



Sweet-pea growing on a trellis of tree-cuttings stuck into the earth.



Apple trees in bloom in Nova Scotia, one of the most beautiful of Spring's displays.

## THE GARDENS OF CANADA

*From Coast to Coast, the Flowers and Fruits of a fat sunny land.*

THERE are several "gardens of Canada." You will find them in every province from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia. When a man speaks of the garden of Canada he refers to a place that somewhat resembles the garden of Eden—which, however, so far as we know, required no spraying nor pruning nor even digging and hoeing, though the apple that Eve got by mistake evidently had a worm in it. In Niagara peninsula and in the Okanagan Valley; in Edmonton and in Quebec; down in the soft-blown summer lands of Annapolis and Grand-Pre, and clean over three thousand miles to the suburbs of Victoria—not omitting Winnipeg, by the way—you will find these promised lands that gladden the eye and fatten the bank account and help to keep the thousands in the towns and cities supplied with market truck.

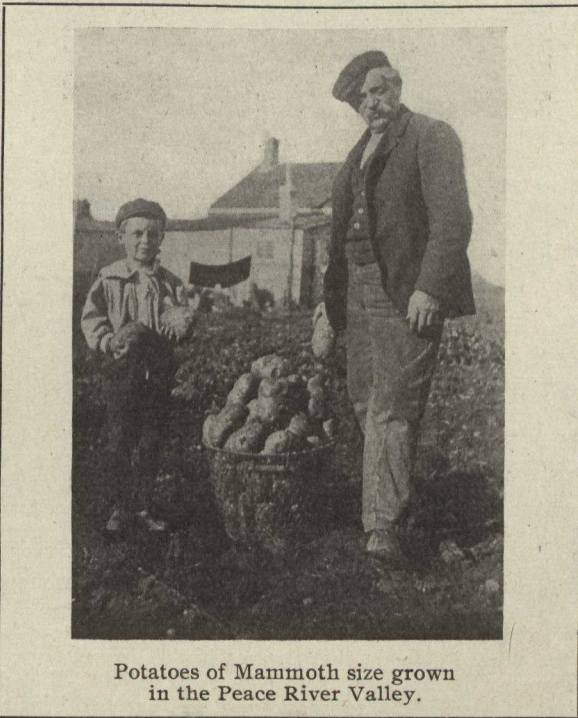
The beauty of it is that there is more truth than fiction or local self-pride in the assumption. Canada has been so long misrepresented as primarily the land of ice and snow and huskie dogs and toboggans that it is time to learn more about the garden-lands and the flower and fruit and vegetable lands that may be found anywhere outside of Labrador and Ungava and a few more of the rock-bound solitudes.

### A People of Gardens.

Canadians are essentially a gardening people; somewhat because many Canadians have English ancestors and habits. Many sections of Canada are given over almost wholly to fruit and vegetable growing. Flowers abound almost everywhere. No country in the world has, to begin with, a greater variety of natural small fruits which are found in profusion almost everywhere, even upon the rocks of the north. Wherever you find the native raspberries as they have them on the western plains, the wild strawberries as they have them in the foothills, the huckleberries such as grow by thousands of tons on the rocks, and dozens of other natural fruits that require no cultivation to come to perfection fit for any epicure's table—you are sure to find the natural conditions for great gardens, whether they be of fruits or vegetables or flowers.

There are indeed places in Canada that quite rival parts of England for floral beauty. This may be said of the Pacific coast, sun-kissed and mild, where the suburbs of Victoria and of Vancouver are a revel of floral beauty; the Okanagan valley, which is one of the paradises of fruit and flower plots; of the prairie towns and cities—go for instance to Edmonton and see what they are doing in gardens. There you will see some of the gayest and most luscious blooms to be found anywhere, rivalling even the tropics for colour; the poppies and the sweet peas and the sunflowers and the most magnificent geraniums. In that city for more than ten years they have had an annual flower show which is the pride of the place. In Calgary, blessed with many English as is Victoria, you find the prodigal garden plots; even where trees by nature do not grow, but where they are cultivated and gardened as they are even down in the baldheaded old town of MacLeod. In fact many of these semi-treeless and shrubless regions go better to flowers than do many of the more arboresque areas of the

east. All down the Saskatchewan you behold this prodigality of bloom; in the well-kept and extensive gardens and plots and walks of people who



Potatoes of Mammoth size grown in the Peace River Valley.

found the Doukhobors getting great lovely gardens and themselves did likewise.

Not only in flowers but as well in small fruits and very big vegetables is the valley of the Saskatchewan famous; roots and tomatoes and cabbages and squash that come to a mammoth and almost incredible size without more than the most casual care, because the soil is deep and strong and the long summer days are golden with heat.

In Manitoba—the same. Paradox there is that in Winnipeg they have a habit of importing much garden truck from the States just below, when all round the city is land capable of raising the finest of vegetables. This, however, is improving. The gardens of Manitoba are multiplying. Civic pride has done a great deal to make the city beautiful in a natural way; gardens and parks and public squares, drooping with elms and maples and young oaks—oh, yes, they are able to raise trees in Manitoba as well as they are learning to grow apples and other larger fruits in the more northern parts.

Ontario needs no recommendation. Here are many and several gardens of Canada; almost more than there are counties. Niagara is famous the world over. Essex and Kent and Middlesex and Huron and Grey and any county you come to in a day's journey eastward to the St. Lawrence will show you gardens galore. The market towns of Ontario have no superior anywhere in Canada, though they are equalled by those of Quebec and the east. Markets that are glutted with such an abundance of vegetables and fruits that the wonder is—why does it cost so much to live even on a vegetarian basis in most of the larger towns and

cities? There was a time when the Ontario farmer knew little or nothing about gardening; when if he had a patch of cucumbers or a plot of cabbages it was by the grace of God and the toil of the housewife who did the hoeing and kept off the bugs. Perhaps he had a patch of melons in the cornfield; usually a field of pumpkins; little more. But the Ontario farmer has learned that his table may be easily supplied with the choicest and fattest of vegetables if only he has the ambition and the good taste to fence off a plot where chickens and hogs and cattle do not break in and where with a trifle of hoeing and weeding and fertilising he may have as good a garden as may be found in a nursery.

The gardens of Quebec are almost a proverb. Any one who wanders for an hour in any one of the many markets of Montreal, especially the old Bonsecours, will see to what an amazing extent the *habitant* has perfected his garden; such a variety of herbs and roots and fruits as could be found in the same character and style nowhere else in Canada—though far be it from anyone to forget the gardens of the east where the mellow climate and the bountiful soil of the Maritime Provinces fetch forth fruits and vegetables and orchards such as made the Scotch agriculturists gape in astonishment when they toured the land two years ago.

The gardens of Canada are more to Canada than the icebergs and the snowdrifts. Happily we are blessed with an abundance of both. We know how to appreciate both. What country in the world has the extremes of icebound solitude and happy, home-loving, gardening fertility as Canada? Perhaps there is none. We believe that our fruits in Canada have a flavour and a quality not to be found in more southern lands.

## Compensation

BY EVELYN GUNNE.

Listen here, muvver dear!

Come and sit beside me. Let's  
Find out where the smoke is blowin';  
Where the sun goes when he sets.

Lots of fings so bovver me,  
An' I wonder all day long  
Why all uvver little boys  
Run about so big an' strong.

Where's the angels bringded me?  
Listen muvver, tell me that.  
I can't see 'em pokin' 'round  
Anywheres about our flat.

Wunst at Grandpa's where there's pines.  
An' Granma makes me doughnut rings.  
Froo the wind at night I heard  
Angels shakin' out their wings!

Did they let me fall when we  
Flew a "kitin" down like fun?  
Betcher they was sorry seein'  
What their care-less-ness had done.

But I've always got you, muvver,  
Jus' the same as you've got me;  
An' I guess not many chuldurns  
Gets as much carefored as me.