



Lieut. E. H. Shackleton.  
(Of the Antarctic Expedition.)

Possibly everyone read, a fortnight or so ago, notices of the fact that Lieut. E. H. Shackleton, with his party, had reached a point 111 miles from the South Pole. How many, however, paused to think what this really means? Only 111 miles from the South Pole—after all the futile expeditions that have been sent out in search of the one Pole or the other, and despite of the fact that the Antarctic regions have always been considered more difficult of access than the Arctic! Just another step and it will have been demonstrated that, even in our time, the most difficult point on the face of the globe has been laid open to man.

In the *Daily Mail*, of London, which promoted and financed the expedition, the Lieutenant tells his story simply, and without self-glorification. "On January 9th," he says, "we left camp and reached latitude 88° 23', longitude 102° east, this being the most southerly point ever reached. Here we hoisted the Union Jack, presented to us by Her Majesty the Queen. No mountains were visible, and we saw only a plain stretching to the south. We then started on the return trip to pick up our depot on the plateau, guided by our outward tracks, for the flags attached to the tent-poles had been blown away." This is the description of the climax of a journey which had been dangerous and difficult to an extreme (at one time only 600 yards were gained by a whole day's fighting), and which was to be still more so by reason of the fear of starvation, for food supplies had run low.

In regard to this trip, as to all others of similar nature, the question is likely to be asked: "What is the use of all this expense and hardship?" To this question, Garret P. Serviss replies in the *New York American*. He says:

"In the first place, the whole question of the magnetism of the earth is involved. It is true that the magnetic poles, as far as we know them, do not coincide in position with the geographic poles, but until observations have been made at the poles themselves, we cannot be sure that there is not an important relation between the two. It is known that the magnetic poles, for some reason not yet comprehended, revolve around the real poles, and the nature and effect of this curious planetary mechanism may become evident as soon

as the field of investigation is extended to the poles.

"In the second place, to reach the poles means to be in a position to solve important questions concerning the laws of atmospheric circulation. We have had abundant evidence during the past winter of the incompleteness of the science of meteorology. The poles are the centers of relatively calm regions, where, according to prevailing theories, currents of air originate which spread over the earth toward the equator, producing cold waves that sometimes extend into the middle latitudes and upset the atmosphere there. The hot air rising from the equator travels towards the poles, cools off, descends, and comes back by a different route. It is manifest that, in order to fully understand all this, we must know what goes on at the poles and in their immediate neighborhood.

"In the third place, the discovery of the poles will give us a better knowledge of the rotation of the earth, and on that rotation more things depend than we are apt to think. For instance, it has been discovered, within a few years past, that the earth is not regular in its rotation; the poles wander about a little, and it has even been thought that the prevalence of earthquakes may depend more or less upon this wobbling motion of the poles. The poles themselves are manifestly the best places from which to study this curious phenomenon.

"In the fourth place, there is reason for thinking that at and around the pole will be found indications of existing or past life, which will have a bearing on many questions concerning the biology of our globe. Some have thought that life began at the poles, because there the crust of the earth was first sufficiently cooled to bear living forms. We know that in the high northern and southern latitudes vegetation and plant life formerly flourished in wonderful abundance, but the key to this strange stage in the earth's history remains to be found, and it may be discovered near the poles themselves. The many problems in geology await solution by the aid of what may be found around the ends of the earth's axis. The vast continent which evidently surrounds the South Pole, and the deep ocean basin enclosing the North Pole, probably contain secrets which will go far to explain the evolution of the continents, the oceans, and the living forms which inhabit them. Their exploration will give science a grip upon the globe, as a whole, which it does not at present possess."

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A recent British periodical makes the astounding statement that in England there is an average of half a million sufferers each year from tuberculosis, about 50,000 of this number being carried yearly to the grave: this in the face of the fact, nowadays rather generally known, that science teaches that tuberculosis is infectious, and, therefore, preventable, and that it also points out how the disease may be diagnosed at a very early stage, so that the patient may be immediately placed under conditions which generally insure his permanent recovery.

While on this subject, it is worth noting that the theory that nearly everyone suffers at some time from the work of tubercular germs, was again confirmed at the International Congress on Tuberculosis, held in

Washington last fall, by evidence given from actual knowledge by several of the speakers, the most interesting of whom was the Surgeon-General of the Russian Army. This man asserted that the investigations made in the Russian Army left no doubt that practically every individual over the age of thirty has at some time had tubercle bacilli alive in his tissues. Other speakers testified that the exhumation of the bodies of adults who had died from diseases other than tuberculosis, gave similar evidence.

The testimony is important in that it demonstrates once more the fact that tuberculosis in its incipient stages is absolutely curable, the chief factor in treatment being to build up the general health of the patient to such an extent that he may be able to resist the inroads of the disease, and finally to expel it. The conditions of this building-up, as cannot be too often repeated where ignorance on the subject prevails, are: Absolutely pure air, night and day, summer and winter; nourishing food; sufficient exercise and rest; and plenty of sleep. Above all things, the air breathed must be pure, and as free from dust as possible, if cure is to be hoped for; and the first step taken by the slightly-affected patient, who works in a close or dusty atmosphere, should be to forsake it for a more favorable environment. As an example, it has been found that men working in sweatshops, mills, etc., are peculiarly subject to the disease; those working at polishing wheels, and so obliged to breathe the dust from the metal, living, on an average, only "five years," if too constantly engaged at the work. The mortality in the tenement houses of cities, where rooms are crowded and windows few, is also notoriously high.

Public education on this subject, even in the farming districts of our own country, is not yet as comprehensive as might be desired, hence everyone blessed with enlightenment should make it a business to act as teacher whenever opportunity offers. There is little doubt but that a universal campaign, with a universal practice of hygienic living, and scrupulous care in regard to dissemination of germs by sputum, would, in a comparatively short time, reduce the number of deaths from this dread disease to an almost infinitesimal percentage.

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In Princeton University, a favorite text on the walls of the boys' rooms is: "Don't let your studies interfere with your education." Doubtless, this motto was placed in evidence in a spirit of bravado, the spirit of bravado and iconoclasm with which spirited youths devoted to sport, and in arms against anything that savors to them of "old fogyism," love to exploit, in season or out; it is notorious that the "college grind" is seldom a favorite with "the fellows." Yet there is a truth in this motto which the gayest of the lads may sometime realize, as may also the "college grind." Education sends its foragers over a broad field, and little that is brought back to the lines may be despised. The world of sport, the world of work, the world of nature, the world of men, the world of life—each supplies its dole, as well as the world of letters and of art, and a knowledge of each is necessary to the all-round man, the

man who is really educated. The man of books, the mere recluse, is not educated in the broadest, richest sense. Let us realize this, and keep all our faculties alert, not only during schooldays, but during all the days of after-life. We cannot afford to miss any of the lessons, from any source whatever, which may come to us.

### People, Books and Doings.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, the last of the three greatest Victorian poets—Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne—died at Putney, Eng., on April 10th.

One of the results of the new British postal laws is that 6,000,000 English magazines, which used to be barred by high rates, are coming into Canada.

At a recent meeting of the Musical Association, London, Eng., G. Gordon Cleather gave a lecture on drums, entitled, "Music in Rhythm, as Exemplified by the Timpani." The majority of people, he said, regarded the drum simply as capable of producing noise. It was one of the few perfect instruments of an orchestra, and none could be played more softly and delicately. The lecturer, in illustration, played the melodic passage for drums alone from "Robert le Diable," and a number of pieces arranged for piano and timpani. Grieg's "Berceuse," with a part for four drums added by the late Dr. Sawyer, received remarkable beauty from the addition of the drums.

Successful experiments in wireless telephony have been carried on between Paris and Melun, a distance of 30 miles.

### Reply to G. H. L.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

In your issue of April 1st I see an article written in reply to my letter re "Hotel Accommodation in Local Option Towns."

Your correspondent suggests no plausible means of meeting this difficulty, nor does he advance any reasons why local option is, as claimed, such a brilliant success. However, it seems a little presumptuous of G. H. L. to accuse me of being a drunkard, or of a drunkard's family, as I neither drink, smoke or chew tobacco myself, and none of the family are drunkards. It is just such contemptible little jabs as this that a great many self-styled temperance people glory in.

Local option may be all right, and a good thing for some people, but around here it is the means of producing many proficient liars and sneaks; and, with all our local option, statistics for Ontario prove that drunkenness is not on the decrease, and the brewers and distillers still do a flourishing business. Lincoln Co., Ont. "NEMO."

### Spring.

"Green against the draggled drift,  
Fair and frail and first,  
Buy my Northern bloodroot,  
And I'll know where you were nursed.  
Robin down the logging road,  
Whistles, 'Come to me,'  
Spring has found the maple grove, the  
sap is running free.  
All the winds o' Canada call the plowing  
rain.  
Take the flower and turn the hour and  
kiss your love again."

—Kipling.