

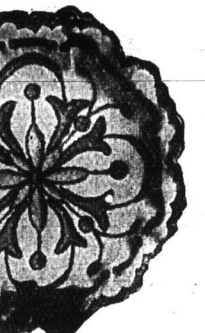
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art shaped forms

1 is stamped on  
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Silk to embroider  
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laces, many charming  
crochet patterns, also in-  
structions for making  
many useful articles of  
wearing apparel and nu-  
merous articles for home  
decoration, among which  
are: ties, chair-covers,  
cylinders, purses, table  
mats, shopping bags,  
lamp shades, shawls, Af-  
ghans, toilet sets, coun-  
terpanes, sofa-cushions,  
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babies' socks, etc., etc.  
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Winnipeg, September, 1910.

## The Western Home Monthly.

69

### The Young People.

(We are glad to publish from month to month contributions by boys and girls provided they are worthy. Remember this magazine is for everybody in the home. If you do not see what you want, ask for it.)

#### The Truly Brave.

Who is the truly brave?

The boy with a self-control,  
Who curbs his temper and his tongue,  
And though he may be big and strong,  
Would scorn to do the slightest wrong  
To any living soul.

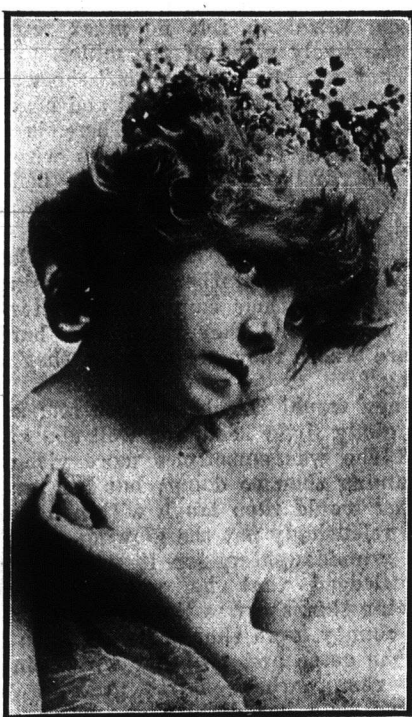
Who is the truly brave?

The boy who can forgive,  
And look as though he had not heard  
The mocking jest, the angry word;  
Who, though his spirit may be stirred,  
Yet tries in peace to live.

Who is the truly brave?

The boy who fears to sin,  
Who knows no other sort of fear,  
But strives to keep his conscience clear,  
Nor heed his comrades' taunt or jeer,  
If he hath peace within.

—Exchange.



Just thinking.

The Valentines that Elizabeth Got.

Gina H. Fairlie.

Uncle Bob Denniston stopped in front of Brown's window.

Perhaps one of the things he stopped for was the same feeling that was expressed on the red and white motto that hung over all the glories of doves and cupids that lay underneath—"All the world loves a lover." But the other certainly was that he wanted to hear what the small ragged girl with her face eagerly pressed against the glass was saying to herself.

It was a queer medley. "A blue house—pink windows—white doves flying around, and a garden full of flowers, daisies, roses, forget-me-nots—'twon't be hard to remember that. It goes away, way back, and the gates open—and the doors, and boys and girls walk out—or that's what they would do, anyway, if I dast go in and ask to look at it. But my! they'd know in a minute I couldn't ever buy a valentine like that. Oh, dear! if Bobby could only see it himself 'stead of me just telling him!" "Who's Bobby?" asked Uncle Bob Denniston out loud. He was always interested in any namesake of his.

Lizzie Ann Stubbins turned round with a start, clapping her hand over her mouth.

"My! did you hear me makin' up? I've just been saying the valentines over so I could remember them for Bobby."

"But you haven't told me yet who Bobby is," persisted Uncle Bob.

"Oh, he's only me little brother; but he's lame and can't stir off his back, so I try to remember all the nice things I see when I go out so I can tell him about them when I go back. Say," she questioned breathlessly, pointing to the gorgeous valentine that occupied the centre of attraction in Brown's window—the one with the blue house and the pink windows and the garden with the brilliant flowers—"Say, do you s'pose there's anybody in this town's got enough money to buy that?"

Uncle Bob Denniston smiled to himself under his mustache. He had a big enough roll of money in his own pocket just then to buy several hundred valentines just as nice and nicer.

"It does look pretty swell, doesn't it?" he acknowledged, regarding the dazzling show-piece with approving eyes—"just the kind I'd like myself—there's so many surprises in it." Then he looked down at Lizzie Ann's eager little face. "You're pretty fond of valentines, aren't you?"

"You bet," declared Lizzie Ann fervently. "But this kind never comes my way. The only ones I ever get's comics."

"Comics!" Lizzie Ann dragged a heavy braid of red hair round her shoulder and held it out to him disdainfully.

"Say," she demanded, "did you ever know a girl with hair like that, and freckles, and—and—other things—that didn't have all the nasty things you ever heard of said about her?"

Uncle Bob Denniston nodded his head sympathetically. "I know how it goes," he said, and he unconsciously shoved his fur cap back from his forehead.

Lizzie Ann gave him a startled glance. "Oh, say!" she cried, "you got red hair yourself—I—I didn't know! I'm awful sorry! It's worse round Valen-tine times and April Fool's, ain't it? I get heaps o' comics then—you know the kind?"

Uncle Bob Denniston nodded again, emphatically.

"But some o' them's not too bad, and I putend to Bobby I don't care, and"—defiantly—"we have heaps o' fun over them. Only"—with her eyes still fixed wistfully on the blue and pink house—"I wisht just once he had a nice one for himself."

"Suppose, then, we go in there and get that one for him that you've taken such a fancy to," suggested Uncle Bob,—"and we'll send it through the mail—he'd probably like it better that way."

Lizzie Ann sprang forward with on incredulous little cry. "Oh, say! You're not meaning it! Not for Bobby—not that dandy one there in the centre!" "Sure! Come on in," and Uncle Bob Denniston held out his hand and he and Lizzie Ann Stubbins walked together into the midst of the inside glories of Brown's store.

"Betty," said Uncle Bob that night to his favorite niece as they sat in front of the grate fire after dinner—"Is there a young lady attending your class at school called Margaret Elizabeth Anna Stubbins?"

"W—What! W—Who!" stammered Betty in amazement. Then she caught sight of the twinkle at the back of Uncle Bob's eye and burst into a shout of laughter.

Oh, Maggie Lizzie Ann, you mean—no wonder I didn't recognize her at first. Isn't it an awful name—and the poor

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