

FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

The group of pictures on these pages show the members of the second Canadian Unit of the French Flag Nursing Corps, who have left for duty in France. We have only to look at them to realize that they will enter into the work they have undertaken with earnestness and enthusiasm.

Mr. James Milne had a most delightful account in the *Daily Chronicle* on Saturday last of an interview with Miss Ellison on the work of the French Flag Nursing Corps, in which the gay heroism of the French Poilu is emphasised:—

"All our nurses who have come into contact with the French soldier," says Miss Ellison, "just love him. He is a dear, uncomplaining, unselfish and most courageous pet. When he is on the battlefield he fights like a lion, and when he is in the hospital he is mother's little boy, and will be to the end of his days. How his affection goes out to his mother in his moments of stress! When he is dying he calls for her, and he is happy if only he can die in her arms. Perhaps it is this love for the French mother on the part of the son which explains his gratitude to the nurse, who in a field-hospital takes the place of that mother. He brings her flowers or does any pretty service that will please her. One of our nurses happened casually to say that she liked cats. What was her surprise when her patients, those of them who were active enough to get about, proceeded to collect cats and bring them to her. She said it was so sweet to see them opening the door of her ward and quietly putting in a cat, preferably a black cat, as that meant luck. So full is the French soldier of

gratitude towards his nurse that often he cannot express it, and this is the most touching sight of all. An Arab, who could not write, wished

to let a nurse who was unwell [know] how he sympathised with her, and what do you think he did? He got friends to send her a sheet of paper with his tears on it.'

"CONTENTED WITH LITTLE.

"The gaiety of the French soldier in hospital, as on the march or in the trench, is a thing which has always struck Miss Ellison. 'A *mutilé*,' she said, 'will sit a whole afternoon listening to the gramophone and applauding with his crutch. A very little contents him, and a little more makes him happy. Our English sisters have taught him a game that he loves dearly — 'Chenkinschup,' which is nothing more serious than 'Jenkins Says Hands Up.' Alas! the *mutilé* often has only one hand to hold up; nevertheless, he keeps merry and bright.'

"A sad part of the war to Miss Ellison has been that many French soldiers are cut off from their families in the invaded districts. These men she and her nurses 'adopt,' as far as they can; in other words, they supplement their pay of 2½d. a day by sending them useful little things and by writing to them. Even there the unselfishness of the French *poilu* flames out, because he will write and ask that a comrade be adopted instead of himself — a comrade who 'is so much more worthy of interest.'"

At the special service in the British Church at Bordeaux on Empire Day, the Sisters who attended were escorted by eight "militaires Français," who asked to go to represent France. A very right and proper compliment.

A most interesting book is to be brought out this year, under the patronage of Queen Alexandra, entitled "Pages Inédites sur la Femme et la Guerre" (Commemorative album in honour of women). This work will contain the war work of British women in France, with a short summary of their heroic deeds.



MISS SARAH CANNON.



MISS RUTH CRAIG.

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