



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A Viceregal Wedding



Lady Violet Elliot, youngest daughter of Lord Minto, the bride of Lord Charles Fitzmaurice.

THE marriage of Lady Violet Elliot to Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, which took place in India last month, has been called by many journals a viceregal alliance. The bride, who is only in her twentieth year, is Lord Minto's youngest daughter, and was only a bonnie school-girl in the days of the Minto residence at Rideau Hall. Lady Eileen, who was

the debutante of the family when Lord Minto was Governor-General of Canada, is yet unmarried, Lady Ruby, the second daughter, is now the wife of Viscount Errington, Lord Cromer's eldest son. Each of the daughters of the House of Elliot has married into a family of viceregal responsibilities, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice being a son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Viscount Errington the heir of the man who made modern Egypt. Cupid, who laughs at locksmiths and chuckles at angry guardians, is probably not taking thought for the high positions in the British colonial service, when he unites the children of those who have been at the head of the great nations within that Empire. Yet there seems a fitness of things in the alliance of those who understand the uttermost parts of the British dominions and who may be called upon early in life to assume positions of high official responsibility. Lady Violet is a niece of the present Governor-General of Canada and, it is reported, that she and her husband may be guests in Canada during this year. Like all members of her family, she was exceedingly fond of those winter sports which some of us are so anxious to decry and has always looked upon her girlhood days at Rideau Hall as a time of whole-hearted enjoyment.

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Advice to Teachers

THERE has been some grumbling lately in the rural districts of Ontario, regarding the scarcity of teachers. A generation ago, there were many young men in the Normal Schools of Ontario but modern business conditions have changed all that. Before long, the man student at such institutions will be as extinct as the dodo. The trend of affairs on this continent leads men to regard public-school teaching as a poor business—even as a stepping-stone. Women, also, are beginning to see that the business world offers them wider opportunities than are afforded in the pedagogical sphere. Consequently, the trustees of the premier province and

all other provinces must pay something resembling a salary if they wish to secure the services of even fairly capable instructors. However, the profession of teaching will always attract a certain number of women, who find it a congenial sphere, while the widening of industrial avenues will save those who regard it as a mere means of livelihood from entering upon it.

The advisers of the young teacher are strong in the land. They are always heard in the month of June when the graduating class is preparing to set forth in search of a school. They are usually of a deadly order with platitudes to burn. Hence, when I saw in the *University Monthly* an article headed: "Address to the Women Graduates of the Normal School, Toronto," I gave a timely shudder and passed by on the other side. But, on turning over the pages of that classic-covered publication for a second time, I discovered at the close of the address the signature, "Maurice Hutton" and straightway turned with gladness to the first paragraph, sighing "This will be different."

It was different from the drab discourses to which aspiring instructors are usually treated, with purity, patriotism and propriety in formidable quantities. Professor Hutton, while kindly assuming that most of the graduates would marry, remarks philosophically:

"I mean you will have no occasion to marry, in order to employ all the patience and fortitude and faith and hope and charity with which Nature has endowed many women; and you will require—without marrying—all the mingled gifts of heart and hand and head, all the mingled gifts of common sense and most uncommon sensibility, all the virtues that is, of Mary and Martha rolled into one (every first-rate woman is Mary and Martha) in order to conquer and hold the unruly affections of your school children."

The Canadian voice is not one of our most charming possessions. After paying some attention to the manners of the school-children, Professor Hutton continues: "And there is another enormous trifle. The voice of a ghost, says Homer, is a squeaky voice; it squeaks and gibbers like the voice of a bat; and the phonograph, that modern nuisance, is the ghost of a voice, and it also squeaks and gibbers like a bat. But why should living Canadian children, neither ghosts nor phonographs, cultivate the voice of phonography and ghostliness, and squeak metallically and harshly and stridently? It is so little a thing, and it makes so vast a difference in life; just a pleasant voice. Why, many men have nothing else, and many women make a fortune by it. Use your influence to remove the reproach from our children that they are copying the phonograph and use your influence to persuade our mechanicians to make their phonographs—if they must have phonographs—a little more like the pleasant voices of the older generation and a little less like the voices of our children."

It is sadly true that we have not "pretty" voices and that we too often ridicule those who are wise enough to cultivate the vocal graces. An Englishwoman was both surprised and hurt when her little

daughter, who was sent to the public school in a small town of Ontario, expressed mortification because the other children made fun of her "English accent." These newcomers to Canada were, by no means, of the Cockney class but used the cultivated speech of their own people. They were bewildered at the ridicule of Canadians who flattened the first letter of the alphabet and made "Irene" a word of two syllables. There are too many Canadians who consider the correct pronunciation of such words as "alms" and "calm" a piece of affectation and who seem to regard it a matter of manliness or womanliness to talk in a loud and high-pitched fashion at home and abroad. The teachers of the country may do much towards modifying and correcting our vocal eccentricities.

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An Undignified Discussion

ONCE more the professors and critics are quarrelling over the love-letters of poor Keats. These fervent epistles to Fanny Brawne should never have been given to the public and the present day professors show little regard for the writer of "Endymion" when they revive any discussion of his artless outpouring of affection. Surely, there is something essentially coarse in this peering through the keyhole. The publication of the Browning letters was a desecration, to which the son of the great poet should never have consented. This spying and eavesdropping about genius must prevent our receiving the best it has for us. No one who feels deeply what Keats or Browning has written would dream of prying into the letters which were intended for but one woman. The latter's tribute to Elizabeth Barrett, so far as the public is concerned, is enshrined forever in "One Word More."

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A Time to Skate

THE winter may be said to have set in, if we may state such a fact without wounding Canadian sensibilities. The horn of the toboggan steerer is heard on the hill and the winter girl is with us in pleasing variety of furs and scarlet suits. Bay and river and small icebound lake are made gay and melodious by the skaters who find the "hard days" all too quickly succeeded by what Poet Roberts calls a "silver thaw."

The "beauty specialist," if one may judge from the faces of homeward-bound girls, must be Jack Frost. None of the "blooms of youth" and "Cleopatra creams" advertised in the columns of those who would fain see woman beautiful can compare with the brilliant effects of an evening's skating. Talk of the exhilaration of an English April, when the wise thrush is singing in the pear-tree! If Browning had only been in Canada when the skaters were holding carnival on a silvery pond, with the cold moon-light turning the glittering fields of snow and white-touched pines into a scene of magic, he would have sighed for frost and a northern river whenever February swung its brief round.

Montreal, for the first time in this century, is holding a carnival of the good old-fashioned sort, with an ice palace, fit for Boreas himself as a winter residence. The brilliance of the torch-surrounded castle is such as none but a city of Quebec province could display. The photographs reproduced on this page show the kind of hockey clubs the students of the Royal Victoria College can send out, to enjoy Canada's winter sports and to develop a physique in keeping with Northern hardihood.

CANADIENNE.



Hockey Club, Class of 1911



Hockey Club, Class of 1912

HOCKEY CLUBS OF THE ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE, MONTREAL.