

### Lord Mayor Treloar's Cripples' Hospital and College.

Saturday last was a memorable day at Lord Mayor Treloar's Cripples' Hospital, at Alton, for, on the invitation of Sir William Treloar and his co-trustees, the Lord Mayor, Sir T. Vezey Strong, and the Lady Mayoress visited the Hospital, being conveyed there by special train, with a large number of guests invited to meet them. Luncheon was served in the train en route, as London and its suburbs were quickly left behind, and we sped past the motor and aeroplane tracks at Brooklands, till the pines of Hampshire came in view, with the characteristic commons ablaze with sheets of golden gorse, where later the

at Alton Park Station, within the grounds, where the Matron, Miss Robertson, and the Medical Superintendent, Mr. Gauvain, were waiting to receive the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress.

#### THE MUSEUM.

Near the station is the "Mansion House Museum," built, and built right well, by the College boys, and where Lady Strong this year commemorated her visit by performing the opening ceremony. Here the boys have already a collection of stuffed birds, specimens of eggs and other treasures, which will no doubt be added to from time to time by kind friends as well as by the boys themselves.

Close to the station also are the rabbit hutches, fowl houses, dove cotes, etc., which have been built by the lads for their pets.



THE FOREST SCHOOL.

purple heather will make the autumn glorious. Pirbright and Aldershot, dotted with white tents, showing that some regiments have already gone into camp, were quickly passed, and then the character of the country changed once more, as Farnham, with its wooded parks, rich meadows, and numerous hop-fields, was reached, the upright poles now bare, which later will be swathed and crowned with the glory of the health-giving hops, with their graceful foliage, clinging tendrils, and delicate blossoms. After that Alton was quickly reached, just an hour and eighteen minutes after we left Waterloo, and the train drew up

#### THE HOSPITAL.

After leaving the Museum the party proceeded to the Hospital, containing 280 beds, where Mrs. Henry Fielding Dickens unveiled the brass over a memorial cot presented by the Dickens Fellowship, whose little occupant sang the verse of a spring song to the assembled company without the slightest shyness. Although the child's head-board testified to his name as Reginald Bryan, he stoutly refused to answer to any name but "grandfather," evidently a pet name in the ward. The glass observation wards, the spinal wards, where specially devised stands with smart turkey-

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)