
CHILD OF DESTINY

stood the conservatory, filled with the rarest plants all the year round, and not far off a well-kept flower-garden smiled pleasantly to the passer-by.

When William Gravenor first came to Kempton, in the thirties, all the place could boast of was ten houses, a tavern, a grocery store and a blacksmith shop. The village was a little child out of its cradle just then, learning to crawl up the hill upon which the future city was to rise. All about Kempton was God's own treasure-trove, thousands and thousands of acres of rich timber land. On all sides mighty forest trees lifted their sun-kissed, kingly heads to the clouds. One night William Gravenor dreamed a beautiful dream, full of hope and promise. He dreamt he saw men at work at Kempton building a large lumber mill; others were busy cutting down the grand old trees in the woods. The lusty, vigorous song of the lumberman was music to his ears. Then the smoke from the lumberman's shanty rose snake-like to the skies, and all this filled his heart with joy. He saw men on their rafts in the rivers and the lakes, and the thousands of logs floating lazily down to the mill at Kempton. Very soon new families poured into the village, and countless buildings sprang up over night almost. The streets were filled with the sound of traffic and cars; hundreds of tall chimney shafts