

# From our own Garden

By F. P. M. COLLIER

ONE evening, in the Ottawa drawing room of a very old and distinguished family, some years ago, a few guests were gathered, among them a parvenu who, by chance, had managed to force this evening's hospitality from the hostess, whom she knew slightly, and of whose titled connections, and social eminence in the Old Land, she was never tired of prating. Upon the table sat an artistically arranged bowl of exquisite roses, and our parvenu friend pounced upon them and gushed ecstatically. Then she enquired as to the greenhouses whence they had come.

"From our own garden," replied an elderly daughter of the house, proudly, and the visitor gushed some more.

"Oh, I didn't know. Who is your gardener?" for the family had made no secret of their very modest circumstances.

"I'm my own gardener," was the calm and significant reply.

"Oh, yes, I know, but who does your digging, and the rough work, it must be quite a task to get some one to do things just right?"

"I do it all myself," was the composed but emphatic rejoinder. And the look of astonishment and disgust that illuminated that woman's countenance was worth travelling to see.

By the time this war is over that perverted idea should be stamped out. And we shall be able to hold up our heads with the choicest of English gentlemen as rival diggers and planters of gardens.

About that same year a charming Consort of one of our Governors must have vaguely sensed the result of our indifferent attitude towards horticulture, for I had the pleasure of touring the Capital whilst a whole season's Flower Garden competition was in progress. Before I understood I was jealous for the honour of Toronto, in that Ottawa so far surpassed her in the beauty and bloom of her back and front gardens. Then the matter was explained. Prizes for the best-kept and finest garden had been offered by Her Excellency, and all through the year an official inspector examined and reported the condition of each competitive area. Those not competing had to bestir themselves, or look ugly by contrast. I was taken to see the three prize winners in the fall, and the first one was merely the common backyard of a very unpretentious house in a very inartistic street, transformed into a riot of bloom and beauty. No conventional design, no costly exotic distinguished the winner. Simply a well tended, well nourished abundance of coloured loveliness.

NOW, Toronto has very nice parks and rule made

Hyacinth and Tulip beds in the spring. She has fine flowering shrubs, and well-kept lawns, and pot plants, and geometric flower beds in the summer; and very handsome coloured vines and flaming maples, and purple and scarlet berries in the autumn. But for all that she hasn't the first sturdy symptoms of downright good old-fashioned gardening. The population of Toronto, neither in its wealthy, middle-class or labouring section can be said to have attained or tried to attain the gardening habit. Each class in itself dabbles in the art as the ordinary boy drums at the piano, not because he enjoys it, but because somebody else deems it desirable.

If your neighbour has cultivated some unique floral species, you must try your hand at something else next year. It costs you, doubtless, a new hose and a watering can, a tidy little sum for decent clay, and perhaps more still for a man to do the digging. You buy rare potted plants or expensive oil beans or try the latest fashion in sweet peas; and you spend your summer nights hurling tin cans at marauding cats,



and your idle moments making acid remarks about the destructive proclivities of your neighbour's hens and dogs, and squabble directly or indirectly with the parents of small boys, or even girls, who will persist in batting their balls into your yard, and dashing recklessly over the fence after them. The large army of manual labourers accord the flower business scant favour, but they usually manage beds of green onions, and that with a few rows of lettuce too frequently comprise their gardening investment.

But if people are going to garden this year to help win the war, they must do so with a thorough and intelligent knowledge of what they are about. They cannot go in as novices and learning by experiment arrive at the desired result of efficiency in three years' time. They must dig, and plant, and cultivate to get a crop this year, if they do it is going to strike a blow at the high cost of living, and help win the war, and that is why the campaign is started.

If you are going to begin in earnest there are just three phases of the undertaking necessary to successful gardening that should be thoroughly grasped in their essentials so as to make your returns sure. First, fertilization or the quality of your soil, and the amount and kind of cultivation necessary. Then comes your selection of seed, and the final disposing and tending of it.

Gardening this year is to be utility gardening or gardening for profit. There must be no extravagant prices paid for tomato plants, so that we may vie with the professional as to the earliest date upon

which we can place fruit on our table. There will be no time to waste in house sowing of lettuce in March, so that we may transplant outdoors and boast home-made salads for Easter.

Generally speaking, everybody has a back yard, even if it only be twelve by fourteen. If it is sod-covered, so much the better, for sod fibre is the very best kind of loam for horticulture. Visit the yards of country professional gardeners in May, and you will find huge blocks of grass sod piled one on top of the other, and left to rot that the florist may have the choicest mould in which to box tomatoes, cabbage or annuals. Invest in a good spade and dig your garden as early as the frost will permit, and if it is covered with grass, dig deeply, and turn your sod upside down, and it will rot. Don't shake out all the roots and throw them away, you cannot afford to waste fertilizer in the city. If you have poor, unpromising clay, get a few barrows of stable manure if possible, spread it evenly, then dig as carefully and as often as you can. Don't neglect your natural sources of enrichment. Wood ash makes a good fertilizer; dig holes in your plot and bury refuse instead of throwing it in the scavenger's pail. Potato and fruit peelings, bones and fat, all food refuse and animal substance should be buried in the clay rather than squandered in the ash barrel. And dead leaves! and dead grass! oh, the folly and cruelty of the autumnal pyres of dead leaves that every year belch their smoke to heaven as they proclaim aloud the filching of substance from lawns and tree roots!

(To be continued.)

## SLAV MUSIC in an ENGLISH CHURCH

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

WHEN an Anglican church becomes a Russian cathedral, something must have been done out of the common. St. Paul's Anglican, Toronto, was the scene, a few days ago, of a completely Russian programme, given under the direction of Healey Willan, organist and choirmaster. Three-fourths of the programme was given on the organ. But Russia, of all civilized countries in the world, has no pipe organ music, because Russia has no organs. All the music in Russian churches is given by choirs, unaccompanied.

The only way Healey Willan could get a pipe-organ entertainment out of Russian music was to play transcriptions from operas, symphonies and piano works. Without a remarkable organ, almost an orchestra—and more—in itself, such a performance would have been a dismal fiasco. A thousand people sat in the long nave of the greatest Anglican church in Canada and listened for an hour and a

half to a solemn, stately, pageant-like rendering of one thing after another, Tchaikowsky, Rachmaninoff, Moussorgsky and Glazonow. The choir of the church contributed three numbers, two of them, The Cherubic Hymn and the Hymn to the Trinity of Tchaikowsky.

It was all very novel; almost bizarre, but quite beautiful. St. Paul's itself is a strange, grey-cold place, with nothing but two huge flags and three little stained-glass windows in the orient end—orientate southwards here—of the church to release the cloister-like chilliness of grey-stone and dark-brown woodwork. No big auditorium in Canada has such a problem in sound-waves. Nothing but the organ can conquer the reverberation at all, and even that sometimes fails. The choir was continually losing ground, no matter how true the pitch or how perfect the tone. Oddly, the bass section of the choir suited

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