

barge, well canopied. Here, upon mattresses and pillows, the sick ones were carefully laid. The Clark Bros.' tug was alongside; the embarkation was safely made, another great crowd of persons eagerly watching the transfer. The moorings were cast off, gently the tug moved, as if it knew how unusually precious was its cargo, and the cruise to the Island began.

As the city slowly glided by the children quietly drew in, in evident enjoyment, the invigorating breeze, and gladly hailed the glint of the sunshine kindling the blue waters of Ontario into a thousand diamonds. Out through the western gap, around Hanlan's Point, along the western shore the tug puffed its way until the glorious flag was seen gaily fluttering from the staff of the Home.

Just off Gibraltar Point the tug came to anchor while the barge was poled ashore to the walk leading up to the building. Here Mr. J. Sinclair Robertson and attendants already at The Lakeside Home were on hand to receive the guests and conduct them to the cool rooms and verandahs where, for many a long summer's day, they will be helped back to health and home.

It took just one hour from the embarkation until the little ones were housed in their summer home.

Ample provision has been made for the summer outing of the sick children. Boating, bathing, lakeside rambles, sports in the sand and all else needed to make them happy is at hand. But their mental and moral upbuilding will not, meanwhile, be neglected. Miss E. Y. Sams, the teacher, expects at once to resume the school work with an aggregate attendance of 40. At the Island, in the fall, a bazaar will be given by the children, and already they are making preparations for it.

At the Ridgeway celebration in Queen's Park the school of this Hospital was honoured by being put at the head of the procession through its representatives, the teacher, Dr. E. K. Richardson and five boys, Morden Martin, Alf. Clarke, Chas. Stewart, Lawrence Duern, Tommy Rouse.

Inspector Hughes called this school first to lay its offering on the monument, this literary gem, taught that week in the school, being attached:

Let little hands bring blossoms sweet
To brave men lying low;
Let little hearts to soldiers dead
Their love and honour show.
We'll love the flag they loved so well,
The dear old banner bright;
We'll love the land for which they fell,
With soul and strength and might.

Mr. Hughes came to the carriage,

where the loyal little children were fondly holding their bouquet, and tenderly carried little Tommy Rouse, with his crutches, his body encased in iron splints, through thousands of strong, healthy boys to the monument, whereon the bouquet was put. Major-General Gascoigne kissed the little sufferer, and thus ended a pathetic incident.

FROM THEIR ISLAND HOME.

Three Score Invalids — A Load of Little Immigrants—Their Summer is Over.

A strange procession wound its way up Yonge st. on Friday, Sept. 25. Twice a year this procession may be seen, one unique, interesting and, withal, pathetic. It consisted of two city ambulances containing twelve sick and helpless little children unable to walk, some even unable to hold up their heads. Following these came fifteen carriages in charge of ten nurses clad in the neat white and blue uniform of their vocation. Each nurse was ticketed with the names of her children. These were in all stages and varieties of deformity and illness. Some had their heads bandaged, others had limbs encased in splints and some were helped along by crutches and canes. But they were all cheerful and eagerly drank in what of the sights they saw along the busy street.

These little people were immigrants, not from sunny Italy, green Ireland, heathery Scotia or the by-ways of the world's English metropolis. They emigrated from "The Island," the summer Mecca of Toronto. They came from Gibraltar Point, out of The Lakeside Home for Little Children, and they were on their way to the Hospital for Sick Children on College street. They left the city last June, and they, aristocratic-like, have been "summering" ever since.

They didn't want to come very badly; it was only these last few frost-laden nights and the cool winds which whistled about their pretty summer home that reconciled them to the return. The long summer days have been jewelled with the most delightful memories of their outing. Fair faces grew brown; eyes often dim with tears of pain sparkled with new life as the cool breezes came from over the blue waters of Ontario and brought healing on their wings. Wasted limbs rounded out; cheeks sunken and lined with marks of suffering became beds of roses, and many a young life renewed its tenure of earth. The good done these little people by the last summer's Island residence is beyond expression. The

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