

Costumes Suitable for "Cold Weather" Fun

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Farm and Dairy patterns shown in these columns are especially prepared for Country Women. They can be relied upon to be the latest and include the most modern features of the latest patterns. When sending your order please be careful to state bust or waist measure for adults, age for children, and the number of the pattern desired. Orders are filled within one week to 10 days after receipt. Price of all patterns to our Women Friends is 10 cents each. Address orders to Pattern Dept., Farm and Dairy, Peterboro, Ont.



THIS is the season when skating is very popular, and lucky is the boy or girl on the farm who lives near a body of water or whose home is not far from the town or city where a good skating rink has been provided. How many of our girls have noticed the styles of costumes which are being worn this season for outdoor sport? A novel sport suit has a jacket with a high collar over the head, and a leather belt makes it neat-fitting at the waist. The material used may be of lightweight mixed cloth. Another feature is the fur turban, which is quite popular with skaters. Chin-straps of narrow ribbon in any colors are shown on some of these turbans. Last summer, stripes were very much in vogue, and we seem to be coming back to them. Some very pretty and cozy-looking sweater coats are shown with a brush finish resembling angora. Copenhagen, of the popular shades. There are some room-sloped hats, tams and toques, as well as scarves and mitts to match, so that it is not hard for one to select a pretty and becoming outfit in which to enjoy "cold weather" fun.

Some of the newest separate skirts show pleats all around, although probably more have groups of pleats at side, with panel front and back.

1953-Lady's Apron.—This pattern is considerably different to the majority we have shown in these columns, and the pointed effect takes away from the sturdy appearance.

1953-Lady's Slip.—It is well to store up a number of styles of underclothing prior to January sales, when we purchase our winter garments for next spring and summer. This slip can be made with or

without the envelope chemise finish. Six sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

1953-Lady's House Dress.—Here is an attractive dress made simply and yet all attractively. The larger collar which comes around the neck is a feature. It is a reverse is quite unique. The pockets are 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

1953-Lady's Dress.—This chic frock for the small girl does not require any explanation in order to bring out its attractiveness. Contrasting materials is used in the collar, cuffs and sleeves. Six sizes: 24 to 44 inches bust measure.

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Winning the Wilderness

(Continued from page 16.)

medium height, compact build, without an ounce of unnecessary weight. The well-rounded form took away all hint of spareness, while it did not destroy the promise of endurance. His heavy, dark hair and dark gray eyes, his straight nose and firm mouth under a dark mustache, and his well-set chin made up an attractive but not handsome face. The magnetism of his personality was not in manly beauty. It was an inborn gift and would have characterized him in any condition in life. There was about him a genial dimity that made men look up to him and a willingness to serve that made selfishness seem mean. He could not have been thirty, although he had been on the plains for five years. The West was peopled by young men. Its need for daring spirits found less response in men of mature life. But the West had more need for humane men. The bully, the dare-devil, the brutal, and the selfish were refused before the force that swept the frontier onward; but they were never elements of real state building. Before such men as Carey they lost power.

The doctor rode away toward the west, bowing his head before the strong wind that he knew too well to fear, yet wondering as he rode if he had done wisely to dare the deepening snow of the buried trail.

"I might have waited a day, anyhow," he thought. "It's a devil of a ride over to Jim Shireley's, and we got only the tail ends of that storm down at the Crossing from the looks of this. However, I may as well keep at it now."

He turned on for a few miles without any signs of an open trail appearing. Then he dropped to a slow canter.

"It's better get this worry straightened, and my mind untangled if I am to have any comfort on this ride," he said aloud, as his intent to do when out in the open alone. Everything happens to a man who gives too much leeway to that indefinite inside guide, saying, "Oh, this! Let that alone!" And yet that guide hasn't failed me when I've listened to it."

He let the pony have the rein as he looked ahead with unseeing eyes.

"What made me take this day First, everybody is well enough to be left for two or three days, good time for a vacation, and Stewart can take care of emergencies alone. Second, I promised Jim I'd see that his letters got to him straightaway. Third, yes, third, something said, 'Go now!' But here's the other side. Why go on the heels of a snowstorm?"

"There's no place on the wide Kansas prairies for that man Thomas Smith. He'd better get back to his home and his real name at once."

The doctor settled down at the thought, then he frowned at the cold wind and the shifting snows above the trail.

"You are a fool—a stack of fols!" Dr. Horace Carey, to beat out of town miles on miles on a four corners over a lost trail, trusting your instinct that never lost you a direction yet, and all because of an inward call to an unreasoned desire. Some day will do as well. And here's where I may as well cut off these notions of being led by inside signals. What should make before, and who will probably go out on the stage to-morrow morning? Oh, well, the Lord made us as we are. He knows why."

He whistled the pony about and began to trot toward Carey's Crossing. Suddenly he halted.

"Let me see. I'm not twenty miles

along, though I've come at a good rate. I believe I'll cut across northwest and hit some of the settlers up on Big Wolf Creek for the night. Lucky I've got time to worry about me."

A wave of sadness swept over the man's face—just a sweep of sorrow that left no mark. He turned abruptly from the trail and struck in a definite direction across the snow-covered prairie. Presently his horse veered to the north, then to northwest.

"I know an ugly little creek running into Big Wolf that's the dickens to cross. I'll run clear round it soon if it takes longer. After all, I'm doing just what I said I wouldn't do. I don't know why I didn't go on, nor why I am tacking off up here. Something tells me to do it, and I'll do it."

But however changeable of mind he seemed to himself, Dr. Carey was a man who formed his judgments so quickly and acted upon them so promptly that he seemed most stable to other men. He rode forward now to a land wave that dropped on one side to a creek, a quarter of a mile away, where black shrubbery marked the water line. A lone swell of wind swept down the valley, whirling the snow in eddies before it. As the doctor's eye followed them, he suddenly noted a red scarf left above the tallest clumps of bushes and flutter out to its full length, then drop again as the wind swept past.

"There's nobody in fifteen miles of here. I reckon that scarf blew there and caught some time this fall when somebody was going out on the trail. Mighty human-looking thing, though. It seemed waving a signal to me. But I must hurry on."

He hastened at a gallop up the ridge away from the creek, his mind still on that red scarf flung about by the winter wind.

"It was a strange thing," he thought, "but every human token is startling out here. What has this been?"

The doctor had a plainman's ear as well as a plainman's eye. As he listened, through the wall of the wind borne along the distance, he caught the words of a song, low and pleading like a plaintive cry for help:

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone.

Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

It was a woman's voice and Carey stood about it listening. He knew it came from the hills below the red scarf. So he changed his course and hurried around a bend in the stream to the other side of the brush where Virginia and her horse were.

"I'm afraid there isn't even a stone to rest on here, Ma'am. Can't be of any service to you," he said, lifting his hand toward his cap in semi-military salute.

Virginia stood looking at the stranger with a half-comprehending gaze. She had been less than an hour beside the bushes, but it had seemed to her like many hours. And the terrifying certainty of a night alone on the prairie made the sudden presence of a human being unusual to her.

"I've your orders, I say Dr. Carey, of Carey's Crossing, and I was striking across the prairie to the Big Wolf settlement when I saw your scarf and heard your singing. I took them both to be distress signals and came over to see if you needed me."

(To be continued.)

To stop the rattling of a window, cut a clothes peg in half, and insert it between the sash and the frame. Then your sleep won't be disturbed on a windy night.