works, and today as then they are of unfailing in-

Where the falls are situated the river narrows to a width of 350 feet, with limestone banks rising to a height of 100 feet, and in the bed of the river is a series of limestone ledges. During low tide the course of the river is normal, but as the tide rises it meets the current of the river, overcomes it, and rushes upward over the falls with great velocity. The Saint John harbor tides average twenty-six feet and this never ending struggle between tide and river results in a temporary victory for one or the other

every twenty-four hours. The Indians of the country, prone to attribute any freak of nature to their Manitou, naturally ascribed the creation of the falls to Glooscap, their legendary hero. The bete noire of the birds, animals and other inhabitants of the region was Big Beaver, a most mischievous creature chased by Glooscap from one iniquity only to consummate another. Eluding the hero he journeyed to the mouth of the Saint John and there constructed dam which created a huge lake that flooded the country for miles. In his travels Glooscap discovered this latest villany and seizing his great club destroyed the dam with mighty strokes. The rush of the released waters bore a part of the dam out into the harbor where it lies to this day and is known as Partridge Island. The split rock, which may be seen below the falls, was believed by the Indians to be Glooscap's club, discarded after the destruction of the dam Wary Big Beaver did not then fall a victim to the prowess of the hero, but at a later period answered for all of his

in particular interested me. They were shakings of the head and cryptic shrugs "Aunt Isabel, it seems to me the more of the shoulder. Finally a young lady approached, and after-a few words all

Inquiringly I turned to my friend who

"She speaks their language," he ex-What a perfectly simple explanation. been to hear their own sweet mother tongue in a strange land. Then the 'I know you didn't mean to, and you clouds lifted and the sun shone. They

were easily directed. If only we could understand one words of different nations and races, b the -vernacular of the soul in which person communes with himself. A man may be able to converse in nine languages and yet not understand his neighbor. Every individual has a sphere of his very own, with thoughts and feelings that often defy translation into words. There we are ourselves; there we

speak our own language. And seldom do we find anyone who who truly loves his fellow-men can penetrate to that silent sphere. When that happens there is a family feast: brother

and brother and Father. David Livingsone in the heart Africa could not speak in the language of the natives, but they understood him, for they knew he loved them.

PUSSY'S TRAGEDY

A cat which was the pet of the round-

house of the Canadian National Railmissed the train when it left on the "Aunt Isabel, can you forgive a bad return journey and was not able to rejoin to Edmonton. "Her mewings then at-. "Do you forgive me; Edwin? I want tracted attention and the kittens were discovered. They had travelled nearly "Go!" exclaimed the other two. "You 1,000 miles and had been away from their mother for thirty-six hours, alas with

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