

## Men of the Frozen Trails

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necessity, but science, that compelled two of the party, Wilson and Bowers, to make a detour on the Beardmore glacier to Buckley Island, where they dug out fossil-bearing sandstone and coal—odd irony!—thirty-five pounds of it to go among the records and to heft the load.

We do not know what difference of opinion there may have been as to the wisdom of pushing science; what nerves these men must have had after all these months of ice-travel; what effect upon the stamina of the party had been the trailing of Amundsen; nor what straits of fuel and food they were beginning to be in or from what cause. The records reveal nothing as yet.

Now the weather began to tighten; much earlier than usual—in a year when climate all over the world was in a strange upheaval. The snow ceased to melt under the sled-runners. It cut. The weather was thick. On the glacier hazes of snow crystals fogging out all but casual glimpses of land. Desperate going; more than once as low as three miles a day when the average should have been nine. Descending the glacier Evans fell. He was the strongest man in the party; more than six feet and hard as iron. But he had been lately a changed man. Even at the Pole he had been so.

The log pays small respect to mere calendar time. One month exactly after re-discovering the Pole, Evans' foot slipped from his ski on the glacier. He dropped out to adjust it. The party pushed on a bit—stopped to cook a meal and to wait for Evans. He did not come. They went back; found him in a collapse and dragged him on a sledge to the tent.

He was a wreck. Unknown perhaps to any of the rest the man of iron had for days been tottering in his nerves, saying little or nothing. He was mainly unconscious. His trailing was done. Medicine nor food nor any sort of care was any use. In two hours after he got to the tent—there was a corpse in the party; when one man dead in five was as though some cataclysm had come in nature.

No time for requiems. The wind was howling. The air was choked with fine powdery snow. Whatever Evans had or lacked when alive—he was over it now. He was the first man that ever died in the land that never could become a country.

Push on. On—and on—and on; leaving the dead man in his scumbled grave at the foot of the glacier. Day by day; mile after mile; slowly the sledge dragged its puny way up from the ultimate south, toiling nearer and nearer to the distant ship which seemed to be worlds away—when even a depot was so slow to come.

And God knows what was wrong with the depots; what fuel oil they lacked, or what food the four tuckering explorers had or wanted when day after day the round of grim and devilishly unremitting work came to their boots in the soft snow and the tireless wind and the blizzard.

Another man was finally tuckering; not from cold nor from blizzards only—but because he was weak in the soul of his body.

"How are you feeling, Oates?"  
It may have been the Captain's voice.  
"Oh—I'm all right, Captain. I'll pull together right enough, sir—but I'm an awful drag."

The silk tent with the inner tent under it, wind-proof as it was, quivered in the unbroken wind, days upon days marches from the flag.

Heaven knew they should have pitched it at One-Ton depot days ago. But the depot was eleven miles ahead—when it might as well have been clear round the world; eleven miles that none of those men ever could make even though the Christ himself had been at the depot.

And it was March in the Antarctic. The days were short. Hunger was long. Sleep was brief. They were coming inch by inch to the jagged edge that makes all men the same in the fight with hunger and cold and fate. The Captain knew it. He said nothing. On the sled—thirty-five pounds of rocks in the name of science; in the name of humanity—enough food to keep merely the rhythm of life when the heart of one man might be out of tempo with all the rest and all of them going awry.

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# THE CANADIAN COURIER'S EDUCATIONAL OFFER

Fourteen Young Ladies will go to College for a year each.

Ten Young Ladies will go to Europe under the care of a most efficient chaperon.

These splendid rewards will be won by the young ladies who gain the greatest number of votes in the COURIER Contest, which starts Saturday, March 1, and will end not later than Saturday, May 31.

A ballot good for 50 votes will be published in each issue of the CANADIAN COURIER, beginning Saturday, March 1, and until the contest closes in May.

For each new subscription for one year secured by the candidates 2,500 votes will be allowed. Each renewal of a present subscription will be good for 2,000 votes. New subscriptions for two years will be good for 6,000 votes.

The offer is beyond question the most important ever made in Canada. The rewards are extremely valuable.

Winners of the college courses have a choice of five courses, English, Art, Music, Commercial or Domestic Science.

The CANADIAN COURIER will pay all expenses, room, board, tuition, laundry, entrance and lecture fees, etc., and also railway fare to and from college.

The trip to Europe will be a delightful feature. The trip will cover five weeks. It will have splendid educational advantages. The lady principal of one of Canada's leading ladies' colleges will be chaperon of the party and the girls will be taken care of in the most careful manner. Points of interest in the Old Country, Paris and other places on the continent will be visited.

There are five Districts, as follows:

No. 1. Metropolitan, including such cities as Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

No. 2. Western, including all Canada west of Fort William, except Winnipeg and Vancouver.

No. 3. Ontario and Quebec, except the cities of Montreal and Toronto.

No. 4. Maritime District, including the three Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland.

No. 5. The At-Large District, which means all Canada and Newfoundland.

The prizes will be distributed as follows: No. 1, three college courses, and two trips; No. 2, three college courses and two trips; No. 3, four college courses and two trips; No. 4, two college courses and two trips; No. 5, two college courses and two trips.

Candidates can work in any district they choose. They have a chance to win in their own district, or if they fail in that in the At-Large District.

Only girls of good character will be accepted. All candidates have to be nominated by a parent or some responsible person and the nomination countersigned by a minister or priest. Nominations from improper persons will be refused. The Manager of the Contest reserves the right to decline any nomination without explanation.

Bright, ambitious girls can win a splendid reward in this contest. If they have the average number of friends they stand a good show. The public will sympathize with the efforts of a worthy girl to win a year in college or an educational trip. The good that will result to the winners cannot be estimated in mere dollars and cents.

There is a nomination blank below. If interested get nominated at once, and write for the folders, which give complete information regarding the contest and hints as to how to succeed in such a race. As a special offer the COURIER will pay \$50 in Gold to the person who first nominates the candidate who finishes highest, and a like \$50 in Gold to the minister or priest who countersigns the nomination.

Address all Communications to Manager, Contest Department, CANADIAN COURIER, Toronto.

## Nomination Blank

I hereby nominate Miss.....

Address.....

whom I know to be over 15 years of age, of good character, and to be a proper person to enter "THE CANADIAN COURIER" CONTEST.

Signed..... Countersigned by.....

Address..... Pastor of..... Church or Parish.....

The first nomination received for any candidate is good for 10,000 votes for the candidate named thereon, provided the nomination is accepted. The votes on only one Nomination Blank will be counted for any candidate.