

# WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING

**D**OES anybody really know the Canadian woman? Has anybody in fiction or poetry, painting or plays, ever made her any more definite than the Temptation of St. Anthony done by a recent cubist painter which has to have a key explanation and a diagram to make it intelligible? We are not saying that the Canadian woman is incapable of being portrayed by even Canadian artists. We only intimate that so far this delicate task seems to have been neglected; or else contemporary Canadian art is sadly in arrears. The art of no country is anywhere near the road to perfection till it has begun to do more towards interpreting its womanhood than to paint portraits at so many dollars a square foot or to report their diversions in the social column. It is one of the chief functions of all art to interpret women. That

is why so much of the world's art has devolved upon men who have a faculty for that sort of thing.

The Canadian woman has not been brought out in literature, plays and painting. She has not reached the debutante stage in art. But signs are not wanting. Women nowadays are making what makes history. Newspapers and the feminine parts of periodicals can at least tell in plain, unadorned language what women are doing in this country in that direction. Which is all as yet the following five pages of this paper, once a month, pretend to do. When we get tired telling what the women of Canada are doing, we shall begin to try telling what Canadian women are.—The Editor.



## ART IN THE GARDEN

*A brief account of Mrs. Dunington-Grubb*

By THE EDITOR

**T**ALL, English in style—as she is by nationality—enthusiastic, but not sentimental, practical and brimming with useful, agreeable ideas on a fascinating and sometimes bewildering subject, Mrs. Dunington-Grubb comes along with her perennial programme of gardens. Art in the garden is her theme. Art in the sometimes crude, sometimes ornate, but always promising Canadian garden.

We have been working spasmodically to get real gardens in this country. As yet we are not a nation of gardeners. But we shall be, when we have solved the problem of becoming a nation of real farmers and real towns people engaged in making homes beautiful on the outside as well as within. We have had a number of landscape gardeners in Canada. Mrs. Dunington-Grubb is the first woman to make a propaganda of this work among us—at least in the middle part of Canada.

And she has a peculiar equipment for the work, not only in education, national taste and diversified experience in more than one country, but in adaptability to conditions—which in our case is half the battle. We have in Canada several areas of climate making gardens as different in character and material as Bombay differs from Copenhagen. Mrs. Grubb understands these differences and the natural limitations that arise out of them. She has travelled pretty much all over Canada with an eye to landscape artistry. And she has gone from the great skyscope that enchants the ensemble artist to the squidgy-eyed back yard 20x30 with a melancholy board fence on three sides. Not long ago she was talking on a platform to a gathering of women

about how to make a Canadian back yard a thing of beauty. She made a number of quick-fire sketches on a blackboard to illustrate various ways of doing it—using coloured chalk perhaps—not knowing what she might say next. And the subject was so interesting to the audience, so happily worked out, that she was asked to print the whole talk, sketches and all in a pamphlet. Which of course was not so easy, when one mainly talks on the inspiration of the moment, backed up by the experience of years in various parts of the world.

Mrs. Grubb was asked plainly by the Canadian Courier what her experiences had been as a garden artist before coming to this country and why she came here from a land of gardens. She replied:

"My experience—oh, that goes I should say, back to the age of seven. My first real garden was in Upper Bengal, India. It was a small patch of gold and brown marigolds mixed with many-hued balsams in happy disregard of colour schemes. We must all begin with the joy of natural colours—for nature herself mixes colours very lavishly."

"And your next garden—?"

"Was in Hobart, Tasmania," she replied. "It was in that most perfect climate of Australia that I gained my elementary knowledge of the propagation of shrubs and flowering plants."

"And you went to England?"

"Yes, it was many years later, that I began training for the professional career of landscape architect."

Mrs. Grubb took practical and theoretical horticulture at a well known college, before she began architectural design and garden planning. She was the second woman to practise landscape architecture in England. She established herself in London and from there worked out all over the British Isles. Several of her gardens were in the South-West of Ireland and some in Wales.

Six years ago she married Mr. H. B. Grubb, who was also a landscape architect. Always with a desire for some new field, she agreed with her husband that Canada was a good place for two people  
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## GARDENS FOR WOMEN

*Miss Louise Carling starts a Movement*

By KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

**S**O far as I know "The Human Wire in Hydro" (can you guess his name?) never made a Tungsten light. And yet—most people admit that he has electrified Ontario! So it is also possible to be a great Gardener, and yet never to have planted a potato, nor raised a Real Live Onion up, to call you blessed. There is much planting that is not done with a dibble.

"Seeds is seeds" of course. And sometimes they fall on stoney places, and sometimes by the wayside, or among thorns. But when they DO get in good ground—!

So many things go to the making of good ground. Sunshine, and rain; the right fertilizers; and quantities of cultivation.

Fortunately, Canadian women had all these influ-

ences. Then came the War, with its harrowing processes—and then the call for greater Production.

This spring one cannot pick up a paper—daily, weekly, monthly—that does not touch on Gardening; for pleasure; for profit; and always for Patriotism.

This enthusiastic Publicity did not begin till the month that is called—by courtesy—the first month of Spring.

But up here "London, Ont.," personal Patriotism "for Production" was germinating (like Fall wheat) all winter.

Miss Louise Carling—daughter of the man to whom Canada owes her Experimental Farms—had long been a member of the National Council's Standing Committee on Agriculture. When the Women's Emergency Corps was formed in Military District No. 1 (with Headquarters in London) Miss Carling was unanimously chosen as Convenor of the Gardening Committee.

To the uninitiated, October seems an odd time to begin gardening talks. But the Real Gardener knows that that is the time to commence a campaign of preparedness. Once a month somebody gave a talk on Wild Gardens they had known, told gossip of the Ground, or lectured on the possibilities of Production, past, present, and to come.

"What IS this gardening committee anyway?" women began to ask.

It takes a trained eye to foretell the future of the first tiny pair of leaves that pushes its way through the earth!

But Miss Carling had—as far back as last October—the enthusiasm that the rest of us never feel till the Seed Catalogues blossom in the mail boxes. And she cultivated the soil. She cultivated it to such an extent that in November Col. A. M. Smith offered her as much ground as she could use, at his home "Belvidere," already noted for having been used as one of the first of the Military Convalescent Hos-

