
THE GRAVENORS

pointed heavenwards; there was a boom, and in a very short time Kempton threw off its childhood's clothes and donned the garments of a vital, progressive manhood.

It was only a dream, but it set young Gravenor's brain a-thinking. He was a poor man, just newly married, come to Kempton to gain a livelihood for himself and his charming young wife, but he was shrewd, manly, full of business tact, and had two strong arms that were ready to do their share in the strenuous battle for existence. Here was the chance of a lifetime, and one morning William with several others began to dig the foundation for his intended lumber mill. A few years passed, the project grew, and very soon the young lumber-king was making piles of gold out of those very sawlogs that floated carelessly down the river in the fall.

Years passed, happy, fruitful years for the Gravenors. God gave them two children, Muriel and Arthur, who brought much sunshine into those early days. It was during this time of prosperity that Bleur House was built, but Mrs. Gravenor did not live long to enjoy it. When life held out its most precious treasures to her, it was then God called her home. Fifteen years later the same message came to the lumber-king. He had lived a good life; he had given freely of his money towards charity to lighten countless heavy