

TO THE LAKESIDE HOME FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

Excursion of the Children from the Hospital to the Island—Particulars of the Moving.

"They seem to think the world of that little fellow." A great crowd of people was gathered on the dock near Bay street on Friday, June 7, 1895, when this remark was made. The "little fellow" referred to was a very pretty coloured baby, in the arms of a uniformed nurse connected with the Hospital for Sick Children; in fact he was in the arms of several nurses; he was an exceptional baby, because of his colour, and was thus invested with special interest. He was a sick baby, too, and was there in company with 80 other sick and crippled children, embarking for The Lakeside Home on the Island.

Year by year these little unfortunates are taken from the Hospital to The Lakeside, and yesterday was their "moving day." It was a great day for them. They had been talking about it, and thinking about it for weeks. The night before blue waves rippled through their dreams, and fairy visions of bright summer days at their beloved Lakeside came to them in "Shut Eye Town." As early as eight o'clock Friday morning some of them put on their hats, though they were not to go until one. They carefully packed away their books, toys and dolls, to be ready for the flitting. The cruel pain that sent sharp twinges along the aching body did not seem quite so hard to bear when they thought of sandy beaches, rides in the boat and sunny hours among the pebbles or on the cool verandahs of their summer home.

Everything at the Hospital for Sick Children is done by wise and thoughtful routine, and with precision. A few minutes before one o'clock, the hour of starting, the two city ambulances, in charge of Officers Fife and Tripp, drove up to the western entrance, while twenty carriages, from Mr. Robert Bond's livery, lined along College street, on the north. General supervision of the entire removal was in the hands of the president of the Board of Trustees, while Miss Underhill, the matron, and the 19 nurses who went to the Island were assisted by Mesdames Howland, Stewart, Heron and Donald, and Miss Buchan, of the Ladies' Committee. The attendant physicians were the new house surgeons, Drs. Klotz and Ferguson. Dr. Clingan, of the regular staff, also lent his assistance.

The sick and crippled children that were unable to sit upright were carefully put into the ambulances, and made comfortable there with pillows and mat-

trasses, a nurse attending each ambulance. The other inmates were put into the carriages, each of which also held a nurse, who had charge of the children in it, the luggage having been sent by express in advance.

Headed by the ambulances, the procession of 22 vehicles wended its way slowly along College to Yonge and down the latter to the Esplanade. Naturally it attracted wide attention. Although citizens of Toronto are accustomed to seeing this procession twice every year, yet it never loses interest, nor does it ever fail to challenge universal sympathy. More than this, tender-hearted people find their eyes filling with tears as they see these little children, enslaved by pain and crippled by disease, some of whom can never again enjoy the merry freedom of childhood, and some, perhaps, whose lives must soon go out in the darkness and gloom of the grave.

No wonder, then, that men, eagerly bent upon the pursuit of business, while going along the city's great mart, momentarily found themselves arrested and their thoughts diverted by this novel and moral-bearing procession. The other side of life was thus thrust upon them in a way to make them feel thankful that their own dear little children are free from bondage to smiting disease. Perhaps, too, the thought may enkindle within them a desire to do what they can to alleviate the burdens of these little pain-bearers, and to encourage the charity that, every year, is blessing the poor and sick children of Toronto and of Ontario.

The procession wound its way across the Esplanade to the dock, where the tug Ada Alice, in charge of the Clark Bros., lay moored—with a capacious scow alongside. The bottom of this had been carefully planked with new boards and covered with soft and comfortable-looking bedding, upon which the sick children were laid, the nurses and ladies holding sunshades above them.

By this time an enormous crowd of people had gathered, so that P. C. Pogue (20) had to use gentle force in order to keep a passage-way open from the carriages to the barge. It is strange, and yet it is a fine tribute to the manhood of human nature, how the sight of those children touched everyone. It is supposed that the "hangers-on" about wharves and docks are generally heartless and rude men. Yet there were some of these, at least, who on Friday displayed a sense of fine feeling that did them credit. Men who a few minutes before were cursing became silent and thoughtful when they saw the helpless little girls and boys carried to the barge, their white faces mutely appealing to what is best

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