

sibilities, mining and fisheries. The fisheries of the island have been famous for centuries, and during the past few years much progress has been made in the study of its mineral resources. One of the possibilities which appeals to the prospector is that of asbestos, which is believed to exist in Newfoundland in considerable quantity. So far few deposits of this mineral have been uncovered in either the United States or Canada, and the demand for it seems likely always to exceed the supply.

If we except the protected valleys among the Northwestern mountains, there is left only one little corner on the mainland which is likely to develop new wheat-fields, and that is on the protected slope of the Gaspé Peninsula, which lies at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River. There have been settlements on this tongue of land for probably two centuries and it has been taken for granted that the interior was uncultivable if not uninhabitable. But recent investigation undertaken for the Canadian Government indicates that a considerable area on the protected southern slope of the peninsula is capable of producing wheat.

It is plain from this record that the explorer who means to win his laurels on Canadian soil has no time to lose. As far as at least as primary exploration is concerned another decade will probably see the last square mile of unknown territory on the mainland. There will still be opportunity for adventure. The Selkirk will offer a challenge to mountain-climbers for generations, as the lower ranges beyond will harbor game out of reasonable forecast. Newfoundland will have famous fishing and hunting probably in perpetuity, and there will be lonely and awe-inspiring solitudes in Mackenzie land and Labrador for as long as we care to guess.

But for discovery men will soon have to leave the mainland. All the early discoveries were made by sea. It was an exception before this century for any exploration to be done save by water. In that century the exploration of lands has run its course. The Canadian explorer will soon have to take to the water again. There he will still find scope for his utmost effort. Greenland has scarcely been touched yet. Baffin Land is practically a

terra incognita, and there are half a hundred islands in the Arctic Circle of which scarcely more is known than the names of their discoverers. To be sure, they appear on the maps, with shore lines neatly indented and inlets carefully marked; but these details are less a tribute to the knowledge of the cartographer than to his skill in deduction.

The conditions in Mexico are unlike those in either Canada or the United States. The distinction between explored and unexplored is there more difficult to draw. From the historical point of view it is doubtful whether any part of Mexico is undiscovered. It was an old country, with an ancient civilization, when the Spaniards found it. And they so harried it, so raked it, one may almost say so combed it, in their search for treasure, that hardly a rod of its territory can have escaped their feet. There is, however, much of the country which is essentially unknown. Much of it is imperfectly mapped and extensive areas are in need of survey. As for a topographical survey such as is being made in the United States, Mexico has not the wealth to make such an undertaking immediately practicable. In some respects Mexico presents a more attractive field for the amateur explorer than Canada; for the rediscovered has often a historic interest which adds to the zest of the search.

To the statesman and the economist, immigration, agriculture, mining and commerce are the chief ends of man. Yet profit has figured slightly among the causes of exploration. Mere adventure has often been the chief incitement, sometimes sport has led men into unknown regions, sometimes the desire to get away from civilization. But the true impulse to explore seems to rest on an older and much deeper ground. Professor Shaler has recently made the speculation that we inherit the impulse to explore from the lower animals. It has something of the uncalculating zeal of a primary impulse; and Professor Shaler is of the opinion that the blind migrations of the squirrels of the Alleghenies and of the lemming of Scandinavia are the ancestral sources of the explorer's passion. Whatever truth there may be in this speculation, the explorer seems often enough to be driven by an

intense and overmastering impulse. Kipling has probably put this best in the opening stanzas of his poem "The Explorer":

"There's no sense in going farther—it's the edge of civilization."
So they said, and I believed it—broke my land and sowed my crop.
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.
Till a voice as bad as Conscience rang interminable changes
On one everlasting whisper day and night repeated—
"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the ranges—
Something lost behind the ranges—lost and waiting for you. Go!"

There is no doubt that many of the famous explorers have gone to the ends of the earth in obedience to just this sort of incalculable and uncalculating impulse. Professor Shaler tells a story of Captain Charles Hall of Arctic fame who after poring for years over the records of Arctic discovery at last broke away from his business and gave up first his occupation and at last his life to the quest. It is this desire which furnishes the dynamics for all scientific exploration.

As it gave the impetus to the exploration of the past from Columbus to our own day, it must give the zest to that of the future. But the exploration of the future is to be intensive rather than extensive. It will become increasingly a matter of detail, of closer and more scientific accuracy, of more and more minute and precise knowledge. As has been stated, only about half of the United States is as yet properly surveyed and mapped. But the time is near at hand when every square mile of our territory will be as accurately known as that of the older European States. Meanwhile it is plain that every decade will demand new forms of research, fuller and revised knowledge of our geographical conditions. And we may agree with Professor Shaler that "So far as we can foresee, the geographic problems of the continent will need the explorer for generations to come."



ST. PATRICK'S DAY

By H. Clay Gregory



best imitation he can find, and if he can get no shamrock, real or counterfeit, he wears a green necktie or a strip of green in his coat lapel.

It was not many years ago that the more enthusiastic of the sons of Ireland on the day when they bedecked themselves with green would decline to tolerate the sight of a yellow emblem. Vendors of oranges and bananas did well to keep their carts off the street. Even a belief in the same religion was not always sufficient to save orange-sellers; that fruit was entirely too suggestive of the Orangemen's association.

A Day of Patriotism

AN Irishman, before a police court on the charge of demolishing an orange-cart, was asked if he did not know that the plaintiff was of the same faith as himself.

"Sure; but he was an Eytalian, and besides he had no business peddlin' oranges on the day," he replied.

"But the Pope himself is Italian," said the Judge, "and he likes oranges. And you believe the Pope infallible, don't you?"

"Yis, yer honor; but if he was an Irish Pope he'd be all the more infallible."

In these days of increasing toleration there is less and less friction of this sort. The custom of giving Saint Patrick's Day parades is gradually dying out in this country. Many years ago the New York City Council passed an ordinance imposing a penalty on anyone who abused an effigy of Saint Patrick, but no such law is now necessary. Patriotic Irish societies observe the day quietly, and there are services in the Catholic churches, especially in those edifices named after the saint. Even in Ireland there is less and less of bitterness between the wearers of the green and the yellow, and the crack of the shillalah is not so often heard as formerly to the accompaniment of the strains of "St. Patrick's Day in the Mornin'." The attitude of Queen Victoria had much to do with bringing about this change of feeling.

It was the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos who, in voicing Her Majesty's sentiments, wrote these

lines, which on each recurring Saint Patrick's Day find warm response in the hearts of the Irish soldiery:

We're the most uplifted regiment,
Bedad we're mortal keen!
The shamrock's in our forage caps
By order of the Queen!

This song bears date 1900, for it was in the last year of her reign that Victoria, just before her memorable visit to Ireland, gave orders that her Irish regiments were to wear the shamrock in their headgear on Saint Patrick's Day. That raised the national emblem of the island officially to the heart-high position it had ever held in sentiment. It was a small and easy thing to do but it made the tiny three-leaved plant popular as it never was before.

Significance of the Shamrock

IN spite of all ingenious attempts to discredit the beautiful story which represents the patron saint of the Emerald Isle as using the shamrock for an illustration of the Holy Trinity, in spite of the learned debates and academic differences of such scholars as Bentham and Britten, Colgan and Cook, your true Irishman the world over will ever cling to the chosen leaf which grows in the "moss, the moor, and the mireland" of his old home, and the public indorsement of a Queen surely did not weaken that affection.

Dear Shamrock of Erin, so sacred and green,
Though ages of sorrow thy past years have seen;
From childhood's bright morning to manhood's decline
Thy leaflet we wear o'er our hearts ever thine.

In Moore's poem on the shamrock he tells of the "triple grass" which

Shoots up, with dewdrops streaming,
As softly green as emerald seen,
Through purest crystal gleaming,
O, the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

By many of the faithful in Wales and elsewhere Irish soil is imported to keep away serpents, and it has been declared that a bite of Irish clay will kill a snake.

Patrick's labors in Ireland lasted more than thirty years. In Downpatrick, near the place where as a slave he once tended sheep, his ashes are now believed to repose.

In Down, three saints one grave do fill—
Patrick, Bridget and Columb Kill.

The mere student of folk-lore little guesses the feelings of the son of Erin who bears the shamrock in his cap or wears it on his breast. To him it embodies all the relig-

ious and romantic, mythical and national ideas which ever have stirred in the souls of his forefathers. The great love for the plant inspired the famous ballad "The Wearin' o' the Green," which tells that "They're hangin' men and women for the wearin' o' the green." This did not mean, of course, that people were being hanged for that, but it was a poetical exaggeration implying their willingness to die, if necessary, rather than give up wearing it.

For the last half dozen years, under the inspiring influence of the Shamrock League, happily instituted and even more happily carried on by the Countess of Limerick, there has been an unprecedented demand for the Irish national emblem. Thousands upon thousands of little green boxes filled with tiny bunches of the trefoil have annually been packed by that great-hearted woman and her friends and sold the world over, the proceeds going to aid disabled Irish soldiers and the destitute relatives of those Irishmen who have fallen in battle. Last winter nearly three hundred of the poor in Counties Clare and Limerick alone tided over the hard weather on the profit derived from the patriotic sale of shamrock.

Where the Shamrock Grows

AND where does all the shamrock come from? It grows wild in every county of Ireland. Along the mountains, in the old hill-pastures and in the venerable meadows, it may be picked in small quantities as early in the year as February 25, and a fortnight later in luxurious abundance. The tinnest and therefore the most prized variety is usually found along the bank of a dry ditch where there is no grass, for the poorer and more arid the soil the better the shamrock. Not a barn in Ireland but knows all the best places near his home to look for the little green leaf. It is the children who are the gatherers. For days just before the good saint's festival the hills around Stepaside and Stilloan and the Sculp will be dotted over with the industrious diminutive toilers whose profits may in no case exceed two dollars but who are supremely happy in their patriotic task.

There are national emblems that may be eaten. Not so the shamrock. A man may eat a leek and enjoy it, a Scot might even try a thistle, but an Irishman must drown his shamrock. That is as sure as is March 17 itself.