

MAKING CHILDREN HAPPY.

How the Invalids of The Hospital for Sick Children Were Taken to the Island—Incidents by the Way.

"That's the Sick Children's Hospital going to the Island," said an urchin on College street on Wednesday, the 10th of June, explaining to his mother why such a crowd was gathered there. A string of twenty carriages and two ambulances wound its way up Elizabeth street, around the Hospital, and along College street to Yonge.

It was the annual moving day to The Lakeside Home on the Island. The flitting had been fixed for Tuesday, June 9, but the rain and the darkened sky forbade, and a great pall of sorrow and disappointment enshrouded the little ones who had been so eagerly looking forward to their gala day. Their dolls and toys and books had been packed, their new summer hats were in hand and the tearful sky outside contrasted with tearful faces inside.

A good friend, thoughtful about these baffled excursionists, engaged one of the best piano-organs in the city and had it and its peripatetic operator brought into the corridors where merry tunes rang out all the afternoon. Gradually the tears were dried and laughter succeeded; the great wave of disappointment receded and the inspiring strains of the really good music made the children glad again.

As sunshine always succeeds shower so yesterday dawned bright and blue and smiling. Its early beams of sunlight fell across the little white cots and brought to the sick ones glad messages of greeting. Soon all was activity and bustle, for there was to be no disappointment this time.

As patiently as possible the noon hour was awaited. Then the two city ambulances, B and C, in charge of Ambulance Officer Geddes, for whom the helpless invalids have a high regard, independently of the blue coat and shining buttons. He was assisted by Officer John Davidson. Mattresses, pillows and blankets were arranged and ten children, unable even to sit up, were snugly and comfortably stowed away.

Following the ambulances came nineteen carriages. As each stopped at the main entrance of the building the chairman of the Board of Trustees, who supervised the removal, called the name of a nurse. A handsome young lady in a blue dress and white apron responded. She had pinned upon her dress her own name and the names

of the invalids in her charge. One after another these little groups were tucked away in the carriages, and the procession started.

Although year by year these removals and returns are described, yet they are always interesting, attractive, and, withal, pitiful. The condition of the children in that novel procession is altogether different from that of the sound-limbed, free and active, rosy-cheeked boys and girls that we see in our school processions. These were all sick children—not one sound one among them. Heads were bandaged, arms were in slings, legs were in boxes and splints, crutches helped along distorted bodies, and all manner of deformity and ailment was to be seen there.

And yet they were happy children. The joy of the day for the time suppressed the pain of the body. Could one not see the bandages and crutches and splints, he would consider it a happy, almost merry, crowd of children. The moral effect of the outing is incalculable, and goes a great way to sustain the excellent medical and surgical treatment given all the inmates of this institution.

"I wish I was sick so I could go," remarked a little boy to his mother as they stood in the great crowd that had gathered on College street.

Twenty children have just been discharged from the Hospital cured, or very nearly so. This left 76 to be taken to the Island; a few, too ill to be removed, are still in the Hospital. Miss Underhill, the matron, assisted by Mrs. Heron, of the Board of Lady Managers, and the company of nurses prepared the children for the trip. Drs. Goldsmith, Richardson, Robinson and Martin, Mr. Coleman, of the Children's Aid Society, Mr. Casimir Gzowski and Mr. Wilkie, ex-secretary of the Y.M.C.A., assisted in the removal.

Mr. Robert Bond, who furnished the carriages, led the procession down Yonge street to King, to Bay, to the water front. This mid-day procession, with the ambulances preceding, attracted a great deal of attention, as it always does. Crowds gathered at principal corners—not a noisy crowd; there was something in the sight of those little invalids that subdued the crowd, and very many kind and pitying words were said for them, with many expressions of praise for the blessed charity that is so dear to the hearts of the people because it loves and cares for and cures, if possible, the children of the people.

At the foot of Bay street Capt. Thos. Clark had in readiness a clean, roomy