very like a French country fair; emed wonderful to me. There ets and streets of booths, little , gorgeously decorated, where n the costumes of their prosold every imaginable kind of Nell was so well-behaved that ently disarmed Jonkheer Bresuspicions, if he had shared d when she proposed buying a of sweets and cheap toys for ve away to families of children lighters we passed on canals, eady to humor her. We chose

of toys and sweets enough to or days of playing Santa Claus gained in Dutch with the peosold, making them laugh some-Then, Jonkheer Brederode took the best side-shows: the giant big as sixteen every-day oxen; est horse in the world, a fairy oughtfully doing sums in the his miniature forepaw; the fat y bored and warm; the fair , who lured audiences into a er with tinsel decorations like mas-tree and hundreds of

ghts. There were other sights; heer Brederode said these were ones for ladies, and hurried us of the booths with painted picthree-headed people or girls cut waist, which Nell wished parto see. He wouldn't let us go merry-go-rounds either, and by we got back to the hotel-our ll of dolls, tops, spotted norses, boxes of blocks, and of nougat surmounted with onkeys-she was boiling with sentment.

we were late for dinner, and had to dress; but Nell-who oom with me, as the hotel was said that she must slip out buy something which she select when alone; she would ne many minutes.

l ready when she ran in again large bundles in her hands. not tell me what they were, as in a hurry to change (at at was her excuse), but that I should see something if I would come up to the her after dining; and I was l any one that she had been

e second time. long over our dinner, as there a crowd that the waiters grew used; and, at the end, we men sat with Jonkheer Bre. Mr. Starr in the garden beotel, while the men smoked. so patient that I almost ne had forgotten the bundles But at last Lady MacNairne, clock chime ten, announced ad some writing to do before

se you will have a look at ss again?" she said to our

en dozens of such fairs; and e seen one, you've seen pretty owadays. But if the Mariner to go, I shall be glad to go Jonkheer Brederode answer-

sure I didn't see enough this said Mr. Starr. "Anyhow, have another cigarette or and I do think the ladies with me, or I have a hun-

to say. cNairne and Nell were on however, and would not be so we bade each other goodthree minutes later Nell was

parcels in our room. he last letters that were forn London was a larger check pected from the Fireside id she; "So I've bought a

you, and for me, from my self."
t, she had the paper wraptwo glittering Frisian heade beautiful gold skull-caps. other bundle were two black . te those I had seen several

uwarden wearing. w sweet!" so much. I've been wantind of costume ever since where they were so expenare to take home and keep s, when we are at work in ittle flat, just as if nothing

ppened to us." a shudder, but she didn't never would go home and

to work again, as she used to say if I I remarked this to Nell, and the fact spoke of it when we were beginning our trip. Instead she said-

"I don't know about the future; but I'm going to wear mine to-night."

"What, sleep in that helmet?" I asked. She laughed. "I'm not thinking about sleep yet. It's just the edge of the evening-in Kermess week. Watch

She undid her hair, which is very long and thick, and seems even thicker than it is, if possible, because it is so wavy. Then she plaited it tightly into two braids, and straining, and pulling and pushing the little ripples and rings back from her face, as well as she could, she managed to put on the helmet. Then she tied the shawl over her shoulders; and as she had on a short dark skirt which was unnoticeable, she looked, for all the world, like a beautiful Frislan

I told her this, and she said, "Will you be a Frisian girl too, and come out with me to see the Kermess at the time when it's worth seeing?"

I was dreadfully startled, and of course said "No." I had never done anything in disguise, and I never would.

"Very well, then," said Nell, "I'll go

I tried to dissuade her; but she aid pot object to shocking Jonkheer Brederode.

"It would do him good," she said. "Only he won't have the chance this time, because no one would ever recog. nize me. would they?"

I looked hard at her, and was not quite sure, though the pushing back of the hair and the wearing of the helmet did change her wonderfully, to say nothing of the shawl. But she looked far too beautiful to go out alone in the night. The golden head-dress gave her hair the color of copper beach leaves, and the gleam of the metal so close to the face made her complexion transparent, as if a light were shining

through a thin sheet of mother-o'-pearl. When I found that she was determined, I told her that I would go, rather than she should run the risk alone; but she only laughed, and said there was no Even if our skipper were right about foreigners, surely two Frisian girls of the lower classes' might walk about at the fair, when the best fun was going on; we should find plenty of others exactly like ourselves. And when I'd tried the helmet on before the mirror, I could not resist wishing that Mr. van Buren might have seen it-

simply to amuse him, of course. stairs without being seen. We wrapped our shawls over our heads, helmets and all; but we need not have feared, every one was away at some entertainment or other, and we did not meet a soul. Once outside the hotel, we rearranged the shawls, crossing the ends behind our waists, and Nell said that it did not matter if we met the whole world now. As we should not have to open our mouths to any one, and betray our ignorance of Dutch, there would be nothing to show that we were not Frisian

The full moon was just coming up as we left the hotel, but when we had turned two or three corners, and reached the streets where the Kermess was going on, there was such a white blaze of electricity that the moon and her pale light were swallowed up. In the dazzling illumination, the booths and merry-go-rounds, and carousels, with their sparkling decorations of tinsel. seemed to drip gold and silver; and the garlands and trees and fountains of electric light scintillated like myriads of diamonds.

There had been crowds in the afternoon, but now they were five times as dense. The brilliant, open-air cafes were crammed, and the band in each one was playing a different air. Everybody was laughing, and shouting and singing; the people had thrown away their Dutch reserve, and even middleaged men and women were enjoying

themselves like children. I felt salf-conscious and guilty at first, but it was such a gay scene that nobody could help getting into the spirit of it; and just as Nell had prophesied, there were plenty of Frisian girls about, in gold or silver helmets, like ours, only nobody stared at them particularly, and everybody did stare at us.

that no shawls of our sort were being worn; but she laughed and said that if people stared we might as well take it as a compliment; she flattered herself that we happened to be looking our

It really was fun. We dared not buy anything on account of our foreign accent; but we wandered from street to street, jostled by the crowd, stopping in front of the gayest booths, and even going into a side-show where a Javanese man was having fits to please the audience. Jonkheer Brederode had refused to take us in the afternoon, when we had shown an interest in the painting which advertised the Javanese creature: but, after all, the fits were more exciting on canvas than they were inside the hot, crowded tent, and some young soldiers stared at us so much that we were glad to get out.

Next door was the most gorgeous carousel I ever saw. It was spinning round under a red plush roof, embroidered with gold and sparkling crystals, and festooned with silver chains. To the strains of the Dutch national air, life-sized elephants with gilded castles. huge giraffes, alarming lions, terrific tigers, beautiful swans, and Sedan chairs were whirling madly, with great effect of glitter and gaiety.

"All my life I've wanted to ride in a merry-go-round," said Nell, "and I never Now's our one chance. There's a Spanish bull and a Polar bear to let. Come on."

She seized my hand, and before I realized what we were doing, I was sitting on a large bull, wildly clinging to its horns, while Nell, just in front, perched on the back of a sly-looking white bear.

No sooner were we settled than the four young soldiers who had stared in the fit-man's tent, jumped on some other animals in the procession, and as we began to fly round the big ring, they called out and waved their hands as if they were friends of ours. I was afraid they must have followed us out of the tent, and I could understand enough Dutch to know that they were saying things about our looks. Every one in the crowd laughed and encouraged them, and several people standing by to watch, spoke to Nell and me as we whirled.

It was an awful situation. What with the embarrassment, the shame, the horrid consciousness of being part of the show, and the giddiness that came over me with the motion, it was all I could do to keep from crying. But if I had sobbed while spinning round the ring on the back of a bull, I should have been a more conspicuous figure than ever, so I controlled myself with all my might. Oh, if only I could have got down to run away and hide! but there we both had to sit till time for the merry-goround to stop, and I would have given all that's left of the two hundred pounds Captain Noble willed me, to make the horrid machinery break down.

As we sailed round and round my agonized eyes caught the surprised gaze of a man I knew. For an instant I could not remember how, or where, or how much I knew him; but suddenly it all came back. I recognized Sir Alexander MacNairne, whose acquaintance we made in Amsterdam, through Tibe, and the worst thing was that, from the expression of his face, I was almost sure he recognized us both, in spite of our

disguise By this time, the sitting on the bull, and the continued whirling at the mercy of a thousand eyes, began to seem a torture such as might have been inflicted by the Inquisition if you had argued with them about some little thing. I'm sure, if any one had sprung forward at this moment to tell me that if I would become a Dissenter of any kind, or belong to the Salvation Army, I needn't be a martyr any longer, but should be saved at once, I would have

screamed "Yes-yes-yes!" At last the animals did slow down, and Nell and I slid off our monsters before they had stopped; but instead of improving our situation, we had made

it worse. While we had been sailing round the ring, no one could approach disagre:ably near. The minute we tried to mingle with the crowd and disappear in it,



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