

### FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

The friends of Sister Jaffray will be pleased to learn that her foot, which was so seriously wounded, the result of a bombardment purposely directed by our cowardly enemy on the ambulance in which she was working, has been saved, but will now require long and very expert treatment, so she is to be removed to the wonderful American Hospital at Neuilly, where bone-grafting is effected with great skill, and where we may hope she may make a good recovery.

Sister Coppin, who ran to the aid of her wounded colleague, was rendered unconscious with the bomb fumes, and also suffered greatly from shock, and after every kind care, she has gone to Chambéry with Sister Bright - Robinson, there to regain tone, in the splendid air and delightfully peaceful surroundings.

Both these Sisters have been awarded the silver *Médaille des Epidémies* by the French Government.

Sisters Craig and Irwin have taken their places at Ambulance Mobile No. 1. The Matron writes that she is proud of all the Sisters, as they all did magnificent work under very dangerous conditions, as gas reached their ambulance from the German lines, and all had to work in masks. An *infirmière* and a patient were also wounded, and windows and bottles shattered. The kindness and helpfulness of Miss Thurstan, who came over at once from La Panne, was greatly appreciated. She offered nurses to make good those off duty, and also invited the Sisters to spend a week-end at their Rest House, whenever possible. A tempting offer they will, we feel sure, accept with pleasure.

#### NOTES FROM PARIS.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

I went this week to what is called a *prise d'armes*, or the ceremony of giving medals to those mutilated for the Motherland. What a cruelly touching ceremony! The seats offered us amongst the mighty I politely refused. "Let us go amongst

the people," said I, "let us hear their reflections, let us rejoice and suffer with them."

The wide gallery round the court of the Invalides is crowded with spectators. We stand just where the *cortège* must pass. The procession is arriving, the military music is tearing at one's heart strings; there is something so wild and patriotic and tuneless in this battle music; it is like a command to go and help. Weary, weary soldiers pass by; the dust of the trenches is still on their coats, they have resigned yet determined faces, and all of them are maimed. Ah, God, what destruction! Lines of legless men receive the medal of thanks from the *patrie reconnaissante*, and the general's kiss of congratulation. Lines of armless men follow in their turn; and, worst of all, lines of

blind men. To see them all in procession makes one realise something of the hideousness of the war. Never again to see the trees and flowers; never again to see the sun casting itself in lingering shadows through the fragrant trees. And, oh, the courage of them all! They laugh and joke, and are as merry as sandboys, although they cannot see. It was touching, too, to see the widows swathed in *crêpe*, as they always are in France, going to receive the Motherland's honour for him who is buried away in the midst of the fight; but far more touching, however, was the sight of little children, little boys standing in the place of him who is gone, little boys already called to the

responsibilities of men—little boys and girls who have to fight life's battles with the handicap of no dear father to help them. Who can describe it?

These little ceremonies and the lesson they teach will be, I hope, described by immortal pens, so that our children and our grandchildren may learn what war is and beware. And so that the women (for, after all, it is they who suffer most) may unite and most emphatically say, We will have no more war, there shall be only peace and good will henceforth amongst men. Part of the building of the "Invalides," which every visitor to Paris never fails to see, the perpetual souvenir before the war of the past military glory of France, is being used for a hospital for *grands blessés*, and has been



MISS CANCELLOR. MISS S. MACINNES. MRS. RITCHIE.  
SISTERS AT HÔPITAL DE L'OCEAN, LA PANNE,  
IN MASKS.

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