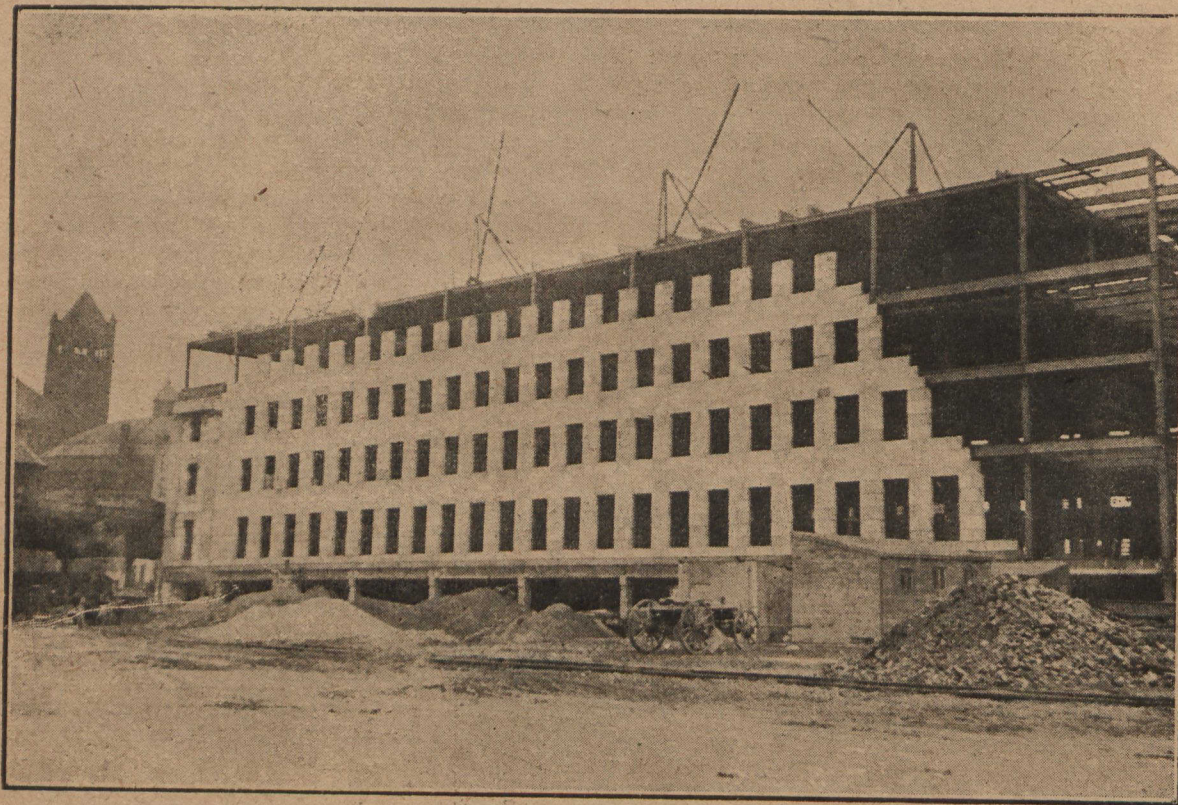




Sir Robert Borden at the Guildhall accepts the new Mace for our House of Commons from the Lord Mayor and Sir Charles Wakefield, the late Lord Mayor.



To the left, Toronto's old depot; the new one slowly rising beside it.



Members of the Dominion War Veterans' Association on Winnipeg City Hall steps beside the monument to the N. W. Rebellion heroes.

It was while Josephine was attending convent school in the city that the breaking off of diplomatic relationships took place between Flannagan and Bedore. Cephore was overtaken with rheumatism and the family doctor forbade him going out to the nets. Flannagan had come over and suggested that he would take out the boat and look after Cephore's nets as well as his own. Bedore at first protested diplomatically and finally refused point blank. Think of it! Could any but himself be trusted with the Gay Paree? They might run her into a floater and smash her shell, or onto a sinker and strip her wheel! No, Cephore would be all right in a week or so, and he'd take her out himself.

In a week, Pat Flannagan came back. He was getting very nervous about the nets. He found Cephore unimproved and in worse temper. At the proposal that Pat's son, Tom, could handle the boat very nicely, he flew into a fine rage. What did that prig of a boy know about the mysteries of carburetors, timers and dope-cups? He would surely have an explosion and kill himself and destroy the boat. Flannagan, in desperation, offered to pay Bedore his own price for his share in the boat. Bedore countered by demanding from Flannagan what he wanted for the engine. Neither would sell and they locked horns at stalemate.

Josephine came home from college when hostilities were at their height. She received strict instructions at once with regard to trading with the enemy or any of his house. The girl accepted the situation patiently, philosophically, but, nevertheless, she and Tom Flannagan met occasionally at house parties and at church on Sundays. These were golden moments which the young people made the most of. Tom, who had saved a little, once suggested an elopement, but Josephine, strong as was her attachment for the daring and impulsive young man, had too much respect for the permanent wrath of her sire to try anything rash. For her, she knew, in such a case there would not be forgiveness.

Cephore's rheumatics grew worse, and his disposition correspondingly ugly. Before he was ordered to bed he had the Gay Paree snubbed securely to her dock with a padlock and chain, and he took the key to bed with him, where he kept it under his pillow.

So lay the tablets that afternoon when Pat Flannagan called to make a final plea to Madame Bedore to use her influence to get Cephore to give up the boat. Flannagan went away in a towering rage, and Bedore lay exulting in his bed over the evident annoyance he was giving his enemy and planning deep for a climax of complications.

The following day the habitant's condition was improved—much improved. He was in such buoyant spirits that his family decided the end was near at hand, that it must be the lull before the Great Storm that would take Cephore away with it.

But it was the Idea—his wicked Idea—that Bedore was hugging to himself and chortling over. The time for execution, he felt, was near at hand, and the Fates were fitting him for the task. He noted with satisfaction that he could now turn cautiously over in bed without exciting rheumatic retribution.

Bedore was even counting the hours till sundown. From then on he impatiently bided his time till the Madame and Josephine were a-bed.

When their heavy breathing assured him they were securely wrapped in slumber, Cephore Bedore arose and gingerly donned apparel he had not touched in weeks. His rheumatics rent him. When he first attempted to stand up he became so dizzy he nearly toppled over.

In his sock-feet he silently tip-toed to the kitchen for matches. Pulling on his shoes he lifted his bedroom window and stole out. Old Cephore Bedore inserted the key and loosed the padlock that held the Gay Paree secure. The chain dropped on the freeboard with a clank. The night was starlit and no moon. The gloom over the river was propitious.

Into a baling-can he drew a generous quantity of fluid from the cock under the gasoline tank forward. This he proceeded to splash over the cockpit from stem to stern, and, finally, soaking some waste, he made to step on the dock, light a match to it and push the Gay Paree to her flaming last chapter of existence.

But Cephore's left arm feeling for the piling
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