

VOL. II., No. 29.

JULY 27TH, 1918.

“

Stand

Easy”

Chronicles
of

Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

THREEPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. II., No. 29.

SATURDAY, JULY 27TH, 1918.

THREEPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... CAPT. A. BURTON WILKES.
EDITORIAL STAFF ... {GNR. A. S. BARTLETT.
 {A./SERGT. BAKER.

My Creed.

To live as gently as I can;
To be, no matter where, a man;
To take what comes of good or ill
And cling to faith and honour still;
To do my best, and let that stand
The record of my brain and hand;
And then, should failure come to me,
Still work and hope for victory.

To have no secret place wherein
I stoop unseen to shame or sin;
To be the same when I'm alone
As when my every deed is known;
To live undaunted, unafraid
Of any step that I have made;
To be without pretense or sham
Exactly what men think I am.

To leave some simple mark behind
To keep my having lived in mind;
If enmity to aught I show,
To be an honest, generous foe,
To play my little part, nor whine
That greater honors are not mine.
This, I believe, is all I need
For my philosophy and creed.

PIANO AND FORTE.

The pupils had reached that stage in their music lessons where it was necessary for the teacher to instruct them as to the various signs used to designate expression.

After a short lecture on the subject she said:

"Now, you all understand that 'p' means 'softly' and that it stands for 'piano.'"

"Yes, teacher," the pupils replied in concert.

"And now, what does 'f' stand for?"

The smallest boy in the class, who, however, seemed to have the loudest voice, quickly replied: "Fiddle."

From a Sinner's Diary.

Making anybody mad and then expecting that body to pull for you is like expecting a horse to pull a load with its halter instead of tugs. It may make a big spasmodic effort and smash away.

Everybody around the house can't just stick to a speciality.

To bring the sun out leave your hat one side the field and go to work on the other.

When you ask my opinion you mean you want me to say what you want me to, and mean it. But if I can't mean it, say it anyway and swear to it the best I can.

Forever doing what you don't want to is as wasteful as making a horse go up on the mow and sling down its own hay.

Why we don't always tell secrets: the one we're with isn't interested.

'Tis the idiocy in our souls that keeps us forever young to ourselves. And seeing it so plainly in others (luckily?) that sets the world's brakes.

If you were a cackler you'd cackle. You couldn't help it.

When it don't cost you anything it's costing someone else double.

Lawsuits come higher yet than taxes.

When I have a blister one place I always think it would be where there's less traffic most anywhere else.

If you'd be like what you want me to be I presume we wouldn't have any more trouble.

AS IT MIGHT BE.

The scandals would be small and few,
And there would be few heartaches, too,

If no man were inclined to dare

To do things which he would not care
To have his wife or sister do.

The world would have more shame, by far,
More hate would spread, more sins would mar

The loveliness which makes us glad,

If women always were as bad
As other women think they are.

A visit to Jerusalem in War-time.

(Extract from a letter of a trooper in "A" Squadron, Herts Yeomanry. 13-4-18.)

Another item of news that will interest you. I had another bit of leave last week. This time to Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

In view of the fact that I expect to go down the line shortly, I asked to be given an opportunity of seeing these places. Late last Thursday I was sent for and told that two officers were going by car the following morning, and that I could have the remaining seat.

On arrival at the Military Governor's place at Jerusalem I was told that I could not visit any Holy Places unless with an Officer. Luckily I was with two "good sorts," who promptly told me to hang on to them. You will probably say "They could not have done less," but nine out of ten would have done less. However, their offer made it possible for me to see much, besides the Holy Places, that I could not have done by walking.

Having settled the matter of permits, we drove to the Mount of Olives and after inspecting the Chapel of the Ascension, which is a very modern dome on the traditional site, we surveyed the country from the Tower. The view from here is very extensive, including the Dead Sea, Valley of the Jordan, Jerusalem, Bethany and villages surrounding Bethlehem, which is itself just out of sight owing to the hilly country. The clear atmosphere made everything appear very close, the Dead Sea, for instance, looked to be within a stone's throw, but was really 16 miles away, and 4,000 feet below the level of the eye.

By this time we had visions and thoughts of lunch, so drove back to the city and booked rooms at the Grand New Hotel, just inside the Jaffa Gate. Everyone has to take rations, which are handed over to the hotel people, who can obtain vegetables, eggs, etc., and manage to serve up very fair meals. The hotel is clean, but, having but recently been re-opened, is rather bare owing to the absence of carpets, etc. Electric light was cut off by the Turks, but will be re-connected shortly. The lounge has been finished, and contains a not unpleasant mixture of eastern and western furniture.

The afternoon was spent on foot visiting

the Church of St. Sepulchre and the Wailing Place of the Jews. As an emporium for gold and silver lamps, I know nothing to beat St. Sepulchre. Were it much less "showy" one might be impressed with the supposed sacredness of the place. I say "supposed," because very little is authentic. Chapels are built to every possible incident in the New Testament story, but always on a traditional site. Everything is covered or obscured by lamps, pictures and marbles. For instance, in the Chapel of the Railing of the Cross, three holes are shown where the crosses stood, also the rent in the rock. The natural rock, however, has been covered with marble, with silver stars inlaid, to indicate the natural holes. The same is the case in the Chapel of the Sepulchre, the rock-tomb is overlaid with thin marble, the walls hung with pictures, and the usual collection of lamps hang from the roof. Apart from the traditions attached to them, some items are very beautiful, showing exquisite workmanship, and, if seen by themselves, would receive much admiration, but the *ensemble* is far too gaudy.

I found it difficult to view anything in the reverent spirit which could be expected amid such surroundings. For the sake of convenience, all manner of scenes have had sites identified in the vicinity; one chapel contains a stone marking the spot where Adam was created. The church is owned by five Christian sects, Roman-Catholics, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, and Copts, who show anything but a Christian spirit towards each other, so much so that the Turkish Government found it necessary to hand the keys to a Moslem, because no one sect could be trusted to allow the others to enter. If a member of one sect attempts to worship in a chapel belonging to one of the others, bloodshed is sure to occur, yet Christianity is said to be the Light of the World.

The Wailing Place of the Jews is a short length of wall, said to be the only remaining portion of Herod's Temple. Every Sabbath, the Jews visit the spot, and with intervals for crying and kissing the stones, recite the Lamentations of Jeremiah. As the Sabbath starts at 6 p.m. on Friday, I was able to witness their devotions.

During the evening rain was inclined to fall, and as the majority of people retire soon after sun-down, there was little object in going

out. I was surprised to see three Bedouin take their places at dinner, and still more surprised to hear them speak fairly good English. They were, of course, dressed in native costume, with all the daring colours which they love. I had but little chance of speaking to them, but discovered that they were refugees from Es Salt in Moab. Later, I was told that they were members of a very wealthy tribe owning large flocks and estates near Salt, and had been educated at one of the European Schools in Jerusalem.

On Saturday morning we motored out to Bethlehem, to see the Church of Nativity. The Church itself is very fine, containing two double rows of marble columns, said to have been taken from the ruins of Herod's Temple. It is more likely, however, that they were part of a temple to Jupiter, built on the same site by the Romans, after the destruction of Jerusalem. Steps on either side of the altar lead to the grotto in which the birth is supposed to have taken place. Every trace of its former appearance has gone. A tiny place containing two altars—one to the birthplace, the other to the manger—with scores of lamps, pictures, tapestries, and marble. To ensure true Christian spirit being shown, the Turks placed an armed guard here and the British have found it necessary to do likewise. The guards' duty is to see that the Greeks do not remove lamps belonging to the Armenians or Latins, and so on. During the Turkish Regime, the Church was only cleaned once a year, and then under the supervision of armed troops. Now, however, the Roman Catholics, who appear to be the most sensible and least fanatical of the five sects, have permission from the Military Governor to sweep the place daily, with drastic threats against anyone who interferes.

The view from Bethlehem, looking towards Jerusalem, is very fine. The Shepherd's village and the Field of Boaz—mentioned in the Book of Ruth, can be seen from here. On the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem can be seen the Hill of Evil Council, Rachael's Tomb and also the Well of the Magi, where the Star of Bethlehem appeared to the three wise men for the second time. A tree is also pointed out on which Judas is said to have hanged himself.

The second afternoon was also spent on foot. The first place visited was said to be the original room in which the Last Supper

was held. As the architecture was of a type that appeared subsequent to the Norman Invasion of England, I was not impressed with the truth of the story. In an adjoining room is shown a replica of King David's sarcophagus. The actual tomb is said to be in the room beneath, but is not on view. With regard to this close proximity of Holy Sites, I will give you a quotation from a short history of Jerusalem I have just read:—"The show places of Jerusalem are innumerable and a large proportion of the sites have been specially selected to suit the convenience of the sect owning the site, and in a smaller measure, the convenience of the pilgrims themselves; for if several 'Holy' places can be shown under one roof, it is pleasanter, and more convenient for everyone concerned. The 'traditional sites' usually owe their origin to the ignorant piety of early pilgrims, who insisted upon having a site for everything."

The old Temple area now has two very fine mosques built on it, the smaller one—the Mosque of Aksa—was originally a Christian Church and contains a beautiful colonnade and mosaic dome. The floor space, nearly an acre in extent, is entirely covered with Turkey carpets. The larger mosque, Kubbat es Sakra, or Dome of the Rock, is built on the actual site of Solomon's Temple. This mosque is the most beautiful I have entered, far surpassing anything in Cairo, where as you know, I have visited every one open to Christians. The building is circular in form, having a mosaic surface, stained glass windows, and quotations from the Koran. (It is a great pity that English handwriting does not lend itself to decorative purposes in the same way that Kufic or Ancient Arabic does.) The interior has a circular row of giant marble columns taken from the ruins of Herod's Temple, within which is a bronze screen enclosing the top of Mount Moriah. Christians, Moslems, and Jews accept Mount Moriah as the place where Abraham prepared to sacrifice Isaac, also that it is the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite, where David offered a sacrifice to save Jerusalem. The altar of burnt offerings in Solomon's Temple stood on the same site. The dome of this mosque is of mosaic gold. Gold, ivory, mother-o'-pearl, and alabaster are used in the mural arabesques.

Before passing out of the Temple area, we stopped to see the golden gate, built on the

site of the one through which Christ passed on Palm Sunday. The present gate has been bricked up by the Moslems, who believed that when Jerusalem was again captured by Christians, the conqueror would enter here. The British troops, however, entered by the Damascus Gate.

The Via Dolorosa is perhaps the most unsatisfactory sight in Jerusalem. With the exception of a short length in the vicinity of the Ecce Homo Arch, the present road is upwards of a dozen feet above the original. The Stations of the Cross pointed out by dragomans are consequently obvious inventions.

Other places visited during the afternoon were the Armenian Convent of Mount Zion, in which the rolling stone of St. Sepulchre is used as an altar, the House of Caiaphas, and the pool of Bethesda, near which is a fine old Crusader Church, erected over the Virgin's Birthplace.

On the following morning the car was again used for a visit to the Garden of Gethsemane, a pretty little spot in the Kideon Valley, the Tomb of the Virgin and the so-called Tomb of Absalom.

We left Jerusalem at two and reached camp about three hours later.

I am not sorry to have had a chance of seeing this City of Traditions, although everything is so unsatisfactory. However, as someone or other says, "Perhaps it is well that the true sites are not known, for the scenes that have been enacted on the supposed sites, by both adherents and enemies of Christianity, make one glad that the true sites have probably not been so desecrated."

The Judean Hills show signs of having been very fertile at one time. They are, or rather were, cultivated on the terrace system, that is to say, low stone walls are built around the hillsides to prevent the water washing away the fertile soil. Turkish mis-rule, however, has caused much neglect, and large tracts of country are now quite barren.

MANY people think they are terribly abused when they are merely getting what is coming to them.

THE difference between a liability and an asset is your wife and the other fellow's.

SOME people love the opera, and some sleep better at home.

The voice of the Rice.

The Spirit of the Santee is crooning to the moon,
The ripened rice-fields beckon to the silvery
All the ripples of the river, [sandy dune;
Of the marsh-lined, sparkling river,
Are awake and in a quiver,
As on every breeze you hear
Of the promise of the year—
Mother Earth from out the river
Is a generous, loving giver;
And the yellow grain grows white
And the harvest moon grows bright,
And Love and Life are one again in tune,
For the Spirit of the Santee is crooning to the moon.

To the Reader.

Most poets sing about their deeds,
In joy or lamentation,
And never give the one who reads
The least consideration.
But I am different perforce,
And am not one who spurns you;
I much prefer to here discourse
On you and what concerns you.
I wonder how you think and feel?
What now you're thinking, feeling?
If our two souls could e'er appeal?
If now they are appealing?
Perhaps you are misunderstood?
Unhappy? Then, I greet you!
Perhaps you're good, but not too good?
Well, say! I'd like to meet you!

Autobiography of a Waac.

To be sung to the tune of "We are but little children weak."

We are but little Waac girls meek!
We do not earn very much a week;
The more we do the more we may,
It makes no difference to our pay.
We struggle onward through the day,
Giving smiles as sweet as hay.
Our N.C.O.'s are not too bad,
In fact better pals we've never had.
When we hear the order "Company 'Shun"!
We know it's only for duration,
So we pull up smart and fire away;
And that's "The end of a Perfect Day."

BY ONE OF EXPERIENCE.

Ward Notes.

F.1.

A number of very important appointments have been made in F.1 just recently, including Professor King as O.C. Gramophone, Georgie as O.C. Tea, and Foreman O.C. Flowers. We understand that the Professor salvaged the gramophone from one of the R.E. dumps "over there."

Our kitchen staff desire to express regret for the scarcity of fish on Friday, the 19th inst. Both fishing experts were away on week-end leave, and a shortage was inevitable. We want more "tiddler brats."

Brigg's famous troupe of Glee Singers gave a fine entertainment about two weeks ago, the leader being in particularly good form. Jock is very "Keen," and will no doubt be able to make a good living as a professional if he can only get a little practice and—a barrel-organ.

Hush! Strawberry jam for supper! We certainly must be winning.

Why was Fish so anxious to know what time the lady would arrive on Thursday? He certainly did "get off" alright.

Another of our happy family has headed for Canada, and another little drink (in Ontario) won't do Gilbert any harm.

A certain verandah patient probably finds his visits to the operating room rather monotonous. Still it's nice to get back to the dakins treatment, no more brilliantine or scent being required.

G.1.

We are very glad to see Sister Park back in the ward once more. Her holiday certainly appears to have agreed with her immensely. Hoots, Mon! there's Ayre in Scotland.

Things we should like to know—

If "Mac" has decided to soldier at last and whether his assortment of "butts" has increased.

When "Slim" will get his degree?

If "Pick" is not "on thorns" just now.

If our two "M.D.'s" on the dressing carriage—no! it does not mean mentally deficient—are as great in skill as in size?

If it's a Canadian "stunt" to attempt paddling a rowing boat with one oar up stream. Perhaps one of our Sisters can help us out.

G.2.

We are very sorry to state that we have lost our M.O. (Capt. White). At the same time we heartily welcome Capt. Ross, M.C., as our new M.O. We sincerely hope his stay will be as long, if not longer than that of our late M.O.

Our heartiest wishes are extended to Capt. White in his new position. Changes have also been made in our Night Staff. We have lost Sister Morrison, but have "found" Sister Parker.

While writing these few lines, we would like to point out to those whom it might interest that brogue shoes are *not* the fashion for wet evenings. It might be a Scottish custom, but not English.

Our wonderful rat trap having proved a failure as regards rats, we have now turned our attention to catching hedgehogs.

Things we want to know—

What is the idea of the pink shirt? Eh! Powell?
What is the true yarn about the 30 cows? Or was it really a dream?

Why is "Raspberry" looking forward to Wednesday? And will he get a lemon?

How many stars in the Yankee Flag, Nevens?

Who are the two young fellows who escorted the young damsels home from school one Sunday? Where did Jimmy see them?

Who has "foments" out of a tea cup? Is he sorry he had to leave?

Who said fish? And how many kippers can be eaten for any one meal?

What is the attraction at a certain Dance Hall in this

vicinity? Are they all after one? Who really is the lucky one? If the Sgt. is really making out the "Breakfast" invitations yet? If not, when?

What is "Raspberry's" favourite color? Is it cerise? Who really did see the Kiltie?

Who is the soprano who gave out K.S. at a concert the other day? And why did Jimmy laugh?

Who prefers C.B. to skating, and why doesn't he wear his crosses?

H.1.

We are indebted to our Sisters for a very pleasant Whist Drive on Friday evening. The game was enjoyed by all. Both first and second prizes were won by "Aussy" bed patients. The booby prize caused vast amusement, typically Scotch, being in fact bagpipes. The fortunate, or rather unfortunate, winner was in danger of his life from boots, etc., from an unappreciative audience, which did not think music had charms.

We hope Andrews will have a good time in Manchester, and remember that his medicine is to be taken once a day only.

One of our patients had a pass to Monday night, but failed to notice this fact on his pass and caused amusement by coming in on Sunday night. Oh, Bignell!

Is it true that the same patient after a good tea at an outing made a request for cold potatoes? And mustn't Warren have been thirsty, but why leave your name and address?

A lady friend of one of our kitchen staff is rumoured to be adopting the American style of hairdressing. Why? Ask Forrestal.

Does Best come from Salt Lake City?

J.1.

Why does our "Guardsmen" prefer t'owd pipe? He has another.

NOTED.—That the kitchen staff has now a "Forman." What think ye of "Lunnon Town," Tad? Tres bon, eh?

Our gramophone being temporarily indisposed we are favoured by mouth organ recitals, tunefully rendered by friend Grieg.

Does our "diplomatic" Sgt. and his adjacent chum really know some funny jokes, and why keep the laughs for themselves?

WANTED.—A supply of matches. Tenders invited immediately. "JAY ONE."

J.2.

We regret the illness of Capt. Wiswell, whose thorough work on our behalf we keenly appreciate. May he recover in due course is our earnest wish.

We welcome our new Sister (Sister King), assuring her of our good will towards her.

At last our 1914 champion has left us, having first impressed upon our Australian friends the great importance of this 1914 feat and his participation thereof. High Wycombe will now be inflicted with this 1914 stuff, documentary evidence as well.

The 'buckshee' crown has been transferred to another now. Taffy gave up the ghost to his successor. Was it three dinners and puddings?

'Taffy' makes a very effective performer upon the gramophone, his native humour and taste to the fore.

What was the burning topic which interested our cavalryman and the lady, has he pooled the fair one's anecdotes?

Who was it that dodged the 'breach of promise' by a narrow margin, and who was his legal adviser?

Why does 'Towny' travel Cookham way, is the brand of hops better there than Burnham?

How did they manage to get in the medicine cupboard, and did Sergt. B—— have to put his dainty 9-5 to the door to prevent the brute escaping, whilst our charge-de-affairs, prepared the morning tots?

Who put the notice "No Matches" in the Night Sister's work basket at the Concert Party?

K.1.

We are sorry to lose three of our patients who are leaving us for Canada. Good luck boys, we wish you all a safe journey.

It has come to our notice that this ward is noted for its lending propensities. Wish we could get some of the goods back that has been borrowed!

The boys were surprised to notice that their gramophone had gone on leave for repairs, but it has been very quiet since. We should like to know the reason.

Cheer up, Young! You are not too old, as you know. We miss you at 5.30 now, singing and turning the boys out of bed.

K.2.

The Criminal Investigation Department report seeing a patient walking in "Staite" to Windsor. Is it a serious case?

Things we want to know—

Why is the house game na pooh? The chucker-out was certainly a good shouter.

Why is it that our mutual acquaintance, the Gunner, only pays visits to the Ward once a week? Is it that his heart brings him to the old "boys," or is it the buckshee spreads on Sunday afternoon?

Some marvellous streak of luck seems to be dogging the footsteps of our friends, W—— and McG. Why not try another escapade?

Have the farmers had enough rain yet ???

What K.1 thinks about our gramophone?

——— !!!? By our Orderly.

Songs by Famous Celebrities—

"And we 'Wardle' all day," by the Orderly.

"Take me back to dear old Leeds," by P——r.

"God send you back to me," by T——e.

"When we come home, dear," by the Kitchen Staff.

"I'd love to be a sailor," by Peter D——n.

"There's no place like High Wycombe," by McG——r.

"You left me like a broken doll," by H——n.

"Love, I am lonely," by the Gnr.

"England, home and beauty," by I——e.

ALEX. 1.

During the past week we have lost two or three "Aussies" for another destination, and ere these notes appear in print some of the older hands will have left us. Wherever they may find themselves, we wish them the best of luck, always hoping, of course, that they will not forget the very thorough "swinging" lessons they received whilst in our midst, and that sooner or later they will receive that "bit of paper" they have striven so hard to obtain.

It is pretty evident that our Soldier Serg. K. (1914 to you mate), is visiting Bourne End and the near vicinity too much of late. He is certainly going the pace and has recently been put on egg and stout. Pull yourself together, Sergeant, if only for the honour of the Royal Irish Rifles.

The army does some wonderful things and treats people in various ways. Some it breaks, others it makes (more the former). Paddy, however, is optimistic to a degree, and says the only thing it cannot do is to take away his "Military appearance." All we can say in response is—"Thank the Lord we've got a Navy!"

Capt. Ross has now left us for G.1. Our loss will be their gain, and wherever he might go we shall always have pleasant recollections of his stay with us. He is succeeded by Capt. McCartney.

We are also pleased to welcome Sister Hallacy, who looks nice and is nice. Our only hope, therefore, is that she will have a long stay.

Things we want to know—

If four days' pay and 14 days' hospital privileges stopped was worth the buckshee days at home? Ask Dad!

When is our "silent navy" going to pay on 16's, and will it be anything to "brag" about when they do? "Pontoons only, gentlemen" is getting rather monotonous.

What is the scarcest thing in India? Ask Downing.

Whether the O.C. dressing Carriage would like his young lady at home to know that he is in the habit of taking his great coat with him everywhere he goes these days?
Which is the most painful, a "Boyle" working about, or a "boil" on the arm?

ALEX. 2.

We are very glad to announce that the O.C. tea and sugar is going on his week-end. We sincerely hope that things will not fetch him back before time.

Our old friend Sewell had a week-end and he made it a fortnight-end.

Everybody welcomes back our old friend Lavercombe, one of the old firm, but he never stops with us too long.
Who is the man that does not like to see his name in the STAND EASY?

We have got rid of our fighting-man, the "Texas Guy."

Our handy-man is working very hard just lately, we believe he has got the wind of something coming off soon.

Why was it that our old friend Darkey kept on turning up that dose?

WANTED.—An O.C. for our gramophone.

ONTARIO 1.

We regret to report that once again burglars have visited us. This time finding no fountain pens, cap buttons, watches, matches, etc., they visited the kitchen, and having made merry with the Sister's fruit salad, got well away. We, however, see a silver lining to even this dark cloud, as we think it was a compliment to our Sister's salad. But! Who was it?

We wonder if Bill likes his new position in the ward. But we do not think he should gamble with crockery. What goes up, comes down, and cups are very expensive now.

Who were the two boys who last Thursday put on rubber boots, sou' westers, and oilskins to take the two Dollys for a picnic in the woods? It might be advisable on the next trip to take lifebouys with them. Really it was too bad of the storm to upset the apple-cart.

Who were the two "Guys" who spent the evening sitting under the tree in the Gasworks fields, and why did the rain come extra heavy when the party was increased to three and a lady's bike?

We are glad to say that Brother Glaisher is now able to get up and move around in the bath-chair. We presume he has heard that there are passes to Maidenhead and other things and shall soon see him galloping down the road in that direction.

We were honoured this week-end by a visit from the Ex-Mayor of Caversham, who took a very great interest in the baseball match. He informed us that he is shortly joining the new and popular profession. He carries with him our very best wishes.

ONTARIO 2.

Who is the man that gets his "Irish" up so quick?
The O.C. of both houses nearly got it too.

What ails Capt. Kittle that he cannot get up in the morning? Try the simple life, old boy.

The boys were sorry to part with Sister McDonald. But we wish her well and hope her good service over the channel will be as well appreciated as they were in Ont. 2. God speed her on her new appointment.

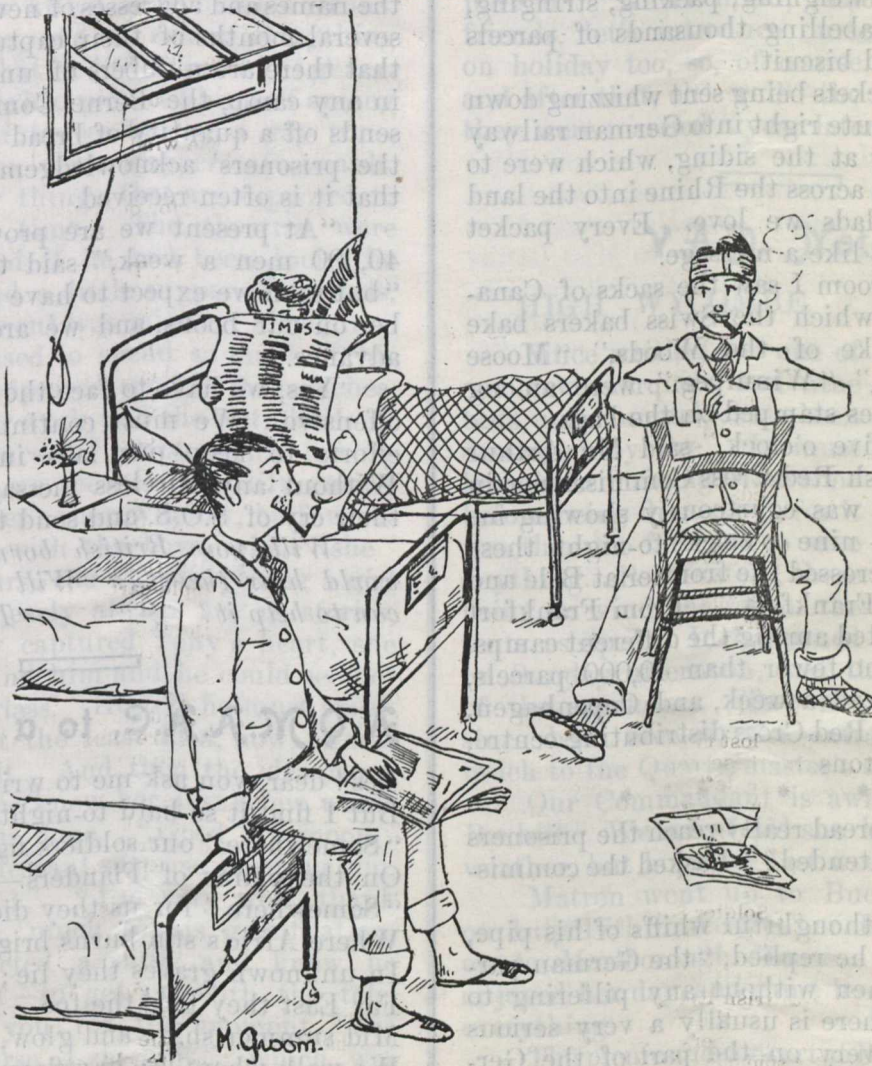
LOST—A gramophone. Anyone finding same will be handsomely rewarded by our Night Sister.

YUKON WARDS.

We wish a 'bon voyage' and good luck to Capt. Atkinson, and to the boys who have left us for Canada.

Anybody with "buckshee" grub please send it to the occupants of 8 and 9 beds who are possessed of appetites like ostriches.

Why did our "Sammy" go mad when he received a letter. Has she given you the bird?



FIRST TOMMY—"What's the trouble, mate?"
 SECOND TOMMY (he of the wounded head)—"Well, it's like this 'ere—
 when I was a kid I 'ad a pet monkey an' it died, an' when I looks
 at your face it brings a lump to my throat!"

Prison Bread.

From F. SEFTON DELMER.

I stood to-day in the third story of a great factory in Berne, where the bread was being packed that is saving the lives of our British prisoners in Germany.

I saw a host of deft hands, many of them volunteers, busy weighing, packing, stringing, addressing and labelling thousands of parcels of bread and hard biscuit.

I saw the packets being sent whizzing down a long wooden chute right into German railway wagons, standing at the siding, which were to carry the packets across the Rhine into the land we hate to the lads we love. Every packet as it whizzed was like a message.

In another room I saw the sacks of Canadian flour from which the Swiss bakers bake the bread. "Lake of the Woods," "Moose Jaw," "Toronto," "Winnipeg," were among the familiar names stamped on the bags.

"It is now five o'clock," said Mr. Arthur Mayne, the British Red Cross Commissioner in Switzerland, who was courteously showing me round, "and by nine o'clock to-night these loaves will have crossed the frontier at Bâle and be on the way to Frankfort." From Frankfort they are distributed among the different camps. Berne sends off no fewer than 40,000 parcels, or 80 tons of bread a week, and Copenhagen, the other British Red Cross distributing centre, also sends many tons.

* * * * *

"Does this bread really reach the prisoners for whom it is intended?" I asked the commissioner.

After a few thoughtful whiffs of his pipe, "On the whole," he replied, "the German parcels reach our men without any pilfering to speak of. But there is usually a very serious delay in the delivery on the part of the Germans. The bread parcels take on an average three weeks from the time they cross the frontier to reach the addresses. In some cases the bread has been from four to six months on the way, and when it at last arrives, sometimes tons at a time, it is green with mould and quite useless."

Most touching were the slender messages permitted as "remarks" on the hundreds of thousands of cards in acknowledgement of the bread that I subsequently saw. Here are some examples:—

"Bread landed here was mildewed and

green as a shamrock"—evidently from an Irishman.

"Beg to acknowledge receipt of bread. Arrived in a very German condition."

"Bread all right, but for heaven's sake send a ticket for Blighty."

It must be remembered that neither Berne nor Copenhagen has hitherto managed to get the names and addresses of new prisoners within several months of their capture. On learning that there are numbers of unnotified prisoners in any camp, the Berne Commissioner at once sends off a quantity of bread in bulk, and from the prisoners' acknowledgements it is known that it is often received.

"At present we are providing for nearly 40,000 men a week," said the commissioner, "but soon we expect to have double that number on our books, and we are taking steps in advance."

Yes, we have to face the facts of the new offensive. We must continue to extend our efforts to keep our lads in Germany alive. Without any wireless message we must hear their cry of S.O.S. and send them daily bread.

Will you British born throughout the world hear the cry? Will you do what you can to help it?

The Daily Mail.

A Q.M.A.A.C. to a Q.M.A.A.C.

Yes! dear, you ask me to write,
But I find it so hard to-night,
"Somewhere" our soldiers fight
On the plains of Flanders—the banks of the
"Somewhere" for us they die! [Marne—
Where Afric's sun burns bright
In unknown graves they lie;
Far East they face the foe.
Mid summer shine and glow,
We walk where the gay flowers blow,
When the world laugh, bathed in light;
But "somewhere" our dear ones fight,
And my heart is with them to-night! c.

THE EASIEST WAY.

BRIDE—"Don't you think that a woman can be happy if she will just believe everything her husband tells her?"

WIFE—"Yes, and doesn't tell him everything that she believes."

Old Acquaintances (?)

Tony was fed up, absolutely fed up, in fact he wasn't sure that the phrase aptly described his feelings, they were worse than that if anything. And yet he had been looking forward to this period for two long and weary years, the ten days' leave which a good soldier gets, after he has killed innumerable Huns. Well here he was, and of course everything was different to what he had expected, it generally is anyway. He had pictured himself among a crowd of acquaintances having a gay time, doing the theatres, little suppers afterwards, and all the other things that are supposed to go with a good time. The theatres were certainly here, and if he had been lucky he may have managed a little supper afterwards, but the main element was missing, his chums. All the pals he used to spend so much of his time with had disappeared, some in the trenches, others away on war work, and the rest, the Lord knows where; hence the reason of his fed up feeling. And so we see him moodily gazing into a photographer's shop window, half wishing he was back with the boys, when "she" appeared. Of course she was everything a girl should be, they nearly always are in stories, and she instantly captured Tony's heart, she was standing behind him and he could see her reflection in the glass. He felt he must speak to her, but hadn't the least idea, how he was going to manage it. And then the idea came, why not pretend he knew her, just a few words and the thing was done. "Good afternoon," said he, "what a pleasant surprise, meeting you, how ever are you?" "I'm very well, thank you," she replied, much to his gratification, for he had expected a snub, and knew he deserved one, but—to get on with the tale. "I didn't know you for the moment," she said, "but, of course, I do now"; which was rather surprising, when you come to consider the fact that they'd never met before. "Of course you do," said Tony. This was turning out great and he was very pleased with himself, but he hardly knew what to say next. After a long silence he managed to blurt out, "may I accompany you a little way?" "I shall be pleased," said the girl, "it's such a long time since I saw you last, isn't it?" "Ages," replied Tony truthfully, "how are the rest of the folk?" The girl looked at him rather strangely for a minute, and then said

with a laugh, "oh, please don't pretend any longer, you don't know me at all, do you?" Tony was a little crestfallen, but was honest enough to admit it. "I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I was so lonely, and when I saw you I really had to speak to you." The girl blushed a delightful colour, Tony's way of speaking was rather direct, but she wasn't displeased. "Never mind," said she, "we'll be friends, let's introduce ourselves." She was on holiday too, so, of course, they met again, and after that, oh! well—the same old story—they were married a year later. F.R.

V.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

Since writing last one of our new marquees and nine beds, unfortunately, have been destroyed by fire. It must have been burning some time before being discovered, for it was then too far gone to save anything. Fortunately, there being no wind, the rest of the tents escaped. It happened on Sunday afternoon, and the Vicar was one of the spectators. Two new marquees have since been erected, the extra one for stores, much to the Quartermaster's satisfaction.

Our Commandant is away on holiday at Bexhill. We are afraid she has had wretched weather, but hope her last week will be better.

Matron went up to Buckingham Palace on July 17th to receive her R.R.C., and then on to Marlborough House. She thoroughly enjoyed her day, and came home charmed with everything.

The picnic and concert at Burnham Beeches, given by the munition girls of the Croydon Aviation Works, Wycombe, to 50 of our boys, was great—everything top hole, according to report. A treat the boys will not forget.

We are once again indebted to Mr. Roland Green for a welcome gift of stationery.

Our thanks to Nurse Wales for the nice little concert she arranged. Miss Hunt, from Australia, was a host in herself—singing, reciting and playing, being ably supported by three patients, Gr. Robertson (in good voice), Pte. Edwards (violin) and Gr. Main (at the piano),



while Gr. Thoroughgood, R.F.A. (baritone), was a great treat, and we hope he will soon pay us another visit.

We are very glad to report that cricket is coming to the fore and matches arranged. Best thanks to Mrs. Holt Thomas for bat and gloves, and also to Sister Brookhouse for pads.

This week more of our old friends have left us, Shoemith, Coleman and Power amongst them. We wish them luck.

The prize winners at the Whist Drive on July 9th, were: Ladies—Miss Line and Miss K. Turner, gents—Phillips, Spence, Clarke and Main. Our best thanks to Miss Harris and Miss Milner for giving the prizes, also to Miss Banks and Miss Line for the following week's prizes, when the winners were: Ladies—Mrs. Gardner and Miss Cowell, gents—Lawrence, "Titch," Pope and Lewis.

Once again we have to record the departure to duty of several of our old hands, to each and every one of whom we extend our best wishes for their future good luck, and trust that it won't be their lot to cross the flowing water again.

Our old retailer of "sweets" is back amongst us once more, let us hope she has a little more luck than her late partner, or we fear they will have to close down that arm of the establishment, or continue it at a loss.

Some of our much esteemed Nurses are back amongst us again, but, oh, here! where have the "steps" gone to? Quick! they are urgently needed.

Those rubber heels seem to be a long time coming along, perhaps it is the Quarter has even forgot to place the order for same, for stump, stump, stump, is a very good remedy for nervous debility.

Things we would like to know—

Who is the man who shuns his bed mates and tells his lady friends that he wouldn't be seen in their company, because they are not very "infra dig," don't you know?

When is the rehearsal going to take place, that is composed of patients in Ward 8? See what the next concert does.

Why all those fresh performances with the hall clock? We all thought it was for giving the correct time for the guidance of the boys, and not a Morse code machine, like it is usually turned into.

How many "tots" of port does it take to give a bed patient a fathead for a couple of days? Wouldn't it have been more to his liking to have been able to share it amongst his pals?

Whether Charlie has really gone home or not? Anyway, we hope he is still carrying on with the good work, but how much for the next pair of shoes?

Who is the patient who has got three suits under his kip and uses one for Whist Drives, one for Bourne End, and one for square pushing?

Which school a certain person went to, who spells oblige *oblidge* when putting up notices concerning Whist Drives? Ask O.C. Milk Puddings.

Who is the man who made false statements about a "Yorkshireman" whose native place is Lincoln?

What would Somers do if someone was to pinch his gloves? Wear socks?

MAIDENHEAD.

The hospital is not very full now, many patients home from the last "push" having gained their health and strength and gone away again, so the hospital has now adequate room for those who may be arriving from the present "stunts."

Those who do remain seem to be having a rather anxious time, the password through the hospital being "Everybody's catching it," and when asked what, the answer is "Why, the flu." This new epidemic has got a hold on the hospital, especially down the Waldron Ward, no less than fifteen of the patients there are down with it. Of course, we have been having some flu(idy) weather lately, so perhaps we need not wonder why this unpleasant illness has come to grips with us.

The Whist Drive report of Tuesday last is practically the same as previous weeks. Thanks are due to Nurse Salamanson for the arrangements for the game, which was highly appreciated by all. Again the "honours" of the game came to the Institute, Upper Ward securing the first prize.

Oh! only to get to sleep at lights out! But Gnr. Ranson, of the Upper Wards, is very interesting with his after-dark narratives, and we think that to forfeit a few hours sleep to listen to his army life thrills is quite worth it,

although we think the occurrence should not be every night, because we sometimes get as "cold as ice" with his thrills.

Quite a new feature of the week! We are in possession of a Dramatic Society, under the personal supervision of Rflmn. Peach, a born actor and tragedian. His latest drama depicted the trials of a raw recruit, from his first stages in the army until the time he was wounded. The rehearsal was acted in the marquee at the rear of the hospital, and proved to be pretty successful until the hero (Peach) was wounded and asked for water. Some bright individual must have taken Peach for a whale, and instead of giving him a cup to drink out of accidentally emptied a fire bucket over the hero's head. This, of course, brought things to an unpleasant close, but we are glad to hear that "Humanity" is the next of our tragedian's dramas. We hope it will be a little more successful than his other.

We have a French linguist in the Upper Ward and every morning, upon waking, one finds him exchanging compliments in French with everybody. We would like to know how he obtained his knowledge of French. Some say he must have kept good company with a mademoiselle over the other side. This sounds very probable seeing he was an associate of the Labour Corps.

Things we would like to know—

Who is the nurse who thought the clothes bin was on fire, but found out later that it was only a teasing patient blowing smoke through one of the holes behind the bin?

Who are the crack billiard players who threw out a challenge to a trio of N.C.O.'s, and after coming away from the match, beaten to the world, felt as if weeks of practice would do them good before throwing out another "chested" challenge? O dear, Odell! "Dow'n't thou "Carey" on, you should "Rushforth" in "Style"(s), like you did in "France"(is), when you have practiced more.

Who is the patient in possession of a miniature Covent Garden, and will the flow of garden peas still continue?

Who was the patient seen walking along with those notorious characters, Trench-mortar A— and Whizz-bang K—? Have a care, ye luggard!

What is flash Harry going to do with his rabbits? Is he going to start a rabbit farm in the Drill Hall?

Sports, Amusements, &c.

BASEBALL

(By Horse-Hide).

SEAFORD v. ASTORIAS.

On Saturday, July 20th, Seaford visited the home club to play two games.

The first game was won by the Astorias by the score of 5—4, after an exciting exhibition of baseball, lasting ten innings. The home crew's batting was a feature, Maddock's getting five hits out of five times up lead in this respect. The Astorias showed more "pep" all through the game than they have for some time. Capt. Washburn, doing the twirling, was in superb form, going the entire ten innings and finishing strong, while "Barney," who was his battery mate, played the best game he ever has since becoming an Astoria. If talking to his pitcher helped, "Barney" was sure some help.

The game was witnessed by a very large crowd, who expressed their satisfaction time and again in the form of loud and long applause.

The Astoria team as a whole played better ball than has been exhibited on the local diamond this year, and if the standard of Saturday's play is kept up the team should have little difficulty in winning consistently throughout the season.

The Astorias dropped the second, or, at least, threw it away, by allowing a couple of flies to drop safe in the "gardens," coupled with three "wild heavies," giving the visitors a total of four runs.

Maddocks was again the man with the "big stick," connecting for four hits in five times up. The fielding was not up to the same high standard as the first game, although, but for the few errors, the team played well, and should have registered a win.

Murphy started in the box for the Astorias and pitched a nice ball for five innings, when he was relieved by Stanley, who had some trouble at first in finding the plate, but when he did he worked in top form.

Stanley, of course, was working under a great handicap, owing to the wound in his pitching hand, and his battery mate also had a bad hand as well as stopping a fast ball with his head, which put him out for a few minutes, but he came right back as full of "pep" as ever.

The team at present is somewhat weakened, as Capt. Washburn is suffering from "Charlie

Horse," Bob Peacock in with pleurisy, Pete Conway hasn't had a uniform on since July 1st owing to injuries sustained in the game, and Nolan having to go to bed to undergo an operation, but still the boys give a good account of themselves in all games.

It is reported that some games have been arranged for next week here, so some exciting times should be seen on the local diamond, which has been the scene of many hard fought games in the past.

Comments on the Game—

Bob Stanley was hitting in hard luck, knocking the ball right at them.

Maddocks was hitting a "million," getting eight hits in nine times up.

Capt. Washburn showed the sceptical ones that the old wing is good for more than nine innings.

The officers' chances in the Inter-Dept. League have risen somewhat since "Washy's" performance on Saturday.

"Barney" was hitting in hard luck in the first game, but came back strong in the second. How's the "bean," "Barney"?

Murphy displayed good stuff for the five innings he "twirled."

Bob was pitching nice, once he got warmed up the opposition couldn't connect safely at all.

"Shorty" Green played good and hit nicely.

Verral worked more smoothly than ever at second, and connected for a few hits.

McNabb showed a decided improvement over his last performance.

"Barney" marked better and showed more "pep" behind the bat than he has ever exhibited here before. Keep it up, "Barney"!

To some of the rooters—

Throw away your hammer and carry a horn. Be a "booster," not a "knocker"!

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

The most hearty thanks of the boys are tendered to the following ladies and gentlemen for their kind hospitality since our last issue:—Lady Boston, Mrs. Astor, Mr. Schuster, Mr. Cunliffe Owen, Miss Bixley, Mrs. Derlacher (Marlow), Mrs. H. Walker, Lady Parsons, Mr. Olivier, Messrs. Spindler & Sons, Proprietor of Maidenhead Picture Palace, Mrs. Howard Vyse (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Lewishon, Mrs. C. M. Pearce, Proprietor of Maidenhead Skating Rink, Mrs.

Harvey du Cros, Mrs. Lyonel Clarke, Mr. J. G. S. Woods (Burnham), Mrs. de Lothbiniere, Mrs. West Neve, Mr. Basil Johnson, Baroness de Teissier, Lady de Bunsen, Countess Temple, Messrs. Broom & Wade, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Bird Aurncroft, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Rathbone, Lady Ramsden, Dr. Saeur, Mrs. Joicey, Mrs. Trehearne, Mr. Wagg, Mrs. John McNeel, and Mrs. Hawker. Great enjoyment was also afforded by visits to the State Apartments and Royal Farms (Windsor).

CONCERTS, &c.

The thanks of all are due to those ladies and gentlemen who were responsible for the provision of the following high-class entertainment during the past fortnight:—Pictures in the Recreation Hall, Special Canadian Pictures, Miss Lena Ashwell's Concert Party, American Band, Mr. Victor Beigel's Concert Party.

The Cry.

I'm just a gunner and, feeds the breech

With shells, that shriek and moan.

Yes, just a gunner, but sticks like a leech

To the guns—but I'm not alone!

There's thousands of others over here

Doing the same as I;

And its boom! boom! boom! to the finish,

Till one, or all of us die!

At night the sky is firey red

With the flash of guns as they roar;

At morn the dawn is blotted out,

The earth shakes to the core.

From the heavies down to the mortars,

This is the gunners' cry—

"It's boom! boom! boom! to the finish,

Till one, or all of us die!"

The arch fiend sat on his royal throne,

Far off in Old Berlin,

His hands were red, with babe's bloodshed

His heart was black with sin.

Into his room there came his doom,

He heard, with a shudder, our cry—

"It's boom! boom! boom! to the finish,

Till one, or all of us die!"

GR. LLOYD S. KING, C.F.A.

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