

A Lover in Homespun.

ONESIME CHAREST, farmer, of L'Original, was a happy man. As he drove through the quaint little French-Canadian village, on his way to the railway station, he was saluted by the villagers with much ceremony.

Everyone knew perfectly well just what it was that was taking farmer Charest to the station this beautiful hazy afternoon. Over a week had now elapsed since he received the letter from his son Zotique, in the United States, saying he would be home on September 10th.

Before the important communication had been in the village a day, it was common property, and had been read and re-read until almost every soul in the place knew it off by heart.

The wanderer's return was to be made more momentous by Madame Charest inviting a large number of guests to a party, to be given by her the evening he returned.

If these worthy people were in a joyous mood the night of the party, nature appeared equally so; for by the time the first hay-cart, with its burden of