# The Free Press, Shurt Stary

The Secret of Kenderly Court

ORENOE KERIGAN

# RANCES KENDERLEY stopped at shown to her nor to others of his family,

the door of her brother's room, nor could they find it. paralysed with terror, Some one was in the half. The sound of foot- ling. "It would surely show up some- brimmed hat; with a silver blickle steps in the hall had awakened her. She where," he decided, and made a minute front. He looked exactly like the porhad thought of her brother, Philip who examination of the carving. That took trait of Sir Peregrine in the library, even sometimes walked in his sleep. Now him several days. In the meantime, to the tiny ourled moustache and little she was sure it was not Philip.

peared out of the blackness of the hall, had hidden jewels there; how Abner, which threw back his coat and displayed a Moure shrouded in misty draperies that the fighting Priend had escaped with a brace of pistois thrust through the glowed with a bluish light. An arm important plans from under the very wide crimson such that encircled his raised and pointed out straight toward noses of the British; how Morton, the waist. His hand sought one of the bell-Frances acreamed in spite of all she by the light of homemade candles for a deafening report. . The figure turned

could do. Almost immediately her broth- hours at a time. er's door opened. The figure vanished as suddenly as it

fell. They had no secrets between them, visitant had not appeared a second time, theless the pirate had fainted dead away.

"You saw it, too," she accused him. "Yea." admitted Philip, "but-" stopped. He found nothing to say. "What was it? Is it true, Phil? Do a gentle "tap-tap-tap" at his door. you suppose the house is haunted?" Philip looked at his watch. "Three and opened it. He could see nothing.

o'clock, Let's get some coffee." versed the long, echoing hallways of garments. An instant later a shostly went off I had no idea it was loaded!"

coffee, she began to feel less frightened. Tines of the figure and made it impos-

that, real or faked!" "Do you think +-?"

year is up and forfelt the house." You know that tradition, that a woman donly the figure was gone. in white appears and advises the Kenderleve at critical times in their lives?" the midsummer wind ripped up and were coming I thought it would be a "Stop it!" said Philip, sternly, "You're down his back. Philip turned and went

only making yourself nervous!" That was easy to say, but not so easy huste. to do. After they drank their coffee, Philip went to the library for a book less, but to see if the figure really meant my dear -?" with Frances trailing him there. chose a rollicking one of Mark Twain's

to show him the secret opening.

"Clever!" gasped Philip.

stone was scratched a ude coss

The next morning with Frances an calls me Dan."

and began to read aloud. -The two Kenderleys had inherited the the fire place. old house with its walnut wainscoting; and panelling, and its solid colonial fur- tur, and apparently as solid as the rock up as a studio "Why the sudden energy; niture from their grandfather with the of Gibraitar Suddenly he felt one of provision that they live in it for a year, them give beneath his fingers. He push-They had spent some of their school ed harder, and a large section alid back. They der Great-great-great-great-uncle Abner library.

"Think of the pictures you can paint here. Phil!"

"Art," he often told Frances, "to in- were in the hidden chamber in which aptration. I cannot work unless condi- was a table, a few chairs, and some old ingly tions are just right.

thing always interfered.

hooks piled up in one corner. Living at Kenderley Court. Frances | Philip spied another door beside that thought, would be just like living in a through which they had entered. He series of pictures. To be sure. Coustn | pulled upon it. It opened readily enough Dan Hilliard, whom they had never seen, and they stepped through into another

do" said Philip "Dan must be just a a grave" she whispered. "It's not right to talk that way about his treasure Lend a hand will you?"

people, and a relative at that ed something is happening! It's getting he flash light. light Let's get dressed, have some breaklast and look for the secret

She await the morning prowling abou the old house and gardens, oringing bunches of fragrant flowers into the dim rooms, and calling to Philip to look at this or that arrangement

Philip looked up from the mg bookover which he was porting and notided "M hm Very pretty Any number of pictures here, but I don't just see them'

on cunvas thought, "it's a good thing one of us is practical, or the firm of Kenderley and Kenderley would have gin, under long before this!" She at once cut the!

thought short, as disloyal to Philip That afternoon the yellowed books in the library yielded sudden treasure. In one of them was a creased, frayed plan of the original Kenderley Court. showed the library and the hall and the main stairagy. Under all ran the curving line of the secret passage. The entrance to it had been erased purposely when it had been used by the Continental Army and there was danger of the house becoming a heatiquarters for the British who were encamped not far away. Later one of the Kenderleys was killed

of satisfaction: He dug down with his him fingers and in a little white

Frances graped at the brightly colored stones sparkling in the light of the flash. In the midst of them was a folded paper. Philip read the few lines it contained

. I, Sir Peregrine Kenderley, have this day captured and nut to ye swords ve crewe of ye "Nancy Bye," and taken from ye- shippe miche rubyes and others precious stones as were aboard. Here let them reate.

"Hm," said Philip, holding the paper closer to the light. He glanced un an the paper fell from his hand. In the doorway stood the figure of a slim your man. He was dressed in a cost of black Philip looked about him at the panel- leather, high leather boots, and a broad-Prances read all she could partaining to round spot of beard on his chin. A luminous white figure suddenly ap- it; how the swashbuckling Sir Peregrine, stood with arms folded, in an attitude "Find the secret," came the writer of most of the interesting his- mouthed pistols and drew it out. In the tories of the family, had worked there action the trigger caught and there was

deathly white, awayed and crumpled up Both Frances and Philip knew that it in a heap. was but a matter of time before they | Philip aprang forward and knelt beside the alim, boytsh figure, and looked for They had been at Kinderley Court the wound. Instead he found the built arm. "What's the matter?" saked Philip, for almost a month. Prances was no which had buried itself in the floor; Prances looked at him and his eyes longer afraid at night, for the ghostly within an inch of the booted foot; never-One night, just us the fourth week was and his moustache had dropped off. He drawing to a close. Philip awoke with softness in the curve of line and chin. a start. He heard something in the hall, and in the round throat that was almost

as white as the ruffles that surrounded He apreng up, hastened to the door, it, made Philip gasp in surprise. In a moment the brown eves opened but he sensed a presence there in the Color surged into the white checks Frances clung to his arm as they tra- dark, and he heard the movement of "Oh, I remember. The horrid old our

figure appeared at the head of the stairs. Philip looked at the girl stornly, and Bettled in a comfortable chair in the As before, it was shrouded in a plus- she looked very small and appealin kitchen sniffing the aroma of boiling phorescentagiow which blurred the out- from the big chair in which Frances had put her "What's the idea? You may "It's perfectly ridiculous," said Philip, sible to distinguish the features. It not know it, but in the time of Sir Pere-"Neither you nor I are to be frightened paused for a moment at the head of the grine, men did not use Palmer P's, nor away from here by any apparitions like stairs, raised an arm and beckoped un- write on paper bearing the watermark

Down the stairs, lightly and softly, The dark head dropped "It was just "I think it's Dan Hillard who is do- along the hall, and into the library it hin. I did the ghost with cheeseclott termined to make us leave before our went. Philip reached the doorway and dipped in phosphorescence, and I disapsaw it standing on the hearth of the peared by wramping myself in a black -"But it was a woman's voice, Phil. great, old fireplace. It pointed down, clock with a hood." She turned to And it was a woman's figure. I'm sure. Philip started toward the place, but sud- Frances appealingly "I knew all the traditions, one time I discovered the pass A chill that was not entirely due to uge by meddent and when I heard you - romantio adventure." back to his room, in rather unseemly

Suddenly Frances understood the loneliness of the romantic girl and she threy He decided to say nothing to Fran- her arms about her impulsively. "Why "I'm Dianthia Hilliard

interested spectator, he began to examine Some weeks later, Prances appointed It was of large flat stones, set in mor- at the door of the room Philip had fixed

Phillip amilled. "I'll tell you, Sia. I did could name the portraits which hung got away with the plans. Down that the man who compiled the history of the upon the panelled wall of the fine old hole, traption shut, fire kindled above Kenderleys. He says. The curse of the ut, and who would suspect? Coming Kenderleys has been laziness. I have had to fight it all my life. It is easy told Frances looked at the blackness "Of call it something else and wait for a dif-Just a few steps led down to the conquering it.' I thought about it and knew he could; but, somehow, some- level, flagged floor of the passageway, then I was honest with myself and The rest was easy. In a moment they decided to get to work." Frances pressed his arti understand

### BIRDS PLAGUE CITY

Bird of good luck to many native might object to Grandmother's witt and room, a rougher one, with no furnishings tribes, the highmerkop; has become an try to make them forfeit their legacy by save a candle stuck in a bottle, and ill omen to people of Johannesburg. driving them away before their time was fastened to the dirt floor by its own drip- South Africa, who have gold-fish ponds plags . Close by it. in the circle of Many pould have been denuded of fish "I don't think he will," said Frances. Philip's flash light there was a little by the feathered fishermen. Haunting "After all, Grandmother left him ome mound with a stone upon it. On the small creeks, they feed on frogs. Recently a Johannesburg resident put a "You don't know what relatives will Frances stepped back, hastily. "Is a from pond near his pools of goldfish Both frogs and goldfish began disappearing young chap, only about eighteen or so. "Six inches long" flardly. The stone, and soon all users goine. His experience and perhaps the worst part will be done is just a marker of some kind. It must has become the lot of many keepers of be the place where Sir Peregrine buried goldfish, but now that the hammerkop is The obliging old ancestor had left and will be worth while to restork ponds. Philip laughed at her warmth "Well, small, scooplike trowel, which Philip The hammerkop builds a nest six feet in to-night's performance certainly show- seized upon. He dug while Frances he'd diameter with only a small opening for exil and tagress usually on a hidden Presently he gave an excinmation rocky ledge

### The Cancer Crusade

Pighting the Great Scenge with Knowledge—A Campaign to Wip Out Ignorance, Fear and Neglect

J. W. B. McCullough, M.D., D.P.IJ.

TREATMENT OF CANOER NO. 3. More than 40 years ago, a man and s roman were engaged in the boiling of some sort of chemicals in Iron cauldrons. in an old shed at the outskirts of Paris, France. They gathered wood from whatever source they could in the neighborhood. .The neighbors were curious shout this pair. They evidently were poor. From day to day they tolled at their task until one day the woman discovered some fine grystals in the residue contained in a copper vessel she was using. It was a new element. It looked just like the white pepper we have on our tables. was radium. The hard-working man and his wife were Pierre and Madame Marie Ourie, chemists. The latter was native of Poland, named Marie Schlowdowaki. The date was 1808. It was brilliant discovery, opening the way for By this discovery Marin Curte, a thin, delicate, wisp of a woman, made herself

Radium is made from pitchblende, a black-looking aubstance containing the exide of aranham. The richest source of pitchblende is on the shores of Great Boar Lake in North West Canada. This recent discovery and the subsequent refinement of radium at Port Hope, Onturio, has changed the entire face of the radium problem. Mye years ago a milligram of radium coat about \$70.00. Now the same quantity may be purchased for \$30.00. In the treatment of cuner, radium is used in two forms, first emanation or radium gas, usually called radon Radon is made in a complicated arrangement of glass and steel called an emanation plant. In this plant the gas continually passing off from a store of

Radhim element is usually put up in small tubes of platinum-irridium which are placed in or about the growth to be radium itself can be accurately measured Their effects are the same Radium adon and x-rays kill the cancer cells. because the latter are constantly divided and are therefore less resistant to the

radium is washed, purified and stored by

ed" Salvador de Madarlaga

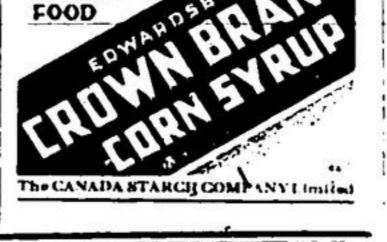
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### A SIMPLE IMPROVEMENT

A small room, which is broken by nu erous windows and doors, may gain o inity of effect if the curtains are the same color ar the walls and no draperles are used. . If cultains may not be obtain ed in the desired color, the natural shade of the gloth may be dyed.

This is a good thought when doing over a room under the Home Improvement Plan. The matter of window treatment should be kept in mind when the or paper is being selected for the

# is delicious

Explorer Lands at Winnipeg on Second Search Flight



Sir Hubert Wilkins, noted Arctic explorer and H Hollick-Kenvon, well-known Canadian filer, are shown in the lower photograph as they were greeted by Mayor F E Warriner, of Whintieg, upon their arrival in the western city prior to beginning a second search for the lost Russian polar fliers. The huge ascopiane which they will use

intimite arrangements and to meet W R. Wilson, Toronto. who will not us tadio operator for the search party. .



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