

Memory's kindly hand unroll the long past scroll of Time for me. Why should I wander thus in writing you? Because I am egotistical enough to hope that possibly sometimes, or even now, you have summoned the genii forth to call me before you as I have done with you. You—you understand my ramblings as no one else has ever done; therefore do I know I am forgiven. Death may be a dreamless sleep as some picture it, but to me who sometimes long for the rest that knows no waking, I hope for dreams of Life's happiest hours. Write soon."

Excerpt No. III.

"How was it I did not hear from you today. There was no letter when I called at the post office. Then it was, I noticed the first breath of autumn, for to me the sun had lost his friendly touch of warmth and color and over flower and tree were creeping the first chills. How insensibly the one seems to become a part of the other and how necessary to well being each is to each.

Why did you not meet me yesterday? Time is flying, creeping hours are transformed into the winging day; and yet what is it? Take a handful of sand, watch the grains idly pouring through your fingers. Where are they now? Lost in the countless billions of the beach you took them from. Thus are precious minutes falling from the lap of Time into the misty aeons of a past Eternity. Cyphers of a day back into everlasting night. Truly did the poet say,

"Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death."

Shall we be afraid, you and I? I venture to say no with unflinching tongue. In whatever lies behind the veil, there can be no dull regrets or biting stings of conscience, but let us hope only the peace which comes from a knowledge of duty done. Duty that extracts so bitter a price yet pays in peace.

Awaiting anxiously your next, and remember dearest, that though the armour rests upon the shelves of time; yet a lance may still be broken in a lady's honour."

Excerpt No. IV.

"At last your letter! Though you do not give me news in the accepted sense, or tell me that my heart most longs to know, yet I trace many a loving message in the lines your swift courier pen has sped. You ask me what is Love? How many in Ages past have tried to define that intangible something we call Love. I would liken it to the safety lamp of the miner which preserves him from perils that surround him. Through your love for me I am surrounded with an impenetrable armour of steel and there is no crevice whereby the wary shaft of passion can enter.

You say I have not known you long! What a charge that is. From the first time that I met you it seemed as if some answering soul spoke back to mine from distant ages. As if within some dim and long forgotten age I had broken a lance for you. That here in the flesh I beheld once more the one woman that could make me unsheath a sword again. Aye!

In this prosaic age of commercialism and forgotten honour, you step from the Pathway of Dreams, my love of bygone ages. Not known you long? You were mine when Belshazzar saw the "writing on the wall." When Boadicea spurred her scythe wheel chariots through the cohorts of Caesar's legions, in the woods of ancient Britain. Mine when Antony wooed Cleopatra upon a golden Nile, or when Richard broke a lance for Christendom against the walls of Acre; then are you no less mine in this dull age of commercialism. The flame once lighted never dies.

Does there not for you come some recollection of those far off days? Can you not with me roll back the dusty pages of Time and live again the scenes of yesterday? If so, then will you say with me, I have known you long. In all else have we progressed, save in the Knowledge of Creation; Love and Death. Of this trinity we know no more than when the first man stood painfully upright from all fours. For of the first we know little, of the second we have no control, of the last nothing."

Excerpt No. V.

"So at last I touched a responsive chord in your heart. I read and re-read the message that you sent and I felt as one who had been living in the shadows, saw the sunlight at last.

Through every line I read Hope, Hope, here and hereafter. Did you not say, "although the trees are leafless now, summer shall bring the blowing rose again." Are not the seasons dealt from the same Hand? Is the care the less in winter than in the summer? No, it is but that we may appreciate Nature's beauty more when Winter steals her robe of living green away.

Winter and Summer, Sorrow and Joy, Tears and Smiles, Right and Wrong, Life and Death. Each the foil for the other.

While you are with me there can be but summer. Winter's fleshless hands can never chill a heart that suns itself through you."

Excerpt No. VI.

The light is failing fast, no word from you, no sign. Have you forgotten? I see no way in which I can bring you back to me, and one only by which I may join you.

They tell me you have passed through that dark barrier which we have discussed so often. Well so be it. A little while and I shall pass, as you have passed. The light is failing fast. Soon "the night cometh when no man can work." No man can work. Strange how after all these years the old lines of a childhood hymn come back to me again. When no man . . . Why it was a lie. You are there upon the threshold. Once more we meet, and this time there shall be no parting. Let us step out together, dearest."

The End of the Excerpts.

Later careful examination showed and enquiry elicited the strange fact that there was not and never had been a "Lady in the Case." That the man brooding, no doubt over his deformity, and the fact that he could never marry and craving a love; had set about the creation of an ideal and had written the letters himself. The lady was but the figment of his brain and he himself trod a "Pathway of Dreams."

Gas	MOORE LIGHTING SYSTEMS FOR COUNTRY HOMES Six times the light—one third the cost R. M. MOORE & CO. LTD. 918 PENDER STREET WEST VANCOUVER Ask for Catalogue.	Gas
Appliances		Appliances
For		For
Town and Country		Kerosene, Gasoline and City Gas