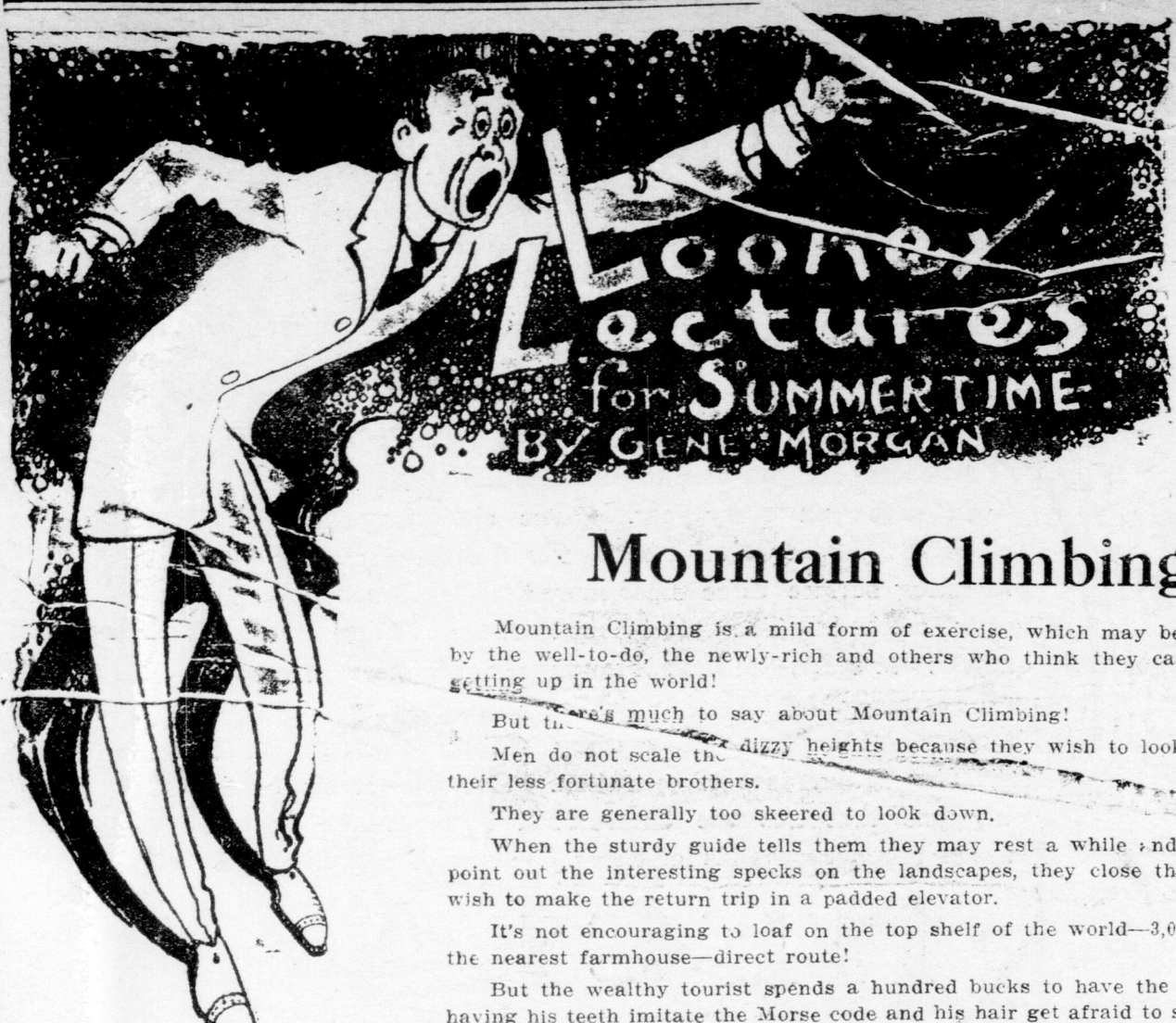




**Lectures for SUMMERTIME**  
BY GENE MORGAN

## Mountain Climbing

Mountain Climbing is a mild form of exercise, which may be indulged in by the well-to-do, the newly-rich and others who think they can succeed in getting up in the world!

But it is not much to say about Mountain Climbing! Men do not scale the dizzy heights because they wish to look down upon their less fortunate brothers.

They are generally too skeered to look down.

When the sturdy guide tells them they may rest a while and proceeds to point out the interesting specks on the landscapes, they close their eyes and wish to make the return trip in a padded elevator.

It's not encouraging to loaf on the top shelf of the world—3,000 feet from the nearest farmhouse—direct route!

But the wealthy tourist spends a hundred bucks to have the sensation of having his teeth imitate the Morse code and his hair get afraid to stand on end.

When Mountain Climbing, one needs an Alpine stock—the technical name for a sure-footed window pole. Then a pair of spike-freckled boots and a flask of brandy guaranteed to make even an angle-worm wall to its mamma for a shooting star!

Also one must have a yodel.

You simply cannot do without the yodel!

Every once in a while on the way up you come to a pass where a con- signment of nice, fresh echoes have been received that morning.

This is YOUR cue to yodel! So you proceed to make a high-pitched noise like a peanut roaster with a stutter!

Mountain Climbing in America is not generally as strenuous as the European brand. Our Rockies are much more difficult, but they are most often clumb by railroad.

These cars are drawn by a locomotive that walks on its teeth. When you have completed the climb you are, nevertheless, panting heavily, for all the way you have been sympathizing so with the poor, tired engine!



## Proposed Cession of Alaskan Territory to Canada

The United States Government are in communication with the British Ambassadors at Washington on the question of appointing an International Commission to inquire whether a feasible plan can be found for rectifying the boundary line of South-eastern Alaska to the advantage of both nations. Owing to the present boundary a large part of Canadian territory is shut out from the direct communication with the Pacific. The Yukon Territory, the northern half of British Columbia, and almost the entire Mackenzie Basin, a strip of territory almost as large as the portion of the United States lying east of the Mississippi, are shut out from direct

communication with the Pacific by the coast-line of Southeast Alaska. This is an unnatural boundary created to meet conditions long since passed, and now a hindrance to the development of both countries. It has more than once been a source of local irritation, and unless a rectification of the boundary line is effected now it may become the cause of acute contention later on. There is a pretty general feeling at Washington that the present is a very suitable opportunity for ending the wrangle by handing over the strip of United States territory in question to Canada. The climate of the strip is similar to that of Scotland or Scandinavia.

## The Late Professor Nicholson

Once Professor of Engineering in McGill.

[Manchester Guardian.]

Erigen engineering professors are, on the whole, traditionally academic; concerned rather with general principles and the more purely scientific study of engineering than with specific practical problems. Dr. J. T. Nicholson, perhaps influenced to some extent by his tenure of the chair of engineering at McGill College, Montreal, inclined more to the practical side. At the same time he was keenly interested in fundamental theories, and some of these he urged insistently, in season and out, upon the practical world. If the success of a critic is to be measured by the strength of the opposition he arouses, then Professor Nicholson was eminently successful. No engineering professor has, at least in recent years, challenged so directly some of the most widely accepted theories and ideas. Had Dr. Nicholson been content mildly to argue these problems and then leave the practical man to accept or reject as he chose, the opposition to his ideas would have been less vociferous; but that was not his way. When satisfied in his own

mind that some theory needed revising, he did not hesitate to say so with unmistakable directness. He went further and proceeded to show how the new theory which he advocated called for radical modification in practical designs.

Most engineers first heard of Nicholson over the research on cylinder condensation and valve leakage which he carried out jointly with Professor H. L. Callendar. Every engineer knew that only a portion of the steam passing through an engine actually existed as vapor in the cylinders, and the remainder was condensed on the cool walls of the cylinder. Messrs. Nicholson and Callendar claimed to have proved by their experiments that only a portion of this missing steam was condensed, and that much of it leaked past the valves without performing useful work. To this day very few engineers accept this position, although it is agreed that some leakage does occur, and that in special cases it may be very serious.

When Manchester decided upon the new Technical School which now exists in Sackville Street, Nicholson was brought from Montreal to design the new laboratories and to be professor of mechanical engineering. The laboratories have been the subject of much

discussion among engineers, and Dr. Nicholson on his part was disappointed that Lancashire engineers made so little use of the splendid equipment with which he hoped to help them if only they would bring their problems to the school for investigation. One such problem at least was attacked, and by his handling of it Professor Nicholson and his co-workers brought much credit on the school and, let us hope, some practical benefit to the engineering trades of this country. It was in 1900 that Messrs. Taylor and White, two American engineers, astonished the world by the cutting properties of their patent high-speed steel. The Verein Deutsche Ingenieure carried out a series of experiments in the following year to investigate high-speed cutting problems, but the Manchester experiments under the direction of Professor Nicholson, commenced in 1902, were much more comprehensive and important.

It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the revolution effected by the new cutting steels and heavier cuts permissible than with previous carbon steels, but the investigations at Manchester carried out in 1902 and since by Professor Nicholson and Mr. Dempster revealed much valuable information regarding the design of machine tools; a subject which Dr. Nicholson took up with his accustomed vigor.

Another discussion with which the late professor's name will long be associated is that high-speed gas flow for boilers, which still occasionally rises into prominence. Without going into details it may be said that practical engineers belonged to the "heat-surface" school of boiler design. Nicholson basing his arguments on the theory and experiments of Osborne Reynolds, and fortified by his own experiments, argued that it was gas speed that mattered and that the heat transmitted was substantially in the same ratio as the gas velocity. Of the soundness of that theory there is no serious doubt, but at first it was violently assailed.

Manchester can ill afford to lose one at once so fruitful in bold ideas and so courageous in defending them. That Professor Nicholson underrated the importance of manufacturing and operating considerations is true in some instances, and was in no small measure due to his unfortunate deafness, which prevented his discussing his ideas with others and thus polishing them into a more balanced form before launching them upon a conservative, but sincere, practical profession.

## Slept For Weeks At a Time

Modern Rip Van Winkle's Tragic Death.

Well-known in the United States, Canada and Derbyshire as "The Sleeping Man," Arthur Fitzgerald Mann, aged 46, the son of a Duffield magistrate, died under peculiar circumstances, related to the Bakewell corner recently.

Mann left the United States in April last, and on arriving in Derbyshire he fell asleep for a week. On recovering he started for Bakewell, but fell asleep on the road, and did not wake for five days. In America and Canada he had frequent sleeping attacks which lasted for a week, and the doctors' efforts to rouse him were futile. He was lately found on the bank of the River Lathkill in a wet and unconscious condition, and taken to the Bakewell Workhouse Infirmary, where he died without recovering consciousness. The medical officers were of opinion that when sitting on the bank of Lathkill River he was seized with one of his sleeping attacks and fell into the water. The shock, he said, would produce sufficient stimulus for Mann to get out, and when he reached the bank there would be a relapse. With his clothing saturated, he remained on the bank for four or five hours before being removed to the infirmary. Death was attributed to shock produced by cold and exposure. Miss Mann, who identified the body, stated that American doctors said her brother was subject to attacks of coma.

MINARD'S LINIMENT LUMBER. MAN'S FRIEND.

## THE DERBY

The Racecourse and the Crowd.

[Correspondent of Manchester Guardian.]

A young Frenchman, whose side-whiskers in their downward progress had become discouraged in the region of his ears, leaned anxiously across the railway carriage. He held out a pink newspaper. "Pardon, monsieur," he said, "but what is this you call a 'smasher'?" Taking the newspaper—one of the journals that seem to be always winking at the reader over a ripe cigar—I found that its prophet at Epsom had dismissed Nimbus as "hardly a smasher," meaning that he was not stout enough to stay the courage against the rushing Craganour. I broke this to the Frenchman, and he was polite but unbelieving. He brought exact knowledge from Longchamps Auteuil, and told me exactly how Nimbus beat Pere Marquette and how he would stay for ever, Frenchmen went down in crowds today, and as every Derby must have its tag this may as well be known as the French Derby.

On the course my little Frenchman pointed with his ivory-tipped stick to a thin man with a tiny gray beard, and a bunch of corn-flowers in his button-hole. "The great 'Cher-Halbrow,'" known to sporting writers as "the French Tattersall." My friend had been immensely taken with a Lambeth tipster who showed a huge "Idol on parole francsais" more out of friendship than anxiety to converse in French. But the tipsters know all about "l'Entente Cordiale." They freely tipped Nimbus for a place.

When we first came out at Tattenham Corner the Parisian drew a deep breath of delight, and in the glow of his enthusiasm one's worn impressions of that amazing scene revived. There was a good light for seeing under that dove-colored sky, and the pattern was singularly sharp. The long curving lane of green twisted away into the black multitude at the end, the lordly pyramidal stand, all in regimented masses as if seen through a diminishing glass. It was a friendly act to tell him that he had come to a French Derby, but the Londoner within me said that the label might as truly be "The motor-bus Derby." The jolly red buses ranged on the slope carried on the line of stands for a mile, never were there so many at Epsom. They made a fine colored rampart against the crowd that seemed as if it must by its mere size swamp over the course.

The Police and the Multitude. The Frenchman had never seen such a crowd, and I could tell him that no Englishman had seen the Downs so packed. When he had time to attend to detail, what struck him was the wonderful automatic discipline of the people. A handful of police, doing nothing in particular, were sufficient to manage a crowd big enough to populate a city. He simply could not believe until he saw the miracle performed that six mounted policemen stroiling their horses up the course could wipe it clear in ten minutes. And he was positively anxious when he saw men and women picnicking at the Corner on the turf where the racers were due in a quarter of an hour. It all seemed incredibly free-and-easy to him.

Wandering about the Downs, I found he was impressed as much by what we allowed to be done as by our habit of keeping ourselves in order. The gipsies, for instance. There they were, huddled in the Royal Box bawling their primitive invitations. He opened his eyes wide at the sight of their children, with weather-bleached hair, running about among the better-situated of motors. At the other end of the scale, he was filled with awe when I pointed out a very glided young peer perched on the top of a penny bus. Derby-day I fear, gave him an exaggerated sense of our democratic ways, for he could not realize that, although all the classes seemed jumbled in wild confusion, the invisible barriers were high all the time. He was a young man, a student, and he was a Victorian in manners of Frit's picture in the sight of women in old shawls wheeling money out of motor parties. The skies joined in the riot with a crowd of kites howling the thing is built for a race. A balloon dropped a parachutist into a jungle of charabancs. Soon after the first race a great spout of flame rose in the midst of the tip-

sters' booths. We ran thither, and the Frenchman was horrified to hear that the crowd had attacked a "welscher" and set a light to his paraphernalia. It became a little afraid of us. We had a good view of the King chatting with friends under the clock. In a box in the great stand two gorgeous Indian officers looked down on the tumult with faces as if carved out of old ivory.

### The Start.

I took him to the Corner for the first race, so that he might get the finest sensation. Epsom has to give the swirling rush of the horses down the hill. "A beautiful bunch of horses," his exclamation may be translated, as he saw them shoot by, flogging the baked earth with their hoofs. We climbed the lip of the Downs to see the start of the great race. Here you are at the narrow neck of the horse-shoe course, the paddock quite near those people's valley. They came out, as carefree to all appearance, as if the jockeys were out for a stroll, wending down through a lane of worshippers and up to the starting place, which is like a bit of a leafy lane. The many jockeys for the start took a long time, for some of the horses tried to set out to win the Derby wrong end first, but it was all tensely silent. A man a little ahead did something with a red flag, the tapes were raised well above the jockeys' heads, and they were off.

A loud yelping roar from the course two minutes later told us they were getting near the end. We saw the stand as a pinkish expanse, the faces all still.

### An Outsider After All!

The last hundred yards were beautifully clear to us through the glasses, and we had no doubt at all that Craganour, with the violet-capped jockey, was winning "anyhow," and that a horse one knew anything about was next. The London evening papers supplied the sensational news to Epsom when the multitude was still happily steeped in the delusion of a favorite's win. As outsiders' Derby after all! The crowd began to buzz angrily like ten thousand hives.

Through the middle of the perturbed mob a trainer walked one of the racers. Not the biggest expert there knew or cared what horse he was—a name on the board was everything now. A few onlookers who had no money distractions watched him pass—patched with sweat, fagged out, and with a wild and suffering eye.

### WRAPS FOR DAY

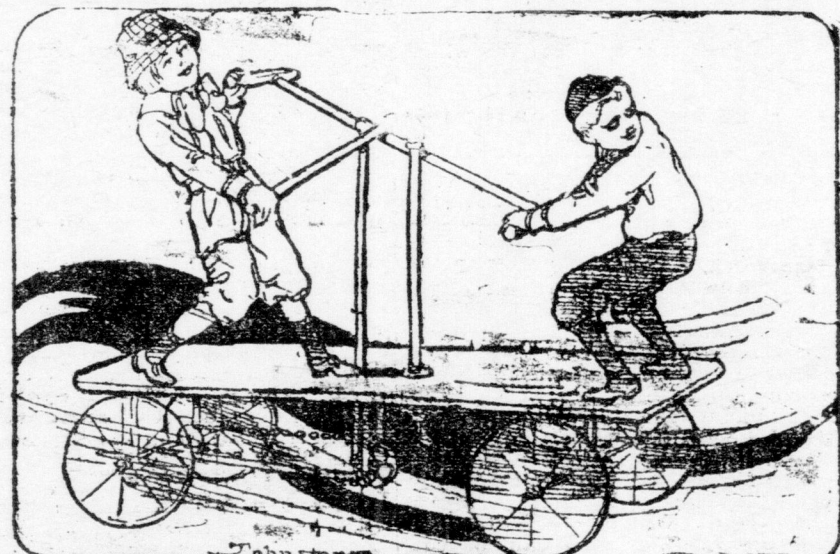
Continued From Page Twenty.

crepe de chine, and similar materials which are used for evening wraps are balanced, almost unduly one would think, with fringes of bullion or beads, so much so that the weight in many cases de chine, and similar materials garment (costing 40 guineas) was made of pink cerise brocade crepe de chine, the only trimming and color being a heavy dull steel and black bead collar with deep fringe, this hung to the waist at the back and well over the shoulder. Another model of light blue brocade, with many daily colors introduced in the charming design of tiny flowers in groups and wreaths—had dull silver fringe edging the tightly drawn-in skirt and down the front, where it fell from below a deep collar of lace embroidered with silver beads and edged with narrow skunk trimming.

Quite a new style is the effort to copy the graceful lines in which the Spanish women wear their wide-bordered shawls. It is difficult to describe such a garment made in this fashion; but the left shoulder and lower right side of the wrap was of plain old-rose nylon lined with white, the neck was slightly gathered as though a straight piece had been used, while coming from the left side of the front just below the waist, and passing over the right shoulder, slantwise across the back to the left and right across the front, was a border about eighteen inches wide of blue, yellow, and many other delicate shades edged with a silk fringe and exactly simulating the border of a shawl. The front, it will be noticed, wrapped to either side, the left just below the waist and the right below the hip where the border began and ended, and in either place a large rosette with bullion centre gave the finishing touch; the sleeves, of modified kimono shape, were short and edged inside with tiny wreath of silk flowers; the right one having also a rosette to match the two already mentioned.

As a contrast to these gay colored wraps—some of which are cut with train several inches long, though quite short at the front—a number of black

### HOME-MADE HAND-CAR TO RUN MOTHER'S ERRANDS



A boy with a handcar can beat a pushmobile every day in the week and for that reason the home-made handcar is likely to become a most popular sort of a means of getting about when the youngsters all learn to drive and the chain are too easily found. They are taken from an old bicycle. The main thing is putting the car together and there is some work to be done.

The frame for the car is made of gas pipe and the amount of pipe to be used depends altogether on the size of the car desired. Fit the pipe for the car so that there will be two joints over the places where the axles are to be placed. It is well to run a piece of pipe across the point where the rear axle is to come and fasten the wooden support of the axle to this. This is not necessary in the case of the front axle.



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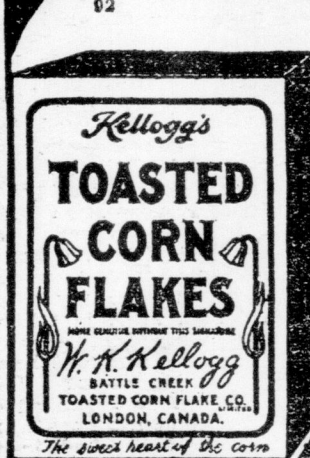
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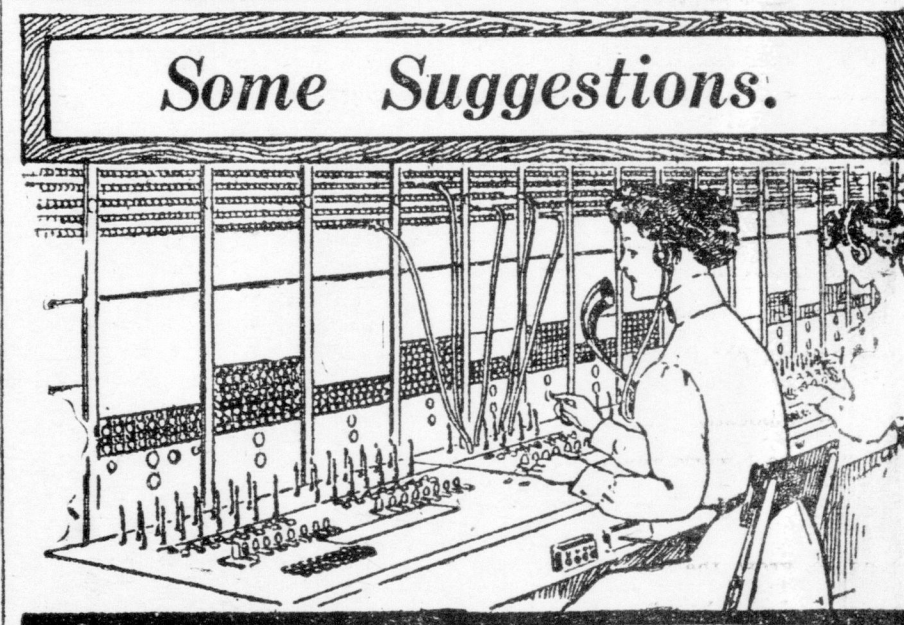
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## Some Suggestions.



## Answer Promptly!

The telephone bell rings; no one answers! It rings again, and still no answer! The operator finally reports "They don't answer" (Note, She does not say "They are not there") and the connection is taken down. Five seconds later—just six seconds too late—the tardy subscriber comes to the telephone and gets "Number please" from an operator who knows nothing about the unanswered call, as she has had nothing to do with it. Upon being told, "Why, you rang my bell," she can only say, as we instruct her to say, "There's no one on your line just now sir."

And so the party who failed to get an answer, as well as the one who was tardy, are both convinced of the bad telephone service they are getting, and one more offence is charged by each of them against the Company! The whole trouble, of course, lay in not answering promptly!

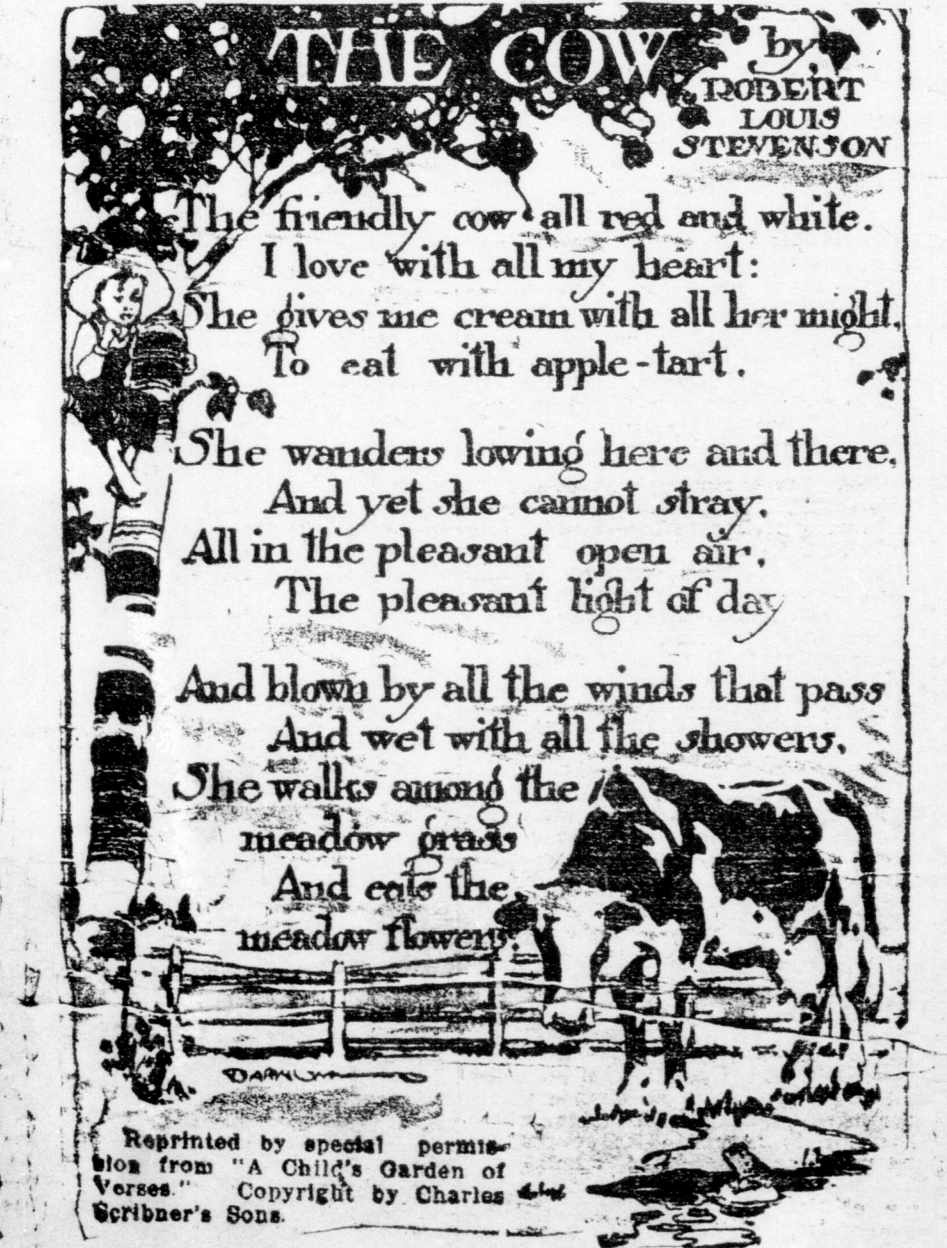
It is most vital, for your service and that of others, that the telephone be answered promptly!

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velvet velour, severely plain and out its contrasting note either in trimming or trimming. So beautiful, indeed, are these garments they are rarely quite laid aside, but worn as part of the whole evening toilette whenever colors, as no single one must be with-

H. A.



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I love with all my heart:  
She gives me cream with all her might  
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders loving here and there.  
And yet she cannot stray.  
All in the pleasant open air,  
The pleasant light of day

And blown by all the winds that pass  
And wet with all the showers.  
She walks among the  
meadow grass  
And eats the  
meadow flowers

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