

VOL. I., No. 13. DECEMBER 15TH, 1917.

“

Stand

Easy”

Chronicles

of

Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

TWOPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 13.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15TH, 1917.

TWOPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... LT.-COLONEL MEAKINS.
EDITORIAL STAFF ... { PTE. W. C. PIKE.
... { PTE. F. HEASELL.
... { A-SERGT. BAKER.

"'Tis a mad world, my masters," indeed, much madder than when those words were first written. Each day's craziness surpasses that of its yesterday: the impossible sails triumphantly into the region of fact, and what was obvious last evening has this morning become ridiculous. That is why all prophesies as to the duration of the war are as unreliable as they are conflicting.

Yet, rash and optimistic though it may seem, we ourselves would utter a prophesy on that interesting question, giving it as our considered and calculated conclusion that some day, somehow, and either for some reason or for no reason, the war will terminate, and the present monochromatic fashion in men's clothes give place to the variegated effects of tweeds and corduroys, serges and buckskin.

What is interesting us just now is the question as to whether the Dawn of Peace will find us as unprepared as did the Sunset of War? Nothing has given us much greater pleasure than the knowledge that the Government has created a Ministry of Reconstruction—for reconstruction there will certainly be in hundreds of affairs, and it behoves us to see to it that the reconstruction is carried out quickly and without fuss, and shall produce a social position not merely as good as that of pre-war days, but, if possible, far better.

That reconstruction will certainly take time; and it may well be years before we begin to feel the benefits to which, we are often told, the war must give birth. Our point at present is that no Government, and no Reconstruction Committee, no matter how honest, sincere and capable they may be, can get the best results without the co-operation of the people themselves. And we would like to feel that every patient in this and other War Hospitals, and, indeed, every soldier now serving, were asking himself, "What can I do to prepare myself for my return to civilian life?" Surely this "Stand Easy" at the roadside, this rest in the backwater of Hospital, gives many of us an ideal "breather" during which we can light our

pipes and quietly think things over, and make plans for the future.

And here let us say we are not preaching "Ambition"—the hideous mid-Victorian doctrine that everyone should do better, or get richer, than everyone else. There is no occasion to do better than someone else who is most probably a totally different kind of person. An owl who tries to sing like a lark is a fool; and the frog who tried to become as big as the bull got exactly the result she deserved. The "get-on-in-the-World" notion has crippled too many people already. The sturdy farmer's boy, whistling a merry tune, digesting half-a-dozen dumplings for his dinner, and sleeping from eight to five, need not envy the dyspeptic millionaire who gets to sleep at day-break.

No! The thing for each one to ask himself is whether or not he makes the best use of what gifts he has, quite apart from what other folks do. You know the parable of the talents—how one made of five talents yet other five talents; how the second made of two talents yet other two talents; and how the third hid his talent in the earth. The rewards given to the first and second were identical, even though one had made a profit larger in amount than the other. Each had made full use of what was left in his keeping, the profit in each case being 100 per cent. The moral—altogether apart from Religious considerations—is too obvious to labour. But the parable does, to our mind, supply the touchstone at which all human endeavour should be tested.

"Was I making the fullest use of my talents in my civilian life? Had I hidden something in the earth? Can I be of more value to myself, or of more value to my own people than I used to be? What hobby can I take up which will not only interest me, but yield a dividend? In short, how shall I shape my life 'when I get my civvy clothes on'?"

A Pittsburg inventor is reported by Mr. Marconi to have discovered a method of bottling light. If he can bottle anything lighter than Government ale his claim to be a wizard is established.

Ward Notes.

WARD C.

We extend our heartiest welcome to Sister Stewart, who is back with the "Canadians" after a two-year stay at Malta with the B.R.C. By the way, Sister Stewart hails from Winnipeg!

Sister Davidson, whose place Sister Stewart has taken, is now on night duty in G.1. Lucky G.1!

Sister Stewart has left us for night duty in G.2. Why, oh, why didst thou leave us?

B. and C. wards were entertained by the Misses Ursula, Sylvia, Anthea and Diana Skimming. They are clever little artists, and we hope we may have the pleasure of seeing them again. B. and C. wards wish to thank Mrs. Skimming for the tea and concert.

C. ward medical patients "trimmed" the staff at football recently; score: one to none. Something wrong with the staff!

Things we would like to know—

Who is the Corporal in the C.A.M.C. who told the "lady friend" he was "sweet sixteen" when he went to France? We would like to know how many decades this war has been in progress?

Who is the N.C.O. who, on Saturday, held his hat in front of his lady friend's face when leaving the football field?

What makes the difference in our patients every morning after work is done? Where do they all disappear to immediately after breakfast until about nine o'clock?

Where the N.C.O. in our ward acquired the strawberry-coloured British warm?

Who likes salt in his tea?

F.1.

We have drawn our blinds and lowered our flag to half-mast as a token of our great grief in losing such a highly-esteemed Sister as our "Good Lady," Sister Maclean. Owing to her being with us for such a long time, both on night duty and day duty, and being so devoted to the boys of this ward, her smiling face is greatly missed; but we still have her visit us on her rounds at night, and we all look forward to these visits.

By the time this issue is published there will be quite a number of our old boys leaving us—some for their depots and others for the V.A.D.'s. The three longest "stickers" in the ward are leaving us, namely:—The Captain's clerk, "Nimrod" (late of the dressing carriage, who is going back to his mules, as he thinks he has tortured enough patients with his sticking-plaster and Dakins), and "Mabel" (of the kitchen staff, who, having come in with "Nimrod" and being his pal, has decided to "quit" with "Nim." Others we would like to mention, but the space will not allow. We wish them all the best of luck where'er they go.

Our friend from the C.M.R.'s, whom we mentioned in our last issue, had a very long face last Sunday when the fair damsel failed to turn up. We very much missed the beautiful flowers with which she generally adorns our ward.

We wish our friend, "Wough," who is shortly leaving for Canada, a safe trip and the best of luck.

We regret that Lady Boston has been unable to pay her usual welcome visits to us owing to a severe illness. Her great kindnesses and bright, cheery personality are greatly missed. We wish her a speedy recovery.

We are glad to see "Tam" has got back on his old job of locker cleaning. The fact that our lockers always look neat and clean, and always pass the closest inspection when "Tam" has had them in hand goes to his credit.

We had a terrible fright the other day: Moriartz thought he was at a barn dance, but he was only coming out of Ether!

An Australian even refused an extra sausage for his breakfast the other day. This fact alone proves how well our kitchen staff feed the patients in this ward!

Things we would like to know—

Who sent Fletcher the postcard? Think it over!

If the Sergeant-Major will go on another bun fight like the last one?

Who is the Scotchman in this ward from Nova Scotia?

If we will keep the ball-player when his arm is better?
Who is going to be our next representative for the
CLIVEDEN CHRONICLES now that "Nimrod" has gone?

F.2.

We wish our esteemed M.O. and our good Sisters a very happy Christmas and all good fortune in 1918. We anticipate giving them "presents" after the following style:—

To Captain Stewart—No pains.

To our Sister-in-charge, Sister Davies—No smoking.

To our dressing carriage Sister, Sister Shepherd—A light casualty list.

To our Night Sister, Sister Mole—A prompt turn out of bed at 5.58 "ack emma."

In return we should like:—

From Captain Stewart—A recommendation for a week-end pass all round, with a day's extension tacked on.

From Sister Davies—"Woodbines" and matches.

From Sister Shepherd—No methylated at 5.58 "pip emma."

From Sister Mole—A week end permit—in bed.

"Man wants but little here below."

We also extend our heartiest Christmas greetings to Mrs. Fuller and all at Grovefield House, and to Mrs. Gordon and all at Westhorpe.

G.1.

It is with feelings of pride mingled with regret that we have to record, this week, the loss of the best M.O. any wounded Tommy could wish for. Our heartiest congratulations and most sincere good wishes go with Capt. Beer, who leaves us to take up a very important position at Eastbourne.

We are pleased to welcome his successor, Capt. Mann, and feel sure that he will succeed in the difficult task of winning our affections as did Capt. Beer before him.

Our real sympathies are extended to our energetic and ever-thoughtful Sister, Sister Hocken, in her serious illness. We all wish her a speedy recovery, and shall be glad to see her among us once more.

Meantime, we are blessed with the presence of two of the finest of Sisters—Sister Crampton by day and Sister Davidson by night. With Sister Fraser in charge we are indeed a lucky ward.

G.1 was well represented in the recent Sale of Work. No fewer than three first prizes were obtained, but the prior credit must be accorded to Miss Aird and Miss Bailey for their untiring help and sympathy towards all the boys of the ward.

We are always quiet after Sister puts "Baby" to bed, but a yarn about a horse pulling seven tons, uphill, all day long, is provoking.

It is cold these days, in spite of our Summers, but "Tubby" and "Doey" manage to keep warm in hives.

G.2.

Alas and alack! our Mavis is to be married! Can "G." really be the unhappy man? We notice he is looking awfully thin and haggard of late.

Any patient in the Hospital who is keen on meeting some charming damsel (object—matrimony) should call in our ward at 4.30 p.m. on Sundays, where he is sure to be welcomed by the array of beauty which foregathers in G.2 on the day of rest! S'right!

Did we see a certain member of the kitchen staff, of Gas Works fame, visiting his old haunts the other evening—or was that last little one too much for us? She was s'nice though, wasn't she?

Things we should like to know—

Why Gordon gets up so early?

Why Corporal B. retired to bed t'other morning? Was it really a cold—or the morning after the night before?

J.1.

WANTED.—A lady typist to assist "Rookey." Extra diet guaranteed!

Lucky K.2! You certainly have gained by our loss in Sister Maclean.

Be careful, Paddy. What would it cost if you bought it by the pound?

Who said, after first visit to Maidenhead, "No more Maidenhead for me!" but who is it we cannot now keep away?

We notice the (h)air raids still continue in cosy corner, Aus-ie being the latest victim.

Oh, Jimmy! what became of the peaches; and oh, Jimmy! what of the other peach on the bridge? Do try to be more careful, Jim.

Who knows Bray Church? Do you, "Brigham"?

Things we should like to know—

Who was the man who had the patient's port wine? We always thought the Grenadier Guards held a good reputation.

Why did a certain patient go without his dinner? Were the kitchen staff short?

Which Sister bought Paddy a white rabbit; and why could it not have been a silencer? Then we could have more rest!

K.1.

We sincerely thank the donors of the flat iron, and assure them that it still retains its brightness and its bow.

We have heard the explanation of the gift, and it makes us appreciate the action of the givers all the more. It was a good job it was a joke, or P— might have had the iron presented to him in some other manner!

Our deepest sympathies, Harry, but really the Sgt. did not mean to! Incidentally, keep your eye on Joe. He's a bad lad!

By the way, what *did* you do with the bouquet?

Some of our patients have cultivated the "farm yard" habit. It's very pig-uliar, and after a half-hour's imitation of a cow it is no wonder one becomes a little ho(ar)se. What pauntry jokes, to be sure!

The Ward did exceptionally well at the exhibition of patients' work, thanks to Mrs. Hitchcock, who absolutely overflows with energy and ideas.

We took four prizes, and a more varied and novel collection of work was certainly not excelled by any ward. We only number about 30 at present, but we hear that a fifth of the receipts were the proceeds of the sale of our work. Wants some beating, that!

We are now busy in preparation for Christmas, and a fitting conclusion to these notes is to wish everybody a very happy time. May the dark night of war soon pass, and the dawn of peace and prosperity break long before Christmas of next year.

We were entertained to a really delightful ward party recently. By the kindness of Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Humm, Miss Rowland, little Master and Miss Humm, an hour or two were guiled away by excellent music.

Tea was afterwards partaken of, and the generosity of our Sisters McLeod and Montgomery was most heartily appreciated. They kindly provided us with many delicacies, and we sincerely thank them and our entertainers.

K.2.

These days are quite eventful and exciting here. We have frequent operations; several bed-patients; "Slim" is in song—though heart-sore over a recent "khaki bereavement"; "Battersea Bill" is in tip-top elocutionary form, and "Smiffy" as "offensive" as ever. He advances daily on a *white* front, but invariably has to retire with heavy losses.

Can you imagine, on these cold nights, too, a man changing into a suit of pyjamas on the verandah? We have got such a man, and he sleeps like the dead, and has never had his breakfast good and hot for the last two months.

After reading the poster, "Shall Canada Lie Down?" one of our Imperial patients remarked, "It doesn't matter Canadian 'exagerations' are always interesting, up or down!"

Please remember not to put your "fag-ends" on the side of your dinner plate. In these days of strict economy not a thing is wasted, and after all, (H)ash as a savoury is not universally popular!

Who said boils? Ask "Bill" and "Dan"!

ALEX. 2.

We deeply regret the loss of our farm yard owner (Pte. Halifax).

We had the honour of two of our patients being decorated by General Turner, V.C.—L.-Cpl. Damaresq and Pte. Tobin. We have now five medals of honour in our ward.

We are about to loose the best sport of the ward in Pte. Marr. We wish him the best of luck wherever he may be.

Who is the old Scottie who shouts "Ta, ta," when the Sisters go off duty?

There is also another Scottie who has been told to draw his khaki, and yet has never succeeded in getting it!

We are very sorry for our O.C. of kitchen who has been taken suddenly ill. We have already noticed the difference!

HEALING BY SUGGESTION.—A doctor had a patient who unfortunately lacked the means to go to a warmer climate, but it was essential that the patient should go if he wished to recover. So the doctor hit upon an ingenious idea. He had the sun painted in the patient's bedroom. The patient was doing splendidly, and the doctor was delighted at the success, but one morning, however, he was summoned and regretted to learn that the patient had died—of sunstroke!

LEN. W., Alex. 1.

The Kaiser's Dream.

There's a rumour now current, though strange it may seem,
Of the German Emperor's wonderful dream;
Being tired of war, he lay down in his bed,
And amongst other things dreamt that he had gone dead.

And in a deep coffin, lying in state
With his massive cold features frozen with hate;
He wasn't long dead, when he found to his cost
That his map of the next world and passport were lost!

So, leaving this earth, to heaven he went straight,
Jauntily strutting right up to the gate;
But the look-out angel, in a voice strong and clear,
Said, "Begone, Kaiser Bill! we don't want you here!"

Well, thought Wilhelm, that's very uncivil,
Does it mean I must go straightway to the Devil?
So he turned on his heels, and off he did go,
Running full-speed to the regions below.

But when he got there he was filled with dismay,
For whilst waiting outside he heard old Nick say,
"Now look here, boys, I give you all warning,
I'm expecting the Kaiser down here this morning!"

But don't let him in, for to me it is clear
We're far too good for the mongrel down here;
If he gets in there'll be Dickens to pay,
For bad as I am—he is worse, any day!"

"Oh, Satan, dear friend," the Emperor cried,
"Excuse me for listening while waiting outside;
If you don't let me in—then where will I go?"
"Indeed," says the Devil, "I really don't know!"

"Oh, do let me in, I'm feeling quite cold,
If money you want, I have plenty of gold;
Just give me a corner, no matter how hot?"
"No," says the Devil, "most certainly not!"

We don't let apartments for riches nor pelf,
There's some sulphur and matches, make a hell for yourself."
Then he kicked Wilhelm's hind part and finished in smoke,
And just at that moment the Kaiser awoke.

He jumped out of bed in a shivering sweat,
And said, "Gosh, that dream I shall never forget;
I wont go to heaven, I know very well,
But it's awful hard lines to be kicked out of hell!"

L.J., W.A.A.C.

Honours for Patients.

Another memorable occasion in the history of the Hospital occurred on December 1st, when General Turner, V.C. presented medals to three of the patients—two for distinguished conduct in the field and one for efficiency. The recipients were:

D.C.M.—No. 416275, L./Cpl. J. Damaresq, 19th Battalion, C.E.F.

Military Medal—No. 426334, L./Cpl. H. D. Brown, 27th Battalion, C.E.F.

Territorial Force Efficiency Medal—No. 265491, Pte. T. Tobin, 6th Gordon Highlanders.

In introducing the General, the O.C., Col. W. L. Watt, expressed the pride with which every Canadian looked upon Gen. Turner, and the great pleasure they had in welcoming him to the Hospital.

Having presented the honours, Gen. Turner referred to the recent successes achieved on the Western front. There were associations connected with Ypres, he said, that those who came over with the first contingent would never forget. It was in that salient that the Canadians were the victims of the first gas attack, and those of the first contingent would ever remember the fight. They held the line as long as it was possible, and it was the grit of their lads that stopped the Germans from getting to Calais.

By recent successes that ground had been won back, and it was as if they had come into their own. The Germans had been driven back beyond the line they had in 1915. Anyone who had traversed that ground would have considered it impossible for our troops to go over, so terrible was its condition.

In the recent successes the Canadians did not take a major part in the fighting, but it was satisfactory to know they were represented. It was one of the few occasions upon which the Cavalry had had the opportunity of doing a certain amount of work, and one of the Canadian Cavalry sections came out with flying colours. They had got well ahead with their jobs, but met a terrific resistance. They lost many men and horses, and though they came back on foot, they brought every one of their wounded comrades with them.

One of the earliest difficulties they experienced in the big advance was to get up the supplies and ammunition. The Canadians in the 3rd Army prior to the attack were constructing railway lines almost to the front line trenches.

When the men went over the top the railwaymen tried to keep up with them, and the difficulty was removed.

In conclusion, the General expressed the hope that it would soon be possible for men who had been to the front to have a good long leave in old England so that they might really see what the country was like!

V.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

Our numbers still keep up. Though we have lost several of the old boys others have taken their places.

Glad to hear a good report of Harrupp. Some of his Wycombe friends have looked him up.

A concert party from the Red Cross visited us last week and gave us a very good programme. We hope they will come again.

The Needlework Competition and Show went off well—quite a large gathering. The prizes were given away by Lady Lincolnshire, and Lady Palmer and Miss Dumbleton (of Wycombe Abbey) were the judges. Pte. Styles, Pte. Williams, Sgt. Hicks, Gnr. Taylor and Pte. Piper carried off first prizes for belts, badges, cross-stitch, table centres and shaded work.

There were fourteen tables at the last Whist Drive. Winners:—Ladies, 1st, Mrs. Smith; lowest, Miss Small; Men, 1st, Gunner Venables; 2nd, Gunner Woolf; hidden number, Cpl. Magnor; booby, Dvr. Taylor.

Best wishes to all for Xmas.

Who is the young man in No. 5 who talks in his sleep? What did he mean when he shouted, about three a.m., "Elsie, Elsie, you've chucked me"? He is also good at impersonating a howling dog.

No. 5 would also like to know what colour a carrot is?

When is our old friend of Ward 1 going to buy matches? We don't mind giving a cigarette occasionally, but he might buy the matches?

Does the Sergt. in Ward 5 really think he can play draughts; and when is he going to win a game?



The Sole Topic.

Go into the Officers' Mess and you will find that all conversation centres around it. In fact one Officer became so excited when discussing the subject that he forgot to take whiskey with his water! The Sisters have accomplished the almost impossible and talked themselves to a standstill about the matter. The Sergeants' Mess has had a go at it, and in the excitement of a heated discussion the S.M. emptied the Wardmaster's glass and only rescued the two remaining cigarettes in the packet by stealthily taking them off the table! The Orderlies have decided to quit work so that they may more thoroughly discuss the question of the hour, and it is rumoured that the night Wardmaster is not able to sleep o'nights for thinking on the subject, but this we think is an exaggeration.

What is the subject that is troubling us all so much; and why? It is the Canadian Elections, dear reader, and we are all lost because we haven't had an Election Meeting where we could all shout our heads off, and then go and vote for the other fellow.

Election Meetings! How we all used to delight in them in days gone by, and how we used to delight to swallow the sloppy nothings that were ladled out to us, and never did suffer from indigestion.

Just imagine a large Hall, packed to the doors. The chair is usually taken by the local parson, who, after beaming on faces in the audience that he thinks he recognises, starts off in this manner: "Dear Bret—em—Ladies and Gentlemen, I have been asked to take the chair on this occasion, but I think that I am not suited for the position." (Loud cheers, and we agree with him). "I am just going to make a few remarks before introducing the principal speaker of the evening." Then he settles down to talk for half-an-hour, and we, by force of habit, settle down to sleep, and only awaken to snigger when he forgets himself and almost gives the Benediction at the close of his address.

Then comes the principal speaker of the evening. A short description of him will help us to follow his intellectual discourse. He is an ample person, with a leg-of-mutton fist, protruding chin and receding forehead. His waistline looks prosperous and he wears a gold curb chain across his massive proportions. He doesn't hesitate, but with a slight cough plunges

ahead in the following manner: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I have addressed many audiences in my time, but never have I addressed a more representative and intelligent audience than this." (Loud cheers, and we settle ourselves down in our seats.) "I have to apologise for the non-appearance of our Candidate, and, as I look around, I think I may say with certainty, future member, but he has been called away to the sick bed of his mother-in-law" (cheers).

If the Candidate is for the Government the speaker will dwell at length on the good administration of the past; how it has not neglected any of its friends, and how carefully it has safeguarded the wealth of the country. (Here he unconsciously jingles the money in his pocket.) A voice from down the Hall shouts, "What did your party do in 1913?" Uproar down the Hall, gentlemanly shouts of, "Chuck him through the window," "Knock his head off," etc. The speaker stands until the uproar has subsided and then, with a dramatic gesture of his hand, he stands for a moment, and then says, "A Gentlemen asks what did we do in 1913, and may I ask the question of him; what did the party which he evidently belongs to do in 1900?" This clears up the whole problem for us, and we look wise and cheer uproariously, nudge each other and say, "Got him that time, eh!"

Then he goes on to re-count the benefits we have received at the hands of the present Government, and, as a climax, he stretches an arm above his head, thereby showing a portion of his shirt and the ends of his braces, and thunders above our heads, "I say to you that at present we are enjoying a period of unparalleled prosperity." That does the trick; we all stand up and cheer, and the ten cents in our pockets feels like ten dollars, and we forget all about the month's rent that we owe.

Just as the meeting is about to end we are startled by a loud crash and a sound of falling glass. It's only a window broken by some members of the opposing party, so we wend our way out thinking what a bunch of blackguards belong to the opposite party, and resolve that we will go to the next meeting that they hold and smash some of their windows.

When the Election time comes around we go to the poll and vote in the same old way that Dad did, because, after all, he was older than us and knew better!

Staff Notes.

The chief topic of interest and of speculation is the result of the Canadian elections. Will Sister Susie be knitting socks for conscripts, and are the days of cold feet for little Willie really over?

The Wardmaster's office staff had the "wind up," the day after the transfer of Canadians, when they were told an Imperial had taken the place of a Canadian in the ambulance, and that the Canadian was still "absent without leave." They spent the most industrious half-hour of their whole military career looking up nominal rolls, &c., only to find upon returning to the Orderly Room that it was all a "frame-up." It is rumoured that the Imperial told them to take a jump in the lake, and when they returned he was gone.

We wonder if one of our undersized soldiers has a stand in with the cook, seeing that we found sausage in his great coat pocket recently!

Talk about the "eagle eye." We have a sure enough case of it on the Provost's staff. He actually saw a "whiz-bang" coming towards him, and was able to *duck* in the nick of time. Truly imagination is a wonderful thing!

"Love me, love my dog!" All right, Elsie, bring the dog along with you to the police gate.

The football game between the Quarter Bloke's pets and the officers resulted in a win for the department, with a score of 3-1. The game was full of thrills, and it was a good exhibition of give and take methods all through. We want to see more of these games!

Overheard—

Sergt. (to a private who is also a Socialist): "What would you do then if you had my job?" Socialistic Private: "Smoke cigars in the Mess and watch the damn privates work!"

She: "Were you Canadian soldiers happy when you started for France?" He: "Happy! I should smile! Why, we were in transports."

We should like to know—

Who it was, when asked a question by a pal a few days ago, said "Beg your pardon, sister"?

If the Pay Sergt. hasn't some political instincts?

If it adds to the beauty of a bicycle to be hung on the bed?

Is it possible to climb a tree on a bicycle?

The following pars. from *Jack Canuck* are not merely instructive, they are refreshing.

Instruction from Staff Sergeant to recruit squad on military funeral: "When the corpse leaves the mortuary, cemetery, dead-house, or what-not, the man will wear a countenance both sombre and subdued, and will stand strictly at attention with arms reversed. At the third motion of the reverse the hand will be cut away smartly to the side, the head sunk upon the breast with a generally mournful haspect. As the bier passes the lines the men will adopt a respectful, sorrowful and melancholy haspect, such as the deceased or corpse would like to see, and 'as every right to expect."

Same sergt., same squad. Subject, church parade: "The squad will hattend church parade, which will be 'eld in the usual manner of the Church of Hengland; that is to say, in the usual manner hof the Hanglican Church, huntil the words 'Hi believe,' when the recruit will stand smartly at hattention, the words 'Hi believe' being merely a cautionary command."

Love Triumphant.

Dear arms that held me in the bitter pain,
Dear heart that beat so wildly to my own,
Dear eyes and shall I meet your glance again?
I am alone—alone!

You were my all in those bright, happy days,
You are my all wherever you may be.
The sun will add new radiance to his rays,
When you come back to me.

Dear one, you gave me joy of all the world,
Gave me so much, such treasure is my store.
Having your love, your love with kisses pearled,
How can I ask for more?

Yet this I feel and know it to be true,
While love endures and memory holds your kiss,
Not life nor death can sever me from you.
Love bridges the abyss.

Lips bid farewell, and hand withdraws from hand,
But hearts cling close in anguish or in bliss,
Though you be far in some war-weary land,
I cherish still your kiss.

You are my all, your honour is my pride;
You are my all, and, though you come to me
Broken and wounded, yet, dear, by your side
My happiness will be. F.H.S.

The Wheel of Fortune.

Dick Smith paused and gazed about him, and the sight which met his eyes was good. He saw before him the broad expanse of open prairie, dotted here and there with the shacks of men who, like himself, had come to lay the foundations of their fortunes. The western sun shone gloriously, and already the corn was ripening into gold. Behind him lay the little wood shack which had been his home for two years, and but a short distance away was the homestead of Farmer McLean. Beyond, a long way beyond, were the mountains, rising from the mist which lay about their bases to be crowned by domes of glistening whiteness. These things Dick noted, and his heart sang within him. Here was Life, wholesome and healthy; an existence meant for such men as he. True, at first he had suffered much from loneliness; that was the common experience, but the assistance and encouragement of friendly neighbours had helped to dispel that morose feeling. He gloried now in his strength, and contrasted himself as he was then to what he had been but a few years before. Dame Fortune was indeed cruel to him those days.

Born amidst surroundings of want and poverty in the great Metropolis he had in childhood got used to the squalor and degradation of the life of the very poor. As he grew older he experienced a great longing for more of the pleasure and beauty of life, and at the age of 20 he had turned, sickened by all he had suffered, to seek a new life and make a fresh start.

His way had taken him to the West of England, and during his tramp through the countryside those summer days he had heard the voice of nature. It had spoken of health, vitality and renewed strength, and he had answered it.

The harvest time was approaching and he had little difficulty in securing a job as a farm hand near the little village of Milbury, Devon. The wages were light and the work was heavy, but in the sunshine and bracing air his sallow cheeks had gained colour, and the strength that had laid dormant within him developed.

Life certainly was somewhat uneventful, but to him it had been restful, and there was always the farmhouse open to him when he felt morose and lonely. Old Farmer Broadbent and his wife were always ready for a talk, and

had a hearty welcome for Dick and his stories of London life. Besides, there was Mary, the 19 years old daughter of the old farmer, who always added her welcome to those of the old people, though, let it be said, much more reservedly at first, and with some shyness. She was a winsome girl, slender, pretty, and her laughter expressed the happiness and brightness of her nature.

She had treated Dick as an ordinary farm hand for some time, but after a while it became apparent that she did not look upon him quite as she did the others. She became less reserved in his company, and occasionally at a chance meeting would pause for a few moments' conversation. The friendship ripened, and it was not long before the neighbours, as country neighbours will, smiled knowingly and talked in undertones about "banns" and "church."

Dick was happy in her friendship, and when the girl was not at home on his frequent visits he missed her, and was restive and uninteresting. It was when Mary had gone to a neighbouring town for a short holiday that he realized that his feelings for her were deeper than friendship, but with this realization there had come a great sadness. How could he ask the girl to share his life on the modest wage which he received? That was impossible he decided definitely. Something, therefore, had to be done, but what? It was a problem for which he found no solution until one day, while in the market town of Borten, his eye had chanced to catch a large poster which set forth, in glowing terms, the boundless opportunities of the Golden West. He read it through carefully, and it started his mind on a new line of thought. Why should he not try his luck and seek his fortune in fresh fields? During the time he had been with the farmer he had become well acquainted with farm work. He had been willing and quick to learn, and he felt sure he could hold his own. The idea appealed to him and he made further enquiries. So, after due consideration, he decided that he would venture, and leave old England and ascertain what Canada held in store for him.

This intention he announced to the Broadbent family, to their great regret. There were protests and appeals from the farmer and his wife, but Dick was firm. Mary was there, but she did not join in the protestations. She had certainly looked searchingly at him when he had spoken, and her face grew a little pale, but

those were the only indications that she had paid any attention.

It was about a month later that Dick had said good-bye to his old friends. During that time he had seen little of Mary. She had seemed to avoid him, and rarely stopped to pass the time of day. Nevertheless, he somehow felt that she cared, though he was determined that she should not hear from him of his feelings towards her.

It was on the morning of his departure that the good resolution was broken. He had almost reached the station when the sound of light footsteps broke his thoughts, and on turning he had found her. She was flushed and nervous.

"Dick," she had said hesitatingly, "I'm very sorry you are going—more sorry than I can say. I didn't mean to tell you, but I thought, perhaps, you would like this photograph to remind you of at least one friend in England."

It was a photograph of herself, and Dick felt glad. He told her so.

"I'm so glad, Mary," he said, "that you have told me; I shall never forget you." He paused, and then—"I should not tell you, Mary, though I think you know I have grown very fond of you, and I had hoped that some day we might be more than friends."

Mary blushed and turned away, yet she was very happy.

"I hope you will forgive me for telling you that, Mary," he continued, "I did not mean to, but—"

"It is not wrong for a man to tell a girl he loves her, is it?" adding, "especially when the girl cares."

"Mary, do you mean that?" asked Dick. The answer was scarcely audible, but it was satisfactory, and Dick went away happy.

* * * * *

It was the recollection of these things which made Dick pause that afternoon in August, and at thought of them his face clouded. He still cherished the photograph of her who had told him that she would wait. They had written often to one another for the first few months, until old Broadbent had sold his farm and moved away to another part of the country, and Dick himself had made a move from one province to another, and his attempts to ascertain her address had failed. Still, he hoped and worked. Fortune had been kinder to him, and he had been able to take 160 acres of land, of

which 25 were sown in wheat, with prospects of a good harvest. He had worked for neighbours in better circumstances than himself and had made enough money to keep himself on his own land all the winter, while he had paid for his ploughing by his labour.

Yes, he reflected, he had done well, but to what purpose? The main object of his success had gone.

It was but two days later that his fellow labourers excitedly brought to him a newspaper containing the awful news of the outbreak of war—a war the horrors and misery of which could not be measured. Dick realized what a gigantic effort would be required to overthrow the might of Germany. Men would be wanted—men such as he. Well, there was nothing to prevent him going. He was fit and he had no ties, and perhaps a sight of the home country and a little excitement would be a good change.

So he enlisted, and in due time went to the centre of things, where men suffered untold hardships, faced death and hell for the Right. Yes, he certainly did have some excitement, more even than he desired, but though he grew weary of the warfare, sick of the sight of the trenches, he was lucky. Though he had seen men, his own comrades, wounded, some killed, he was fortunate to escape uninjured, until there came a time, when he had been in the fighting zone for eighteen months, that he was wounded. It was during a "stunt," in which his battalion had played a prominent part, that he was struck in the leg by shrapnel. It was a bad wound, and meant "Blighty" and Canada. The rest and comfort of hospital life was sweet to him after the nausea of war, and as he lay in his bed thoughts of Milbury, his old friends and Mary, would persist in entering his mind. Those had been happy days and he would like to renew old acquaintanceships.

Eventually his wound healed, but it left him lamed and of no further use to the Service. It was unfortunate, and Dick keenly felt his incapacity. The time came when he was granted leave, and he decided that he would again visit the scenes so indelibly impressed upon his mind. Besides, he again heard the call of the country, and he did not resist it. So to Devon and Milbury he went. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived at the little station, and there were few to witness his arrival. He walked up the narrow street, empty of pedestrians, to the inn which he decided to make his headquarters,

and rested. In the evening he went out. The sun was sinking, and the air was cool and fragrant. Once again he walked the old paths through the village, and, perhaps instinctively, his steps took him towards the little farm where old Broadbent and his family used to dwell. As he approached the house he paused and listened intently. He heard a woman's voice singing, and as the clear notes rose and fell he thought of Mary. The song finished, and, curious to know who the singer was, Dick cautiously looked over the hedge. He saw a young woman proceeding leisurely towards the house, and something about her figure and her walk excited his attention. Surely that could not be Mary, yet—"Mary!" he heard himself calling, "Mary!"

The young woman stopped, startled, and glanced rapidly towards the road from whence the voice came. She saw a lean, square face, surmounted by khaki, above the green of the hedge, and she knew.

"Dick!" she called eagerly, and ran to him.

Once again Dick sat in the chimney corner and heard the old farmer's tale. For a few months only had he lived in retirement in the town, for the old home called so incessantly that he had had to return. Dick recounted many stories of France and the trenches, but mostly of Canada, and, when later, Dick told Mary of his prospects and his hopes, and asked her if she still cared sufficiently to share them, she answered "Yes."

F.H.

THEY were to go over the top that night for the first time, and the colonel had the men drawn up behind the lines to give them a few words of good advice and cheer. He was rather a pessimistic old boy, and, after pointing out the path of duty, which was more or less the way to "glory," he wound up:

"If we go forward we die; if we go backward we die. Better go forward and die."

The awed silence which followed was broken by a cockney voice from a rear rank.

"Gorblime!" it exclaimed, "a bloke's best chance this time is to be a blinkin' crab and go sideways."

HEARD ON MARKING-OUT DAY.—Patient: "Sister, I ate an apple this morning." Sister: "Well, and what of that?" Patient: "I thought an apple a day kept the doctor away!"

Futurism.

This is no abiding city, boys,
You'll find when the day is clear,
As over the top you follow on
With lusty shout and cheer;
But the City of Gold, with shining streets,
Where our dear ones safely wait
Till we meet them again with loving hearts
At the pearl and emerald gate.

This world is a bridge—pass over it,
But build no house again,
For this is the land of love and light
Far away from that Valley of Pain;
And the certain hope will comfort our hearts
In the pilgrimage through the years,
When the tender hands that welcome us
Will wipe away all tears.

* * * * *

For nothing on earth can compensate
With the joys that are to come,
And the dear young lives so freely spent
For home and England won,
Their names enrolled in that wondrous book
With—"Nobly, my son, well done!"

The Patients' Work.

The half-yearly exhibition and sale of work was held on Saturday last, and, the Red Cross ladies have stated, was the most successful yet held. The quality of the work was extraordinarily good, and the quantity indicated the zeal and energy of the visiting ladies, who are certainly deserving of the warmest praise. The water-colour, and black and white sections were, perhaps, not so prominent as before, but there was a greater variety of work, and several wards vied with each other in the production of novelties. For these, as well as the general fancy work, there was a ready sale, and a sum of about £60 realised—a very satisfactory result. H.R.H. Princess Patricia was to have graced the exhibition by her presence, but a prior engagement unfortunately prevented her attendance. Mrs. Astor kindly presented the prizes given by the ladies, and the O.C., Col. W. L. Watt, and Mrs. Watt, who take such an interest in the welfare of the patients, were present.

A rolling stone gathers no moss; but it often picks up a lot of polish.

Lectures at the Hospital.

The patients of the Hospital are particularly fortunate in being able to listen to such gifted lecturers who so kindly visit us, and their learned discourses are of exceptional educational value. This fact has been impressed by Mrs. Astor on several occasions, and we desire to heartily support her. Since our last issue Mrs. Pankhurst, Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P. (the General Secretary of the National Railwaymen's Union) and Sir Henry Jones (Professor of Philosophy at the Glasgow University) have spoken in the Recreation Hall, and, we are pleased to say, to large audiences.

Mrs. Pankhurst is a wonderful speaker, and for an hour-and-a-half she spoke on "Russia." It was a remarkable story she had to tell, and the relation of her experiences during her visit to that country a few months ago gave her hearers a splendid insight into the real condition of affairs. Mrs. Pankhurst also brought some gramophone records of Russian music, and one, recording the departure of Russian troops for the Front, was particularly interesting.

"After the war problems" was the title of the very able speech of Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., and in it he impressed upon the men that their votes and action after the war should be dictated by their own consciences. His whole speech strongly urged the responsibility of the individual, and at the conclusion a number of questions were put to him and very satisfactorily answered. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Hospital Debating Society and Lt.-Col. J. C. Meakins was the chairman.

Sir Henry Jones, on Sunday evening, went very deeply into the subject of the relationship of the spiritual and material worlds, and his was an eloquent and beautiful address. He urged that there was an important relationship between the two, and that men should always search for the beautiful, that which represented the best, in life.

Sir Henry was very cordially thanked, and a warm invitation was extended to come again.

MARION came in late, and was scanned by the reproachful eyes of her mother.

"Did that soldier kiss you, Marion?"

"Now, mother, said the pretty girl, with a reminiscent smile, "do you think that he came all the way from Cliveden to hear me sing?"

Sports & Amusements.

FOOTBALL.

CONNAUGHT ATHLETIC v. EPSOM.

The above game should have been played at Cliveden on November 29th. Excitement reigned high amongst the staff and patients, and everyone looked forward to a keen struggle between two such old rivals. The hopes of everyone were rudely shattered when, practically at the last moment, Epsom sent word to say they were not coming. The only remark we need make is that we are not surprized! Epsom were ever thus! more especially after their baseball record, which gained them locally the name of "Up in the Air."

CONNAUGHT ATHLETIC v. ORPINGTON.

After the Epsom fiasco had blown over the Hospital team prepared themselves for the game with Orpington on the 5th inst. The game started promptly at 3 p.m., and from the outset it was a fast, keen struggle. Orpington tried hard, with the assistance of a slight wind in the first half, but the Taplow defence prevailed, and the teams changed ends with both goals intact. Owing to the light becoming bad there was no lemon interval, and the teams re-started immediately. For the first seven minutes the teams were pretty even, but then Taplow came away and had a territorial advantage to the finish. Twenty minutes from the end Davies sent over a perfect "ball," from which Henwood scored the only goal of the game. It was a pleasant and finely contested game throughout, and the readers of the Chronicle will be pleased to hear that Orpington defeated Epsom, at Epsom, by 2—0.

ROLLER HOCKEY.

CANADIANS v. CIVILIANS.

In the classiest exhibition of Roller Hockey that has been played for some time at the Hippodrome, Maidenhead, the champion Canadians went down to defeat in the opening game of the league before the Civilians, on November 28th, the score being 4—3. The Canadians had the better of the play, but the opposing goal-tender was right "on," and he stopped everything that came his way, and there were a great number of shots that should have been tagged goals. For the winners Braxton and Tucker showed to advantage, while Sgt. McPhail and Cpl. Trew were the pick of the Canadians. "Barney" had hard luck in his shooting, but

the opposing net custodian surpassed himself. "Bobby" Trew's checking and rushes were dangerous, while McPhail treated the crowd to a clever exhibition of stick-handling on more than one occasion. The line-up of the Canadians was: goal, Pte. Choice; defence, Pte. Weisner; left wing, Pte. Wilton; right wing, Cpl. Trew; and centre, Sgt. McPhail (capt.)

CANADIANS v. ROYAL ENGINEERS.

On Wednesday, December 5th, the Canadian team retrieved themselves for the defeat of the previous week, as they went right after the Engineers, handing them a decisive beating to the tune of 10-0. The play was not so one-sided as the score would indicate, as the Engineers were very much in the game at times, but were "off colour" in their shooting, while R.S.M. Jones' boys had their eyes on the net all the night. The team was changed somewhat from the way they lined up against the Civilians, and the change was all for the better, as the defence, with Cpl. "Bobby" Trew back there is "stonewall," and a new-comer played right wing. The team on the whole showed up considerably better than in the previous week's game. The new player showed a decided tendency to roam, but no doubt that will wear off in time, also his aggressiveness. Sgt. "Barney" McPhail and Cpl. "Bobby" Trew were, as usual, the pick of the Canadians, "Barney" again giving a nice exhibition of stick-handling and shooting, while "Bobby" was "there" on the defence, and his rushes were always dangerous. A record crowd of supporters was on hand. The team lined up as follows:—goal, Pte. Choice; defence, Cpl. "Bobby" Trew; right wing, L.-Cpl. Charlebois; left wing, Pte. "Stout" Wilton; centre, Sgt. "Barney" McPhail (capt.)

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

To the following ladies and gentlemen our cordial thanks are extended for their hospitality to the patients: Mrs. Du Cros, Mrs. Shackles, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Mrs. Baker (Cookham), Mrs. Skimming, Mrs. Humm, Mrs. Holdstock, Mrs. Roberts (Bourne End), Miss Stevenson (Taplow), Mrs. Wilding (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Durlacher (Slough), Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Hawkes, Mrs. O. Macdona, Mrs. Serocold, Mrs. Pixley, Mrs. Fortune and Miss Heathcote, Miss Coleman, Mr. E. Spindler, and the proprietors of the Maidenhead Skating Rink and the Maidenhead Picture Theatre, Bridge Street.

The concerts have, as usual, been thoroughly enjoyable. Among the entertainers were the "Mad Caps" Concert Party, members of the London Operatic and Dramatic Society, Mr. William Miles, Madame Crowe, "Cheerioh's" Concert Party, Cecil Brown's Concert Party, Mrs. Collins' Concert Party and the Lewisham Red Cross Concert Party. Many of the patients have had the opportunity of visiting the State Apartments at Windsor Castle.

The "Connaughty Coons," the Hospital Concert Party, appeared last week, and their performance was very successful. The Minstrel Troupe was entertaining, but a little more life in it would have made a great improvement. The second part of the performance, the ordinary variety entertainment, was undoubtedly a huge success. Congratulations are certainly due to Sgt. Sinclair (the organiser), the members of the troupe and the Orchestra—which it may be said, incidentally, has wonderfully progressed—upon their performances. During the evening Col. W. L. Watt, who kindly presided, presented a baton to Sgt. Sinclair on behalf of the members of the Orchestra for the work he had so satisfactorily accomplished.

Among the most welcome of the Concert Parties who so generously give their services to the Hospital are those who appear under the title of the "Chocolates." They are all young artists, and, incidentally, are the children of the employees of Nestle's Milk Co., Ltd. Each performer is really gifted, and the songs, always cheery and bright, duets, choruses and comedy scenes dispel any feelings of gloom or depression. The Four Dainty Dots are sweet little entertainers, and sing and dance delightfully. Altogether their entertainments are exceedingly smart, and we hope another visit will not long be delayed.

At a recruiting office t'other day the following dialogue took place between a sergt.-major and one of the lads called up to report:

"What's your religion?" "Wheelbarrer."

"What?" "Wheelbarrer."

"Here! No — foolery! What sect do you belong to?" "Wheelbarrer."

"Well, what sort of religion is that?"

"Gotter be pushed before I go anywhere!"

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Cliveden H.	P.M. 1 30	P.M. 2 30	P.M. 3 30	P.M. 4 30	P.M. 5 30	P.M. 6 30	P.M. 7 30	P.M. 8 30	P.M. 9 30
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