

sand but faint likeness to the little invalids landed at the Home a few weeks since. When the entrance steps are cleared the front door opens into a small, neatly-furnished reception room. From here the lower flat of the wing just added to the Home is reached. Around the back of this room twelve iron cots for the convalescent girls are placed. Close to the wide windows fronting on the western verandah a row of eighteen cradles for the little guests from the Infants' Home are ranged. The cradles are vacant, and outside on the shady verandah the liveliest of their tenants are creeping among heaps of way-worn toys and crowing out their childish glee. The weaker infants sit quietly in their little chairs. At times their eyes turn wearily from the bright lake view to rest with passing interest on the antics of the cheery toddlers around. But the want of a mother's care is written in the pinched lines of these worn little faces. It is on the weary eyes, stunted limbs, and thin hands of these unknown babies that the gaze of the ladies at the Home rests with a look that speaks the consciousness that the close of the sojourn at the Lakeside will bring these little wayfarers very near the end of their life's journey. A pine partition divides the lower half of the new building from the dining-room. The apartment is fitted with home-like furniture of the summer residence type, and is equipped with a heating stove, so that when the day is bleak enough to make artificial warmth desirable all the children can be gathered in. In the rear the dining-room opens on a kitchen furnished with massive range and shiny rows of cooking utensils. At the side a door swings into the stairway hall. A nozzle and a coil of fire hose ornament the side wall near the back entrance. A tank just under the roof, fed by the windmill pump, gives a good fire pressure, and regular practice always keeps the apparatus ready for service. On the left of the stairway the door leading to the lower flat of the old wing opens. This gives the same floor room as the dormitory on the other side, but is divided off into sleeping quarters for the nurses who wait on the children. An easy stairway reaches up to the second floor. To the left of the landing the visitor passes into the girl patients' ward, a room that includes the whole upper part of the new wing. Like the rest of the building, this room is plainly furnished. There is no effort at elaborate adornment. The cheery like pine walls are brightened with simple prints, illustrating scenes in the life of "Him who made the lame to walk and the blind to see."

The day is sultry, and the forty-six cots which form a hollow square around the rooms at night are all wheeled out to the upper verandahs. In the heated term the children almost live on the double row of verandahs that nearly encircles the Home. The verandahs are roomy, well shaded, and fitted with awnings that, on sunny days, shut out the sun from the space between roof and railing. A view from the upper tier strikes the visitor with a fair idea of the advantages of the site selected for the Home. Looking west, the eye darts over the gently-heaving expanse of lake to the low, green shores of the Humber, and then on over field and forest to the wooded heights that break into the sky-line. Northward the glance skims along the row of Island retreats to the throngs strolling among the sickly trees at Hanlan's; over the bay, dotted with puffing ferries, to the grimy stretch of dock front; then up to where high chimneys shoot out their blackness in the sultry air, and on through a fringe of church spires, tall trees, and flag-poles to the ridge that blocks the view. Eastward the marsh runs into the compact array of Riverside buildings bounded by fields and clumps of bush that lead up to the bold headland of Scarboro' Heights. The little watchers from their cots look out over the quiet lake at the steamers and white-sailed schooners plying, and south to where the faint shadow of frontier-line shows on the horizon. On the verandahs children from all parts of the Province, suffering from all varieties of physical ailments, are resting. The convulsive motions of the newly-arrived patient seized with the St. Vitus' dance interest with all the charm of novelty a group of little invalids who are strong enough to walk. Children able only to enjoy the fresh breezes from their cots follow with eager eyes the revels of their companions on the sand below. In the cots are little ones