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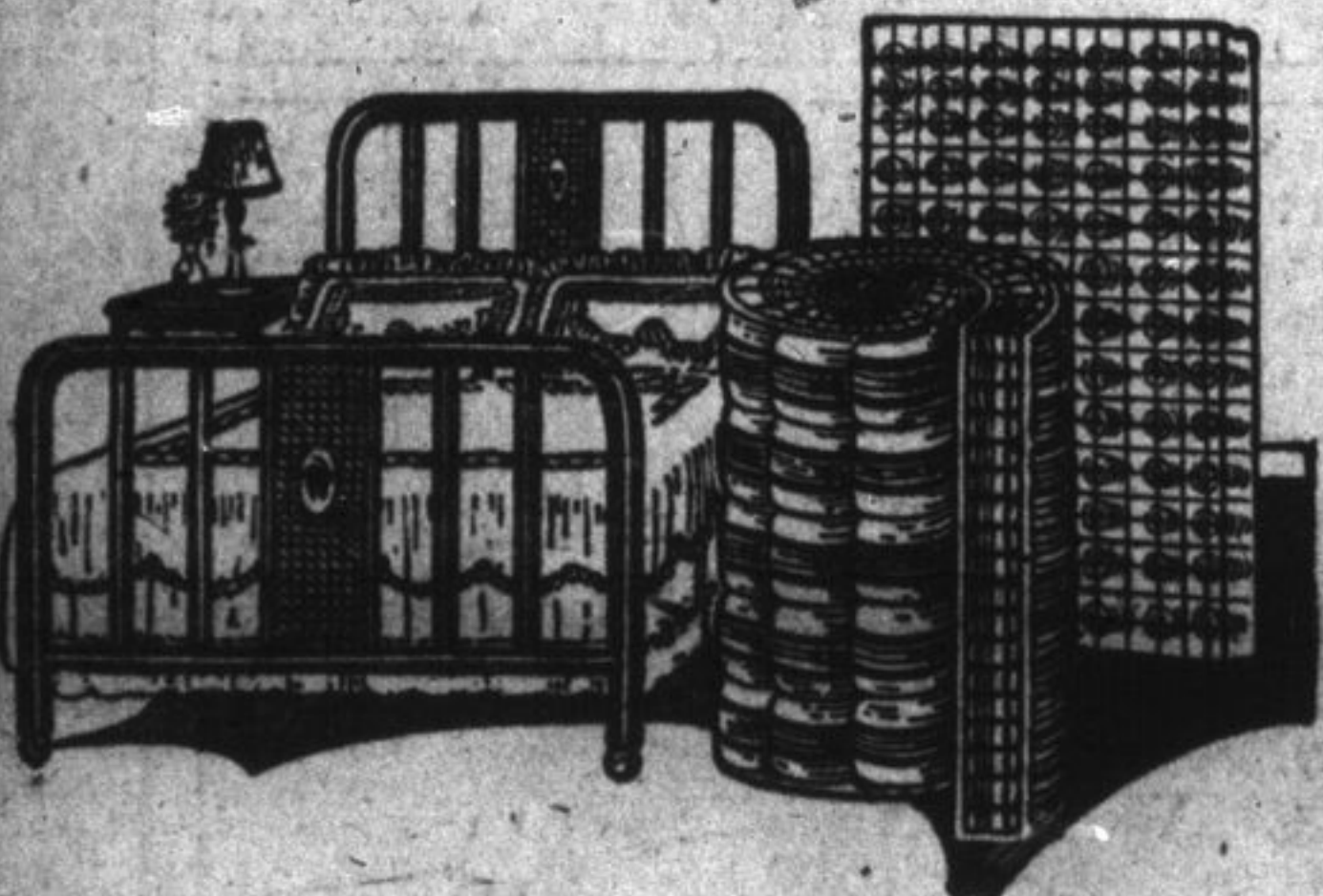
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GOD BLESS THOSE SCOTTISH MOTHER HEARTS

Written for The Whig by Estelle Carter Macpherson.

The entrance doors to the vast halls of the New National Museum at Washington swung smartly open and shut. The walls resounded to the chatter of women's voices, as the delegates to a Women's Conference made their way through the building to the Assembly Hall.

Then once more the great entrance doors opened. Slowly, carefully they swung on their hinges, propelled by timid hands. Through them into the rotunda, sidled two bashful but purposeful figures. A quaint white haired, bent, elderly woman, whose eyes glanced dazedly about the spacious halls, and her sturdier, younger companion.

Their decent black clothes were plain and neat but poverty spoke in every thread of them. As they hesitatingly stood by the entrance, the great doors were again thrown open, but by no uncertain token of the world of conference and clubs. Hurriedly the newcomers were passing when the wistful pleading look on the sweet old face and her low voiced urging injunctions to her younger companion attracted the newcomers attention.

"Ask some body where t'is Nance girl can't ye? Ask 'em where t'is." The younger woman hung bashfully back, loath to address any of the well clad people about her. Again the eager voice spoke as the elder pulled at her companions supporting arm.

"Haint we been years a savin' for to come and now we are so near can't ye ask some body?"

"May I assist you," impulsively spoke up the listener, "that man over there is the door attendant. He will direct you to wherever you wish to do."

The younger woman looked gratefully into the face of the speaker. She twisted her hands in their coarse black gloves one over the other bashfully as she tried to formulate the question on her lips. But old age forgot all shyness. Eager hunger spoke in her voice as she quavered her question.

"The little flag mam. The little flag we want to see. We've been long coming mam. We he'n tell of it and then we worked harder and set to savin' all of the pension money that we could to come. Now we are here in Washington at the museum mam and we're wantin' sorely to see it."

"A flag of the late war do you mean?" questioned the woman.

"Yes mam" answered the old woman's companion.

"The flags are in the room down there," the woman answered softly, for she sensed the tragic meaning of this visit. "Right down that way and around the corner you will see them. They are all in cases against the walls."

"Oh thank you mam. Be you a comin' Nance girl? Come on wi' yuh now," and the quaint little bent figure hurried on.

The woman started towards the Assembly Hall, but her eyes followed the two black clad forms. The younger woman's eyes were directed to the cases of uniforms and insignia lining the corridor but the others feet or eyes never strayed from the way to the entrance to the West room to which she had been directed. Purposely she guided her feeble steps towards her goal.

As they neared the door the younger woman was attracted by the bright red coated uniform of a Piper in the Gordon Highlanders, then she retracted a few steps to glance at the sheep skin coat of the French African Chasseurs, but the bowed little figure went on.

Swiftly the woman sped down the long aisle until she caught up with the quaint black bonnet and its wearer.

"May I help you find what you are looking for?" she asked.

"If you would mam, thank you kindly. It's all so big I'm a bit confused like. Nance' Come on you" she called back to her companion.

"Nance is just young you know" she explained to the woman. "She's wantin' to see lots of things but we come to see the flag and them womens pictures that's on the wall under the flag."

Nance's healthy, comely face was lighted up with interest in the things about them as she joined the little group.

Just around the corner was displayed a magnificent, gold fringed, silk flag.

"See here are the flags" said the woman but the mother looked at the gorgeous emblems indifferently.

"It's a little flag they was sayin'" she answered, then a little eagerly she showed in her voice as she asked "What's that writin'?"

"It is French," replied their escort. It begins—"Le Dauphin Patrie de Bayard, le Chevalier Sans Peur et Sans Reproche—A L'Armee-Americaine."

It means it was given by the residents of Le Dauphin, France to General Pershing."

"No, that haint it" spoke the old woman. "They won't French people. What this one say?"

"That was given by the women of the Villa de Chaumont. They were French also."

"No that's not it either," spoke the little dame impatiently. "They want French women giv it I'm tellin' ye. Find the right one."

"What flag is it you mean?" the woman asked.

"The one those women made. There was no 'Merican flag there and they made the little flag. An the boys was buried under our own flag mam." To her excited imagination there was only one flag of any consequence this day.

"Here is one made by the Thimble Club of University City Michigan."

"No it won't no 'Merican women neither at all." The little woman spoke sharply but almost tearfully as she clasped and clasped her tall worn hands. "The little flag we want to see."

A gorgeous flag given by the National Society of Colonial Dames and brushed out of the question with one wave of the wrinkled little hand, also another beautiful silver spangled small flag of French presentation, while tears of

disappointment filled her faded eyes. "If it's here, the one you want, we will find it," assured the woman soothingly. "Don't let yourself despair."

"What's all this queer like writin' in this picture frame?" eagerly questioned the younger one.

"It reads," answered their guide, "To the People Of The United States Of America, and those are signatures of about thirty Lord Mayors, Lord Provosts and Mayors of as many Irish and British Towns and Cities. It is a memorial regretting the withdrawal of the navy officers and men and the soldiers from amongst them at the end of the war."

"Yes yes" quavered the old voice, "But them men was comin' home. Our man didn't come home. What's that mam? What's that one? That one over the picture writin' THAT'S A LITTLE ONE mam THAT'S A LITTLE ONE. What's it say mam—Nance what's it say." The weak old eyes peered eagerly at the coarse little flag in the top of the case.

How vivid the contrast between this little flag and its companions of stiff silk, gold fringe and silver stars. It was formed of strips of coarse cotton, hastily stitched together in bars of red and white, surmounted by a field of coarse blue stuff on which was daubed stars of white paint. Crude but Divine. A flag of history.

"It says," read the woman, "Made at Islay House, Islay, Scotland, by Jessie McLellan, Mary Cunningham, Catherine McGregor and John McDongal."

There were tears in the elder old voice as she cried excitedly.

"I think that's it mam. I think that's it. The woman made it for them an the man he painted the stars."

The deeply interested helper read on. "Used on the occasion of the funerals of the American soldiers lost with the Transport Tuscania, February 8th, 1918. Whom were washed ashore in this district."

Sobs racked the air about them as both sombre clad figures bowed over in their grief. Down on the floor in a little crouching bundle sank the quivering little mother. With face close pressed to the cold glass covering she moaned.

"That's the name mam. Tuscania, that's the boat. The very best kind of a boy he was mam. Good to me and to his wife Nance here."

The watcher sorrowfully shook her head as she realized the pilgrimage these two had made, to this, their shrine.

"Read'em again mam." Sobbed the little bereft mother and that would be them in the photograph there, aint it?" Then she repeated the names over softly as they were read as to fix them in her mind for ever.

Jessie McLellan, Mary Armour, Catherine McGregor, Mary Cunningham, God Bless their Scottish motherly hearts. And He will so mam. And He will so.

Jessie—Mary—Catherine—Mary.

WAR ON TYPHOID

(By Dr. Hugh S. Cumming).

There has been a marked decrease in the number of cases of typhoid fever since 1900. By looking backward over the course of progress in disease prevention within the last quarter of a century much cause may be found for gratification and encouragement.

Typhoid fever has had a prominent place in the bills of mortality over all civilized countries. From time to time over wide areas it has prevailed as a veritable scourge. In some of the wars of modern times it has killed more than were killed by bullets.

The cause of typhoid is a microscopic plant, or germ as it is called, so small that the individual members can be seen only with the aid of a high-power microscope. Minute as

it is, the plant, like other plants, depends for its existence upon favorable soil. The favorable soil upon which it grows is human tissue.

How Germ Lives. Outside of the human body it does not live for a prolonged period of time. Various investigators have reported that the typhoid bacillus may live for 12 days in crude sewage, four months in butter, five days in homemade cheese, and 29 days in ice cream.

It reaches human tissue by being swallowed. Once it has been swallowed by a susceptible person and finds its way into the tissues of that human being, it multiplies rapidly and produces a condition known as typhoid fever.

The germ of typhoid fever is discharged from the body of the infected person in the waste material from the intestines and the kidneys. Under insanitary conditions, such waste material may be conveyed to other persons through the media of water, food, or fingers or by flies.

Reached Home in Time. Left alone in the home while her son Harry was in Toronto, Mrs. Walter Leavens had a narrow escape from death on Saturday morning, says the Picton Gazette, when fire originating from an overheated stove, threatened the destruction of the home which is a short distance from Bloomfield.

A neighbor, Mrs. Walter Hill, who resides across the road, noticing clouds of smoke coming from the chimney, rushed across to the house and found the sole occupant of the house quite unaware of the threatened blaze. Mrs. Hill, with buckets, speedily checked the now growing blaze and reduced the damage to a minimum.

Adversity helps. Many a man is developed by the need of paying all-ways.

Fame consists in having people think you are the wonder you think you are.

Mr. Phil Burke and Miss V. Burke, skating experts of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, who will appear at the Kingston Kiwanis Ice Carnival at the Jock Hartly Arena on March 10th.

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Advertisement for Asselstine's Eye Glass Service. Text: 'Asselstine's Eye Glass Service! Nature gives you but one pair of eyes. Lose your sight and you are seriously handicapped. J. S. ASSELSTINE, Optometrist'.

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