

Teddy's Valentine.

By Margaret A. Richard.

Tom held up to the children's view a comic valentine, on which was a picture of a boy with a hump on his shoulders. All the boys laughed, although one of them said softly:

"But he might not like it, Tom."
"Pshaw!" replied the boy; "he'll think it funny. Besides, nobody else in town is hump-backed. It must have been made for Teddy."

Then he folded it up carefully and put it into an envelope addressed to "Master Teddy Simonds, City."

A few minutes later he was on his way home, whistling merrily. While passing the stone house on the corner he heard a tap at the window. Looking up he saw Teddy Simonds, who beckoned for him to come in.

Going into the house, and into the little boy's room, he found his friend working busily away with brush and paints.

"Oh, Tom," said the crippled lad, "it will soon be dark, and my valentines are not near ready! Will you address the envelopes for me? Here they are, and a list of names."

But Tom wanted, first, to examine his little playmate's work.

"Who taught you how to paint all these flowers and hearts and—and—things?" he asked.

"Mamma," replied Teddy, proudly. "I wanted to buy a lot of those funny ones you get for a cent apiece, but she said they mean unkind things, and that valentines ought always to mean love. So she bought me some cardboard and water-colors, and showed me how to make these. I am glad she did for it is so nice to send pretty ones that mean love."

When Tom finished addressing the envelopes he put the valentines into them and sealed them up. He was to mail them at the office, and so put them into his pocket. Though he did not know it, they were close beside the one he had bought for Teddy, but of which he was now ashamed.

Presently an idea came to him, and: "Oh, Teddy," he cried, "let's play I am the carrier, and I'll go to all the houses, leaving valentines. Then you can sit at the window and see me—by the electric lights—dodging from house to house."

"That will be just jolly!" and Teddy clapped his hands gleefully.

"Then I'll leave them, and come back after dark."

And Tom did not notice, when he took them from his pocket, that the valentine addressed to Teddy was on the very top.

But no sooner was he gone than the little cripple saw it, and his eyes sparkled.

"A valentine for me!" he whispered joyously.

But before he could open it, someone ran into the room and snatched it from his hand. 'Twas Tom, who had found out his mistake, and had come back for his valentine.

"You must not see this," he said, gently. "I'm going to take it back, and get one that means love—for I do love you, Teddy!"—Selected.



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On top row, 1 is Mrs. P. Turner-Bone, Assistant Advertising Manager; 2 Mrs. (Dr.) MacKidd, Advertising Manager; 3, Miss Pinkham, Assistant Advertising Manager. Those sitting down are—1, Mrs. (Bishop) Pinkham, Business Manager; 2, Miss C. K. Edgar (La Canadienne) Editor-in-Chief; 3, Mrs. (Rev.) J. A. Clarke, City Editor. They are all residents of Calgary and had full charge of the leading city daily, The Calgary Herald, on January 23, 1905, running on that date a thirty-page paper, the proceeds from which were given to Calgary General Hospital. Photograph was taken specially for The Western Home Monthly by Mr. Cockburn.

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