

Perhaps the strongest argument to show the beneficent work of that institution lies in the fact that, four months earlier, 78 children were taken from the Hospital on College street to the Home on the Island, and only 44 were returned. Thus 34 patients have been either entirely cured during the summer or so far benefited that they could be sent home.

In addition to this, about 75 children besides these have been at The Lakeside during the summer, and enjoyed its hospitality and medical treatment without any charge whatever. These figures alone speak more eloquently than words of the blessings bestowed.

It is always noticeable that these children seem so happy and contented. Not only is their physical being well cared for, but their mental and moral training are carefully considered. During the summer the school was kept open, with an aggregate attendance of 70. The little ones take great pride in this school, and exultingly show fine specimens of drawing, penmanship, kindergarten and other school work.

With all this goes the love treatment—the kind, gentle, persuasive force that does so much not only to make life pleasant and bright, but to upbuild a good, strong, moral character. From the superintendent down through the doctors, the nurses and other attendants the manner is always patient and kind.

There is always something about little children that attracts and interests. More so is it the case when they are sick and helpless. This is always especially notable when they go to the Home early in the summer and return in September.

Friday afternoon a stalwart policeman, a muscular labouring man and men used to the rough-and-ready life on the water and about the wharves became anxious and even gentle helpers to carry up the lame and blind little folks, who could not help themselves. A large crowd collected on the dock, made up mostly of young men, who either by compulsion or of choice are idle and rough-looking young men. Yet they were heard to speak kindly words of the little sufferers and the charity that shelters them and tries to win them back to health and life.

The moving day is ever an anxious and interesting one for all concerned—for those in charge, lest some untoward occurrence should mar the occasion, and for the children, who are always eager and excited about any change. The day did not seem propitious. True, the sun shone brightly and kindled the blue waters of the great lake into a pavement of sparkling beauty; but the scurrying wind lashed

the waters into white-crested billows that charged angrily up upon the sandy shore. It seemed a doubtful day for the trip to Toronto.

The veteran Capt. Claple and his sons, who are experienced in the handling of this precious cargo, took the barge around to the western side of the Island. The waves assailed it, and flew high over the bulwarks. It was found impossible to take the outside route, so the captain lined up a string of hand-carts, and upon these the children, attended by the nurses, were carried to Hanlan's Point, where embarkation was easily made.

The tug McEdwards had been chartered, and safely conveyed the party over to the city. Here P. C. Fyfe had a city ambulance in waiting, and the President of the Board of Trustees met the excursionists with 14 carriages. Soon the transfer was made, and the procession went up Bay street to King, to Yonge, up Yonge to College, thence to the Hospital, where another band of nurses received the children and distributed them to their respective wards and cots.

All summer long the Canadian flag is kept floating above The Lakeside Home. Watchers in the tower of the Hospital on College street keep their eyes on it on these flitting days. When the flag goes down they know that the party has left the Home, and will soon be on hand for the winter.

The procession attracted, as it always does, a great deal of public attention. Even cars were briefly stopped and teamsters drew up, while every one looked pityingly upon the bandaged limbs, the covered eyes and the crippled children. Then, if never before, people practically realized the blessed work done in befriending these little people and giving them the best medical treatment in the city, the most experienced and careful nursing—and all for the love of them.

A DAY WITH AILING TOTS.

A Look Into a Children's Hospital—What a Writer in the Chicago "Interior" Saw Where Sick Children Are Cared for.

Miss Jennie Brooks, a writer in the Interior, a Chicago weekly, paid a visit to one of the large hospitals of Chicago, where wards are set apart for the care of children.

What Miss Brooks has written may be seen in real life any day in the week at The Lakeside Home for Little Children at the Island Point, Toronto, or at the Hospital for Sick Children on College street. Miss Brooks says:

"All that could be seen of her was a little white face, old with pain, and

two little, thin, wingers were trembling with the cacies of a lace big and unwieldy coverings high above ignorance, wondering That was the first she gave me a ha change for my ye day, when the 'E again drawn me b vina was trying t little plate lay o 'something big' I room for the little cases; but when bending over her your dinner?' Can a low, soft voice and then I sat d You don't like to ing babies what's kinder to ignore haunts the corrid one but babies and its brunt, and the ground themselves their cats and do ing about their v wide brown eyes, lacing each other pered, 'I love tl little pauses for she continued: 'L and strong—oh, s Then I go to sch six children we h he keep saloon on ery—he work da the school, the teacher she say them after schoo den I fall down they takes me o I so lame—my time. I go the it hurt me, oh, he send for doct hip vas, very ba all the time—lor in my hip for let bring me to hos when they dress They dress it se day, three time three operations I have one more den my hip will the bone out—th eyes light up as smiles across th little baby not soft fuzz of hair yellow chick, gowned in a b laughing and