

WIVES OF OUR HIGH OFFICIALS

This series has thus far contained sketches of Countess of Aberdeen, Mrs. George Kirkpatrick and Mrs. J. C. Patterson.

gayer, while her receptions and "at homes" were cosily informal, and full of kindly hospitality.

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In all her efforts she was ably assisted by her daughters, who,

inheriting from their mother the same kindly, simple ways, were general favorites at the capital, and deservedly popular.

Pretty, bright, unselfish, and absolutely free from self-consciousness, they are girls of whom any parents might be proud. Two of them have married recently. The two

"My children have always been first with me," she says. "I have never put them off, no matter what society claimed. Nor have I shut them out of our social life. They have shared my confidence, and, as a result, they give me theirs. It is not the English way, I know, but I could not bear to have them distant or formal with me. I would far rather have them rumple my gown with hugs than wait for permission to kiss me.

"I want to be their friend and companion, as well as their guide, for there comes a time in every family life when parental rule must cease; when each child must step from under home authority to the independent ordering of his life, and it would grieve me sorely to feel that, with my right of control, I had lost my children's confidence. I desire to be always their dearest friend and helper."

Mrs. Patterson lives for her husband and children. She has reason to be proud of the fair, fine boys and girls that gather about her, and none, looking at them, and noting the loving and confidential relationship between children and mother, will not say her way has not been wise.

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Mrs. Patterson is fond of flowers, and especially fond of birds, of which she generally has a number. Indeed, her conservatories are often avaries also, where doves and canaries flutter about chirping and cooing, while a parrot chatters saucily.

My first association with the lady recalls her coming forward to greet one or two dinner guests with a grey ringed dove nestling on her arm. It was perfectly at home with her and hovered near her throughout the evening.

She likes dogs also, and permits her boys a variety of animal pets, that appear to find the lady of the house always their first and chiefest attraction.

The great law of kindness abides under Mrs. Patterson's rule. It pervades the home. It forms an atmosphere breathed alike by children, household staff, and animal friends. Even the conservatories seem to bud and blossom more plenteously beneath it.

It extends in rippling, widening circle, to friends, acquaintances, and thence out to the stranger, the unbefriended or desolate.

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It is only within the past two months that Manitoba's Government House has opened to receive its newly appointed vice-regent; as its mistress writes in a recent private letter, "It is all new to us; we are hardly settled. But we like it, and we trust that the people of Manitoba will like us." There is little doubt concerning the latter. And those who miss the bright, sweet way of Lady Schultz will find consolation in the motherly sympathy and hospitality of her successor.

FAITH FENTON.

The Toronto School of Painting, Avenue Chambers, gave a reception for their students and staff on December 14th.



Yours very Sincerely
Katharine Patterson

WE are apt to speak of it deprecatingly or in tone of tolerant indulgence.

"She is good-hearted," we may say, or "She is a kind creature," as though these were virtues to be endured rather than to be lauded; as though the presence of such a virtue in a woman precludes and is inferior to all other gifts and graces. But is it possible to bespeak a greater possession for anyone than this same kindness, since love in its various phases is the most potent factor in the world of to-day? And after all it is the self-same world of which Paul spoke when he declared that, understanding all mysteries, all knowledge, yielding all self-sacrifice, yet lacking kindness, we are as nothing.

Humanity is not eager for intellect, for culture or genius, it can find its way upward without the aid of beauty or wit; but it hungers for kindness, for the great whole-hearted belief, the comforting motherliness that pauses not to cavil, but gathers it up into the kindly lap of helpfulness and good cheer.

Now, as in the Bible days, faith abides, and hope; but love, whose visible expression is kindness, out-reaches both of these: it is the greatest.

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The name of the present lady of Manitoba Government House is synonymous with kindness, with generous hospitality, with motherliness. To be lonely, or a stranger, to be in trouble or undefended, is sufficient cause always why this dear and large-hearted lady should champion one's cause and be one's friend. The genial atmosphere of her good-will precludes all criticism, expands the cynic, and melts the morose. To be severe in Mrs. Patterson's presence, or to think hard thoughts, were impossible, since all who come within her influence become infected with something of her own spirit of confidence and trust.

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During the earlier years of her married life, Mrs. Patterson, who is the daughter of an English officer, devoted herself to her children. Her home for many years was in Windsor, Ontario, where her husband, the Hon. J. C. Patterson, had a lucrative law business. Upon his entrance into political life, Mrs. Patterson necessarily went more into society, and when he was called into the Dominion Cabinet, first as Secretary of State, afterwards as Minister of Militia, very reluctantly his wife broke home ties, which had become so dear, in the little western town, and took up her residence at the capital.

Putting aside her natural distaste for society life, Mrs. Patterson took her place among the social leaders, and during the session months kept open house with a ceaseless round of gay functions. No dinner parties were brighter than hers; no dances

younger unusually pretty girls, just freed from school studies—have accompanied their parents to the North-west, and will doubtless make Government House a most attractive rendezvous for Winnipeg young people during the present vice-regency.

Mrs. Patterson's sons are frankly pleasant and attractive boys verging into manhood, while the youngest, a boy just entering his teens, promises to develop characteristics similarly bright and lovable.

The home life of Government House, Manitoba, is one of closely knit affection, and the secret of it lies in the strong mother love and the ceaseless care given through all the years to her family.