

this way. I've kinder got used to this place, and I goes along that comfortable I don't seem to want to make a change," said Jack, as he assisted Mr. Roscommon with his team.

"Well, how have things been going on? I haven't been here for seven years."

"Well, sir, old gentleman Robinson died about two years ago. Miss Gladys—of course, her lives in the city—has three children. They've got three here—pretty little kids they are."

"And the other sons? There was another son, wasn't there?"

"Oh, yes, Fred. Well, he married Maud Cameron. He lives in the old house."

"All doing well, eh?"

"Doing splendid. They've had their hups and they've had their downs, but the hups 'as been more than the downs and they've done well."

"They deserve it."

"Yes, sir, they do. Old man Robinson was a wonder. The way he struggled on beat all creation. Now they're reaping the effects on it. You see it was a fine thing the railway coming so close—it's made the place. Just before that old man Robinson had the worst time of his life—darkest before dawn, as you may say."

"But just then there came the turning point, eh?"

"Yes, sir—the turnin' pint."