

The Pathway Of Dreams

By Edward Wm. Towler.

The body of the man had been placed reverently and gently upon the bed and the Provincial constable was busily engaged in going through the papers he had taken from a home made writing desk that lay open before him.

A bunch of envelopes tied very carefully, attracted his attention. He opened them thinking possibly therein lay the cause of the suicide of this lonely man who lived in a forgotten shack in the woods; which he had been called in to investigate. He read them at first in the perfunctory manner of the professional; but this was rapidly lost in the extraordinary character of the correspondence.

A few minutes later he handed them to me, because, as he said, he knew that occasionally I dabbled in print and they would be of more than passing interest as showing one of the most extraordinary phases of human nature it had been his lot to be connected with, officially or otherwise. The man upon the bed who had so rashly ended his own life, had suffered from a curvature of the spine, and this deformity had forever killed for him any possibility of marriage, and to me it was undoubtedly the cause of his taking his own life.

Below are excerpts from the letters. I have called them "The Pathway of Dreams," because to me he trod for a small space a few visioning days of happiness to the like of which his life had long been stranger.

Excerpt No. I.

"I met you!

Kings and Empires have their psychological moments, shall it be denied the humbler mortal to have his? Is not the heart the same whether it beat beneath a coronet or a cap. Shall not the humble cabin have its history and its loves equally with the palace? Is it not for all of us to rise above our sordid surroundings and lift ourselves into the higher and nobler altitudes of a cleaner life? When we have drained the wine cup of life to the last heart burning drop is not the aftermath of sorrow softened in its bitterness by some sweet memory of a bygone day? Therefore have I my day of days, the day when I met you.

So it is then with me, I dwell upon the golden memory of those hours when first your dear eyes looked unflinchingly into mine. When heart spoke to heart in that voiceless wonder that Time can never still. Later when you had left me and I was in my quiet home again in my beloved woods, was not your spirit self my constant comforter? How I dwelt upon your words. "Life is but a river." That is true, dearest, May we always look at Life as at a river; clear, refreshing and unalloyed. Let us remember so to live that we may always see our faces mirrored in its depths, clear and distinct. Let us remember we must never leave its waters unfit for another's use; never dam up its channel for our own selfish uses, for the River of Life is not to be confined in narrow channels. Because upon its broad bosom are carried the gentle crafts of kindness, generousness and high purpose. Therefore upon our voyage, short or long, we must smile a little, give a little and love much.

I wait with great expectations our next happy meeting."

Excerpt No. II.

"You have written!

Your letter lies before me a treasured memento of your dear self. You recall to my mind episodes that cause the forgotten past once more to stand before me. Scenes in which you and I were both actors are again projected by memory's lamp upon the screen of my mind. The future may hold

what it will; but the past is ours and no rude hand can drag from us this dearest treasure of our life.

Though the road may have been hard, rough and thorny and watered by many tears. Though we have traversed it bearing a cross that bowed us down, yet when we review it from the softened pages of memory's book we find we were not so hardly dealt with after all. That the stones were not so rough, nor the road so hard. Those were the days of the refiner's fire, necessary that in the passing we were purified from the dross that hides life's purer metal.

Memory is our Alladin's Lamp. I rub, summon my genii and bid you stand forth. I see every line of your dear face. the wave of your hair, and those sweet eyes that shine for me alone. Stand forth, I cry, and lo! I behold you. Thus does

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NOTICE

This issue is dated March—April, and is No. 5 of Vol. XVII.

A "double number" was made necessary by re-adjustment conditions, and special work in connection with our tenth year "Get-Acquainted" circulation campaign.

Many readers interested in the ideals and practical Community Service of this Magazine will be pleased to know that new subscribers are being listed by our representatives every day. "Into every Home" (worthy of the name) is our tenth year motto.

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(See "How Can We Do It at \$1.00?"—Page 8)