

VOL. I., No. 22.

APRIL 20TH, 1918.

“

Stand

Easy”

Chronicles
of

Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

THREEPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Above extract, from an Officer's letter,
needs no comment.

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A few Abdulla Calendars left. These make a delightful gift, as the pictures can be afterwards framed or used on screens. Price—1/4 each, ready packed for posting. Every copy sold benefits the Red Cross.

RICHARD HOPE,
THE Smokers' Specialist, :: Maidenhead.

Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 22.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20TH, 1918.

THREEPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... MAJOR J. D. MORGAN.
EDITORIAL STAFF ... {GNR. A. S. BARTLETT.
... {A./SERGT. BAKER.

The Food Problem.

Gnr. Lloyd King (of E Ward) it is reported, is to be awarded the decoration of the Y.M.C.A. by Lord Rhondda. It is said that his new method of catching rabbits is marvellous, to say the least. He states that all one has to do is to procure some Scotch snuff, go out in the woods and place some on a good-sized flat rock. The rabbit, being an inquisitive animal, will go and take a smell, the result being—the rabbit, upon sneezing, will bring his nose into contact with the rock with great force. Exit rabbit from his usual haunts. All the U-boats of Germany can't scare us now. The food problem is solved.

War Worries.

Patriotic songs. Ditto dramas.
Conscientious objectors.
Government ale.
"In-aid-of" bazaars and concerts.
Amateur tableaux.
Jokes about "a better 'ole."
"Win-the-War" speeches.
Ditto leading articles.

A little "Scotch."

"Eh, Donal, and hoo are ye?" "Weel."
"That's guid." "Not sae good eyther."
"Hoos that?" "I marrit a bad wife."
"That's bad." "Not sae bad eyther."
"Hoos that?" "She had a wheen of sheep."
"No sae bad that." "Ay, but they had the rot."
"That's bad." "Not sae bad eyther."
"Hoos that?" "I selt them and bought a hoose."
"That's guid." "Not sae guid eyther."
"Hoos that?" "The hoose was burnt."
"That's bad." "No sae bad eyther."
"Hoos that?" "She was in it!"

The Little Grey Pails have No Rest.

(Tune—"The Little Grey Home in the West.")

There's a job in this place which, I fear,
Must be done every day in the year;
It don't sound up to much,
But it's importance is such
That it can't be neglected, not here!
Oh! it's "sniping" from morn until night,
Till the fag-ends are all out of sight,
Though the work may be easy,
Those that do it aren't lazy,
They are doing their duty all right.

The "sniping squad" always look smart,
As, at eight in the morning, they start
To search hill and dale,
Each with his grey pail,
And the joy of the chase in his heart!
Oh, it's "sniping" and "sniping" like h—,
Picking up bits of paper as well,
Should they seem to shirk,
The Sergeant yells—"Work!"
Using very strong language as well.

A.S.B.

No "Red Tape" Here, or HOW IT'S DONE "SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND."

I.

From 232323, Sgt. X. to O.C. Apr. 1st, 1918.

Sir,—I have the honour to report that I have received no By-Products at the Containers from Ward Y. for two days.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

232323, Sgt. X.

II.

From Adjutant to M.O. i/c Ward Y.

Reference minute I.

Why, please? —, Capt. Adjutant.

III.

From M.O. i/c Ward Y. to Adjutant.

Reference minute II.

Everything eaten up.

—, Capt., M.O. i/c Ward Y.

Santy Clause's Wife.

"Say, Elise, do you know Roland?"

"Roland who? Be more precise, please."

"Roll and butter, yah, got yer honey."

"Oh, how feeble. Have you seen the hoe?"

"What hoe?"

"She bumps—now we're square."

"Oh, mean! I don't know all your weird places in England."

"How should you? I don't know any of your weird places in Canada. Anyway, do you know Lena?"

"Lena?"

"Lean agin me."

"Oh, stop, Angus, we can be just as funny if we want to, you know."

"Oh no you can't, you can't put one original over me."

Elise thought hard; she had England's reputation for fun to uphold. In despair she laughed out at him, "Do you know Isaac?"

"No, no," doubtfully.

"I sick, get a doctor!"

"Hah, ain't that awful; any more?"

"No, I can't think of anything else."

"Well, here's one for you. Do you know Michael?"

"Michael who?" amiably.

"My calling card. Wow, wow!"

"Help, help!"

"Oo was saying 'elp? Can I not 'elp, m'selle?"

"Oui, m'sieu, you can. Please drown Canada there, he's boring me" (this very non-chalantly).

"Boring how? you say boring. Was m'sieu Canada rude to m'selle?" (very fiercely).

"He only pulled my leg."

Horrorstruck, M'sieu Alphonse looked fiercely at Angus. Anyone even mentioning a lady's leg in France—

"Say, now don't let that cut any ice with you, Frenchy, she's only jollying you."

"Joli, jolliing; what's that? Moi je ne comprends pas. Pretty? Oui, mon dieu, she's pretty," and M'sieu Alphonse bowed deeply from the waist to Elise. Elise flushed. She never could get used to the Frenchman's suave politeness; she understood the Canadian's "jolly-ing" better.

The guns boomed continually throughout their banter, a veritable danse Macabre, with a leit motif of light comedy running as a golden

thread in the warp and woof of sinister sound.

Elise shook the little straying curls back from her eyes as she listened and gave back light answer to light banter.

"Meet me to-night at the same spot," whispered Angus, flicking the last crumbs off his kilt, while the Frenchman strolled away.

"No, no, I can't," she answered back.

"You know we've had quite a penny lecture about our meeting outside on off hours, and I'm going to do as I'm told for the sake of all the others. They say we women have no esprit de corps! I'm going to try and help show them we have, if I can."

"Phew, what a long speech; and so our meetings are off?"

"'Fraid so," she answered, airily.

"'Fraid," huffily. "You don't care or you'd come."

"Would I? Well, I'm cultivating "esprit," so can't—Santy Claus."

"Why Santy Claus? You've called me that twice lately; the other day when I had to rush off, and now."

"Oh, I'll tell you some day. Cut off now, I'm on duty."

"What was that darned Frenchman doing here again, anyway? He's always coming here at this time."

"So do the others. He has a right to, you know."

"All right, don't rub it in. Don't you think we could have just one little time alone?" (persuasively).

"Not till this show's over, anyway."

"Perhaps I shall get killed."

"Now who's mean?"

"Oh, all right, I am," and Angus flung out of the building, enraged with the girl he loved, the world at large, and Frenchmen in particular.

Elise looked sadly after him. The war was really a hard taskmaster. But the Com-mandant had raised every bit of latent enthusiasm she had in her anatomy to maintain discipline, and everything must go by the board. She was going to help to make the quaint name of W.A.A.C. resound throughout the world as a definite standard of honour and chivalry among women. If Angus really loved her—but she was not afraid of that.

But the fates were not working for her, and the fact that she was waylaid by Alphonse on her off hours until she had positively to

snub him rendered her very uneasy, especially as Angus now never came to the canteen during her hours. But, to the outsiders, she was gayer than ever, and had a new quip for the war-worn men as they came in, and many a stain-frozen face found softer lines during the time they spent in the canteen. "Little Elise" became synonymous with brightness, kindness and helpfulness. But it didn't ease the gathering sorrow in Elise's heart. Angus' kilt didn't swing around the entrance door, though many of that colour came through, as the downcast eyes perceived.

Finally, the ache in her heart began to take fright. Was it because he wasn't there to come any more? Only two days before one of the other girls had seen him, and common sense tried to still the beating pulse. She put a few tentative questions to his comrades. No, they had not seen him since Friday, and this was Monday. What then?—she would swallow her pride and write. A few days more passed, with no response to her note. At last it came, just a scrawl from Le Touquet. The message was: "Have been gassed, but shall soon be alright; it's only very slight, and am coming back in a few days' time. Why Santy Claus? I am still wondering." "Little Elise's" heart began to sing its old tunes. Work made the days slip by. Then, one afternoon, when they were not so busy, Angus' kilt blew before him through the door of the canteen, which he had forcibly to close in the teeth of the gale outside.

With a comical grin he subsided into a chair.

"All right again?"

"Yes, rather, but why Santy Claus?"

"Have you got another name than Angus?"

"No."

"Well, you need another, so I call you Santy Claus."

"Umph' I still don't see it. What's your other name? I can see you've got one."

"Mary—do you know Mary?"

"Mary who?" (obediently playing the game).

"Merry Christmas, Santy Claus's wife. See, silly?"

"Ow! One up on me! I'll see that you are one day! Tea, please, Miss—Merry!"

K.H.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the geologist, "the ground we walk on was once under water."

PATRIOTIC PARTY: "Which simply goes to show you can't hold Great Britain down."

A Little Bit of the Durhams.

(A PARODY ON "A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN.")

Have you ever heard the story how the Durhams earned their name?

If you listen, here I tell you of that regiment of fame.

No wonder you are proud of those lads who've crossed the sea,

So here's the way a good old Sergeant told the tale to me.

Sure, they sent us up to "Wipers" when the line was heavy prest,

Just local lads from Durham who came out to do their best,

And when John French espied them he was filled with joy and mirth;

He said, "There are no finer lads upon this mother earth."

Well, they went into action, and they fought so brave and well,

'Midst heavy hail of bullets, and German shrap. and shell.

Those lads have done their duty for to conquer, or to die!

And this is how they earned the name of the faithful D.L.I.

With bayonets bright, and hearts so light, they bravely marched along,

Going to fight for freedom and to shock the German throng,

In death's grim jaw, and the big gun's roar, in the midst of fusilade;

'Twas for a noble cause they left our shores—when can their glory fade?

Prescription for Sisters.

Take of spirit of resolution, 14 ozs.; syrup of good advice, 13 ozs.; spices of employment, 13 ozs.; spirit of indifference, 1 oz.; oil of absence, 2 ozs.; powder of disdain, 2 grains.

Put these ingredients into a saucepan of sound reason, with a good quantity of the best heartsease. Stir it up with a large quantity of time, and drain it through a bag of patience.

A small portion of this mixture to be taken frequently. Should this mixture ever fail, the patient may be considered incurable.

DR. KNOWALL.

Ward Notes.

A. & D.

Once again we welcome a new M.O. in these wards, in the person of Captain Barker, and our best wishes go with him for a long and pleasant stay.

We also welcome a new Sister, Sister Dancey, and hope that she will not be too strict on our sorely tried heroes.

Our wards are emptying fast. Good luck to all who have gone away, and may their dreams be not disturbed by thoughts of Fridays and lockers.

Congratulations to a certain Sister, once on these wards, on her latest adventure. Stick to it, Sister.

Things we would like to know—

Why a certain person is no longer in such a hurry to get away to Canada? Maybe a word or two to the Registrar might prolong his fatal days.

Why do our M.T. men persist in coming to these wards when they get sick? Although we don't blame them. Oh, have a heart!

What is going to happen to a certain man when the rationing scheme comes into force? By the look of his diet sheet now, there will sure be functions.

B. & C.

In these two wards you will find both medical and surgical cases, and we are very glad to welcome members off new convoys at any time, because at present our ward is pretty slim, as most of our ward patients are going out to V.A.D.'s, and we wish them the best of luck wherever they may go.

A number of patients enjoyed themselves very much at the whist drive given by the W.A.A.C. the other evening, and hope that they may have the pleasure of another one some time again.

We wish John the best of luck for his birthday, and hope that he may see many of them.

Things we should like to know—

Who was the patient who went to bed in B. ward and awakened next morning in C. ward? Has he got the habit of walking in his sleep?

Why is our kitchen staff having such a good time and able to smoke cigars in the early morning?

Why do the boys of this ward go around now with that frightened look in their eyes and why have they stopped smoking? Ask the orderly.

If there is anything in the rumour that the Chaplain was around to see the patient in bed 18, B. ward, and if all arrangements have been made with the V.A.D. for the ceremony? Let's know when the eventful day is.

If the patient in bed 12, B. ward, thinks he can fool Sister by making the thermometer read pretty high? Why does he not get his pulse to correspond?

Is it true that we have had an M.O. who has actually stayed a week? You had better stay awhile, Captain?

Who is the member of our kitchen staff who says he is going to Church on Sunday, but instead goes for a ride on the 'bus to Reading? Is it for the love of the ride in the 'bus or what, I wonder?

E. WARD.

Things we discuss after lights-out.—

The sudden departure of Hanson Fraser, alias "Ink Ink," from our midst. Sherlock Holmes wouldn't have to be called in to find out why, either.

Arrangements have been made (according to Mrs. Astor) to marry off our ward mascot, "Brick-top" Walsh, to some damsel in Maidenhead. She tells Red, "You must settle down." But Red says, "He's got to settle up first!"

No, my child, Slon-White isn't trying to imitate or impersonate a French Sister of Mercy. His fancy and bazaar head-dress is only a bandage.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." Whose head is the axe sharpening up for now? Surely "Slim" Wharburton in the clinic isn't getting a rise in tempt?

We wish to correct the rumour that "Smooth Smith" is signing for the flesh pots of Bearwood. Who is responsible for the W.A.A.C.'s, or their cooking?

The janitor of our ward, "Tonsil," is suffering from severe housemaid's knee. Oh well, if one has khaki and one *must* make so many trips to Maidenhead, one must pay the penalty!

Temp. Acting Lance-Corpl. "Happy" reports progress, by way of promotion. The Clinic was his goat, however. It seems there is only one word of command used—"Dress up!"

Nichols (not the 5 cent. kind) has the "creme de la creme" of staff jobs. All he has to do is to work eighteen hours per day in the cookhouse. Some chaps have all the luck!

ADVERTISEMENT.—The N.A.C.B. wishes to announce there will be a "Beefsteak Supper" in the Recreation Hall, on Tuesday night. The tickets are two shillings each, and patients are requested to bring their own steak.

F.1.

Heard in the wee sma' hours: "Why don't you go to France?" "Before you came up!" "What's your number?" Really T—n, old man, you might have left the orderly alone, and tackled a man your own size.

Heard any day of the week: "Now, Honey, you *must not* smoke in the ward."

What does Curley use all those bags on his locker for? Maybe Kitty has something to do with it. When are you going to introduce us, Curley?

We live and learn in hospital wards, and here's a good one: If you desire anything in the shape of extras, hang up a picture-postcard shewing a very lean dog, with the words, "Fed Up" engraved thereon. This has been done with complete success in F.1.

A little advice to patients and others:—

1.—If in doubt as to your future, consult our famous palmist, McI. Terms strictly reasonable, and money returned if not satisfactory. One of our Sisters has been known to make tea for the express purpose of getting the professor to tell her fortune from the leaves remaining at the bottom of the cup. Ask Sister L—, D.C.

2.—In order to "get rich quick," join our Wounded Heroes Fund committee. How much did the receipts amount to Mac?

3.—Another way of accumulating wealth is to play "spoo" with Beaver. Of course, you won't get it, but he will.

4.—If you desire a musical education, listen to Sister B.'s latest composition, entitled, "Twenty minutes after six, boys."

G.1.

We have had great changes since our last report, having lost many old faces and gained many new ones. We extend hearty good wishes with those who have departed, and a hearty welcome to the new boys.

We have also had many changes of Sisters, and wish those who have gone on leave a jolly good time, and welcome to our new ones.

Our "Egbert" has now gone to gather new scholars to his "school of instruction" elsewhere.

Anyone who will move, by any means, a gramophone from our balcony will receive a handsome reward from the tortured patients.

Didn't "Kitchen Slim" get a shock when his bed collapsed? Doesn't "Slim" look lonely since his mate was lost in the "clink." What about the Burnham stunts now?

The ward is again adorned for a short period with the presence of Gunner B— of the "B" Battery. He has been placed amongst "old sweats," and his right-hand man, "Les."

G.2.

We have to welcome still more newcomers to our ward, victims of the "big push." We would refer them to the last issue for our motto.

We regret Sister Croxford's departure from night duty, and hope that we may see more of her in the future. We trust that his successor will not find us too unruly.

"Raspberry," old boy, what *have* you been doing? Has the excitement of your "deal in antiques" been too much for you? Don't say we didn't warn you.

Would anybody like an old soldier? Guaranteed real Lancashire breed; imperishable, though liable to fade with time. Given away with a pound of tea to the first applicant. Feeds on Epsom salts only.

Old man Webb has left us for home and beauty. We should like to wish him all the best of luck, and a speedy recovery to health.

Things we should like to know—

Why the dickens the "professor" doesn't marry the girl?
What is it "Raspberry likes so much, and does it really grow on rinks?

Why "Spud" goes out so often, and does he tell his wife?
What "Nellie" did in the great war? (Kiss me, Mr. Policeman!)

Whether Sgt. C.'s name is really Oscar?
Why Sister S. lost her parasol?
Why we have beans and porridge mixed for breakfast, and was it intended for a bran mash?

Do dreams come true?
Which dream is it that we should like to come true? Ask our M.O.

H.1.

We extend a hearty welcome to Sister Montizambert.

The old patients will be pleased to hear that we have had news of Horsefield, who was so long in the ward. He is doing well and sends his regards to all.

Old Winchester is with us once more, and the bead industry will soon be going strong.

We were sorry to have our excellent M.O., Capt. Washburn, laid up for a day or two, and we hope for his speedy recovery.

Things we would like to know—

Did "Bill" and Harwood enjoy their tea on Sunday night?
Does Ben make a good orderly?

If half-an-hour with a nice girl is worth seven days C.B.?
When is a Scotchman not a Scotchman? Ask a Canadian.

H.2.

"Bike" mending and butterfly making are the chief forms of amusement at present in this ward.

We are all to have khaki with its consequent privileges and temptations.

The Sniper's platoon is now at full strength, and in the event of vacancies only optimists need apply.

The "Three Musketeers" of Wooburn are still going strong, and we hear that the latest record time for the ascent of Hedsor is 4 mins. 19 secs.—fighting order with blue bands.

We shall miss that drop-foot planting up the ward at 9.45 p.m. The owner is going "over the top," so we are expecting to hear the truth about "Lily."

We are advised to put extra holes in our belts, as the rations are to be severely regulated. That Sunday morning sausage issue, therefore, is to be a mighty interesting sight. However, cheerio! there's an inexhaustible supply of the good old stand-by—pork and beans—and we really are winning.

J.1.

Things we want to know—

Why a certain "little Peace" is looking so forlorn and sad these days, and if it is only since the departure of a certain Sister overseas?

What would happen if the dozen-and-a-half girls who come to visit one of our patients on different days were all to turn up at the same time? Would the said patient get "Lowe" down in the bed to avoid blushing, or would he call for Rochester?

What was the actual conversation between "Dessie" and a certain member of the kitchen staff the other night? And did he blush when a third person (female) came on the scene?

What is the attraction at Maidenhead for one of our dressing carriage assistants? He would have us believe it is to get a good tea?

Is it true, Daddy, that you are teetotal from now onwards? Is it because you were "stout"?

Why our friend, Charles, tries to keep on the billiard table during a game?

A wee bit of Scotch from J.1.—

Scotia come South.—"Up higher yet ma bonnet."
A sprinting match one night over a bit haemorrhage. No, Sister wasna in't.

The verandah climate about 4 a.m. is just fair invigorating. Cuthbert is improving, but his horticulture and botany is sair aff.

Auld Gastrastormy doesna seem thankful for a' the attention o' the red-ribboned folk.

The night sups. can be "stern, stern" if they liked, and don't you forget it.

Irish was out braw early ai morning, but his general conduct didna seem any improved thereby.

Our Captain is the busiest man round these parts, and we should be the happiest bunch because the best-looked after.

The new Night Sister Acheson is an acquisition.

J.2.

We were sorry to lose the old boys in the general clean-up for convoys, but some have already made a temperature and come back home.

We are glad to welcome our English and Colonial friends who came in the last three convoys, and wish them a speedy recovery.

Things we would like to know—

If the Sgt. and Corpl. enjoyed their fishing Friday afternoon, and what did they catch?

What the tall boy on the dressing carriage found when he retired on Saturday night?

What is the serious case in the detached ward? Is it "love sickness?"

If the verandah bible class isn't improving?

K.1.

We are sorry to lose one of our oldest patients, namely, Broad. We sure miss our peg calls at night, also the harmonious(?) noises which issued from the kitchen.

Where did one of the gifted members of the ward learn to use the words "B.O.S."? Is he still doubtful which is right? Ask his neighbours.

Why was one of the younger patients so anxious to get week-end leave to Windsor? We hope the "White Hart" agreed with him.

Who said the beadworkers aren't busy these days? But where is the reward?

Why is everyone applying for an hour's extension on a 9.30 pass?

We notice our day orderly improving in his work, as he seems to be a little quicker than usual. We wonder why? Cheer up, Toogood (No good) the worst is yet to come. May it be soon.

K.2.

We all extend a hearty welcome to our new M.O., Major Mayhood, and trust his stay will be a long one.

Hard lines, Billy, old chap. Dirty low down, isn't it? Still, you will probably leave the gramophone alone now.

Who is the patient who got such an uncomfortable soaking and failed to land any fish? Don't slip next time, old kid.

Eggs, after boiling for half-an-hour, should be tested with a fork. Ask our kitchen staff about it.

It would be very interesting to know how long our friend, L—, waited for the photograph, also to know why he keeps it near his heart? Don't let the foot get better yet, or you will lose her.

Why have the tent-patients of K.2 ward developed the nasty habit of returning now and then to their old quarters for the purpose of cigarette collecting? Bobby will willingly receive any old fag ends. Player's "Navy Cut" preferred.

ALEX. 1.

What did the Scotchman expect after telling a very pathetic little story to our Night Sister, and was he not taken aback when she said that hints didn't count with her?

Who was the man who, with such good qualities, tried to

blame the noise and smoke of Saturday night's concert for the dizzy head he had after returning from Maidenhead, and if it would not be more correct to blame the young damsel?

I'm sure we all wish Cpl. Coleman, of our dressing carriage staff, a happy and prosperous life in his newly-acquired position in married life, and we also extend our heartiest congratulations to the young wife. God bless them.

ALEX. 2.

We were very sorry to lose our old friend, Gunner Bush. He was one of the best, and we wish him the best of luck.

What has become of our dressing assistant, Kid Mason of *Wosoll*? We miss him very much.

The ward has become quite cheerful since our friend, Riley, has come back.

We hope "Big Bill" will enjoy his ten days' leave, and will he still have any visitors when he comes back again?

Why was Taffy so quiet when he returned from leave, and what he thinks of a sacred concert in Wales?

Our friend, Smith, is improving a little on his tin whistle, although we should like to know what Allan thinks about it.

ONTARIO 1.

We have a few athletes in our ward who can walk. One fellow said he walked five miles in half-an-hour with an 18-in. shell, and hoping it was not a "dud" when he got to the place detailed to him.

Another is willing to take a bet he can walk from the Hospital to Taplow, then to the Dumb Bell corner and back again to the Hospital in less than an hour. He might be able to do it, but we have not seen any bets yet.

Is the necklace for home this time, Murray?

Yes, boys, the "Swastika" is gold.

YUKON 4.

Welcome to our new Night Sister. You look very pleasant, at least, we all think so. My idea is, the boys will stumble all over themselves in carrying out your orders.

Pte. Murray Clark has left Villa F.1 to spend the summer months in the Yukon estate. Now Murray says you're bad boys. Don't touch one, or I'll holler! Let us all try and make his stay as pleasant as possible.

Pte. Doody wishes to ask all in Ont. 4 for their kind invitation to go and listen to their classical music.

Help wanted for Yukon ward's kitchen, as salad man and dish washer. Experience not necessary, wages—a pleasant smile from Sister.

Pte. Taylor, our chicken expert, is indisposed and will receive no callers until further notice.

Lights Out!

Put out your pipes, and your books in your locker,
Go to sleep now or you'll "go off your rocker,"
Smother all laughter, and crush all your pain,
For you've got to get up at 6.30 again.

I don't want to kick, but between you and me,
The blessed old bugle will not let us be.
As you come to the crux of an hair-raising tale,
You hear it begin its infernal old wail.

But never mind, boys, there's one thing you
can say,

To read more of that book you have all the next
Besides, at 8.30 you have a nice drink, [day,
In addition to sardines-on-toast—*I don't think.*

A.S.B.

Staff Notes.

The men are very pleased with their new Mess, as there is more elbow room. It was a great source of annoyance in the old Mess, owing to the fact that just as you were putting a mouthful of food to your face someone would push you in the ribs with their elbow, and you would lose a stroke. Another fine feature is the place set aside for the corporals. Their tables being set with sliced bread, and pepper and salt shakers. A great improvement could also be made if these tables could also be laid out with paper serviettes, if only for camouflage purposes, as the privates certainly do not wish to disturb their superior officers during their mastication performances. No wonder some of the privates were envious, and made the mistake of sitting in the wrong place, and some of the corporals did not feel at home. However, everything was taken in good spirit, especially the food.

The annual meeting of the Baseball Club was held in the Gymnasium on Wednesday, April 10th. The following officers were elected: President—Col. W. L. Watt, C.M.G.; Vice-President—The Registrar and Adjutant; Manager—R.S.M. Jones; Assistant Manager—Sgt. W. D. McPhail; Secretary and Treas.—Sgt. R. E. H. Trew; Representative to League Meetings—Capt. Washburn. A new committee was formed to work in conjunction with the Baseball, that being a reception committee, which is an excellent thing, thus making visiting teams feel at home on their arrival. The committee is composed of three members: one representing the Officers, one the N.C.O.'s, and one the men. Another new committee was also formed, that being a "Rooters'" Club, which will no doubt "be heard from" when the season opens. This committee is composed of six members from the N.C.O.'s and men, and will no doubt help the team's supporters this summer by leading them in the art of "rooting."

It was decided at the meeting to start an inter-departmental league, composed of three teams: one from the Officers, one from the Administrative Staff, and one from the Hospital Departments. The league will play games on Thursday afternoons, between 4 and 5 p.m.

It was decided to enter the team in both the Canadian Military and Anglo-American League, which should provide the supporters of the game with an abundance of good fast baseball.

The Little Gods Go.

THE VALIANT TAILOR AND THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER (by Dion Clayton Calthrop).

Despite the war, the spring had come. Last year's leaves dashed about the roads in mad, fantastic dances, straws blew this way and that on mysterious errands, and the first faint perfume of cowslips crept into the soft air. (O, the fat kine knee-deep in young grass, and the sound of the first cuckoo, and the first humming of an early bee, and the memories of days of peace.)

At his proper station on his well-loved Danish soil, the Brave Tin Soldier did his sentry go. This, of course, was before his unfortunate affair with the dancer. And he eyed the cloud shepherds driving their flocks of fleecy clouds across the sky, and he eyed the fat important buds of the trees, and he was feeling very drowsy and content when across the border there ran a little man, out of breath with his speed and panting as he threw himself on the grass.

"Who goes there?" cried the Soldier.

"Don't be an ass," replied the little man.

"Look at this."

* * * *

The Brave Tin Soldier had no sooner espied the belt about the other and read on it "Seven at One Blow," than he threw down his rifle and shook the Valiant Tailor warmly with both hands.

"I stood it as long as I could," said the Tailor. "We all did, but we are leaving."

"After all these years, brother?" said the Soldier.

"All the fairies on the Hartz Mountains are packing up. The amount they get into an acorn cup is surprising, it really is. All the pixies, and mixies, and giants, and the whole lot are getting ready to go too. The witches have gone to Russia already, and it's my belief that's half the trouble. I tell you what," said the Tailor, looking anxiously round, "I shouldn't be surprised if those witches did't try to blow out the stars one night, and then there would be the row of the world."

* * * *

"So you are coming back to where you really belong?" said the Tin Soldier. "Hardly a man's, woman's or fairy's land over there," and he pointed across the border to Germany.

"My dear fellow," said the Tailor, "you

will, I know, pardon me if I curse the militarist, but——"

The Brave Tin Soldier, who, if you remember, was weak in one leg, but as brave as a covey of lions, said, "Of course, if they were gentlemen——" and stopped.

"That's exactly it," said the Tailor. "But they aren't, and they never will be. We little people are leaving because they have forgotten us. Children play at starving the English prisoners now instead of looking for fairies behind the bracken fronds. And talk about starving, look here!"

He drew from his pocket a beautiful napkin with the mystic sign deftly embroidered in one corner.

"Whew!" said the Soldier. "So you've got it, the nakin that lays itself!"

"I brought it across for . . .," and here he whispered a very secret name. "And just you look. 'Napkin, lay thyself!'" he called loudly; and thereon the napkin unfolded itself on the grass, and in a few moments there was spread a lordly feast.

"Thunder and lightning!" cried the Tailor. "This is because I am home again. Fall to, brother, and I will do the same. Why, the last time," he said, with, I fear, his mouth full of chicken and bacon, "I called to it and it laid a tiny piece of war bread and some water with potato parings in it they miscall soup, and never a bit of fat or butter, and coffee made of roasted acorn chips, and a pipe full of limetree leaves in place of tobacco."

* * * *

"And where are the fairies going?" asked the Soldier, pouring himself out a glass of generous wine.

"Well, there's the Miller's Third Son with the Talking Goat, he's going to Holland. And some of the giants and water fairies are going to Norway and Sweden, and heaps of the Fairy Godmothers and Pixies are going to England. The Soldier of Fortune has a mind for a tour in Italy, and the Seven Princesses are bound for France on a bit of Magic Carpet they've been hoarding. Do you know they'd have had ration tickets for the Three Wishes if they knew where to lay their hands on the secret answers, and have Wishless Weeks."

"The place is doomed," said the Soldier, lighting his pipe and watching the smoke curl lazily upwards.

"It is the soul they are killing," said the

Tailor. "They are killing all the little things that make life beautiful. They are killing their legends and driving all the ones they stole from us Northern people out of the country. And the next generation——"

"Shall inherit the sins of their fathers," said the Soldier solemnly.

"Even to the third and fourth generation," said the Tailor.

"God bless Denmark," said the Soldier fervently, holding up his glass.

"I drink to that," said the Tailor, "and to all good men."

"And to all good women," said the Soldier, because he was in love, because he was a soldier and a man, and because, anyhow, it is the right sentiment.

* * * *

They remained silent for a moment, and then across that peace, and the sound of the slow crunching of cattle on the grass, came, from very far away, the sound of guns. And after that the sound of the trumpets of honey-suckle (the twisted eglantine) being blown.

"They arrive from Germany, brother," said the Tailor.

"The fairies," said the Soldier, and then he stood up ready to salute.—*Daily Chronicle*.

SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE THAT IS A HUMOROUS THING.

The *University Correspondent* in its current issue publishes another collection of schoolboy "howlers." Some of the most amusing are:—

Queen Elizabeth died a naturalist's death.

The hole at the top of a volcano, out of which the lather comes, is called the creator.

The Pyramids are a range of mountains separating France from Spain.

Lyons is a town in Ceylon noted for tea.

Lady Jane Gray sat on a thorn for a few days.

An angle is a triangle with only two sides, and one missing, which is unique.

A gherkin is a native who runs after people with a knife.

An antelope is an animal with a hundred legs.

The Home Office is where Home Rule is made.

Mercenaries are persons who sell silk and cloth.

Answers to Correspondents.

The Editor wishes it to be quite understood that all correspondence dealt with in this column is strictly confidential.

Henpecked.—Harassed husband wishes to know the best way to prevent his wife from visiting him while in Hospital. Write and inform her that you are in the Isolation Ward, and have a bad attack of "mumps."

Mac.—You leave it to Elsie. She should know her own mind by now.

Clink.—No, Sgt., we should not care to interfere. You should know the difference between a week and a week-end.

Night Hawk.—We regret we cannot interfere. Have read most interesting correspondence between yourself and friend. You must be madly in love. Try a brain specialist; or is it only your "ticket" you're after?

Elsie.—It seems to us that Donald must know a thing or two by now, and what does Mac think about it? What made you think Mac was acquainted with torpedoes? He is a soldier, not a sailor, but we suppose it makes no difference anyway. Quite right. The Corpl. is always "at home" in the morning.

Fed-up wishes the war was "nap-oo." What do you want, anyway? Jam on it?

Cnrious wants to know what the title W.A.A.C. means. The meaning is as follows: "We're Always After Chocolates."

Anxious.—Don't worry. You cannot prevent half-a-dozen lady visitors seeing you all at once; besides, there are plenty of other lonely soldiers in the Ward.

Busy.—No, there is no 11.30 'bus from Maidenhead. The last 'bus leaves at 9 p.m. prompt, but if you should desire to come home later, you would, in all probability, catch the 'bus at the top of the hill about 11 o'clock.

HERE is a good "darky" story from America, where recruiting is so actively going on.

Usually a negro loves to ride a "hoss." On the occasion of his joining the army, however, "Sambo" made up his mind that he would have nothing to do with horses. To the recruiting officer he explained his reasons as follows:

"No, sir Boss, I aint got no hankerin' foh de cabalry; foh, you see Boss, its like dis. In case de commanderin' offitseer should gib his ordah foh to re-treat I don't want to be hindered, hampered, nor ob-structed by no hoss."

High Wycombe V.A.D.

We much regret that Lady Alexandra Palmer is leaving the district and has to give up her good work amongst us. We shall all miss her kind visits, and the boys will fare badly with their designs and needlework supplies. Very few realize how much time and thought she has given us, but we know it was a labour of love.

Gnr. Robertson's concert went off well, and the patients quite held their own with the outside help the Misses Fielder and Officers of the R.F.A. gave them. Altogether it was a very good evening.

Another Daws Hill tea party. These are always very much appreciated, and the time went too quickly. Our thanks to Lady Lincolnshire.

How is it that the other attached Hospitals send in no notes to the CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN. It is always looked forward to by the old Taplow men, and it would be a link between the district Hospitals.

Notwithstanding the "big push," the V.A.D. at High Wycombe is still going strong. Since the last issue of the CHRONICLES we have lost one of our oldest "heroes," in the person of Jack Morris. During the time he was with us he proved himself to be one of the best, and we wish him the best of luck and the best of health now he has at last realized his ambition, "civies."

Quite a password here is "race on dinner time." When dinner is over, then it is "roll on to-morrow's dinner." We wonder what will happen when some people get their "ticket"! Lord Rhondda will certainly come in for a lot of abuse.

"Charlie," our well-known "tenor, hair-dresser and whitewasher," had a late pass (10 o'clock) to go to a concert the other evening, and arrived home at 9.50 p.m. Another patient (new) also went, and arrived home at 9.20 p.m. They both state that they came away when the affair was over. What Charlie's many admirers want to know is, "what was he doing with a young lady, about 34, at 9 p.m., on the West Wycombe road?"



Our "Summer" friend is still stitching. There is a rumour that he is shortly going to "retire" from the army and open a dressmaker's establishment. Someone will certainly go "Gray" with envy then!

All concerned will be glad to know that Lord Rhondda has given us a further supply of "bird seed" for our pet, so there is no need to worry.

Our usual Whist Drive was once more a great success, the ladies especially showing their prowess as card manipulators, and good hearted play resulted. Many thanks to Miss Lanham and Mrs. Gattie for kindly giving the prizes.

Jocks seem to predominate in the Hospital at present. How would a Scotch concert go now? Perhaps No. 4's famous pair might be able to contribute at least one item towards the programme, even if it is only a little hint on "how to escape drafts."

"Music hath charms," but it has exceptional charms when our famous tin whistle specialist indulges in his usual hourly practice.

Things we would like to know—

Why a certain patient in No. 5 likes to stay in bed these days! And whether his conscience accused him when he tried to tell his young lady the tale on a recent week-end leave.

What is Melynitus? Ask Melyn.

How much change should there be out of 3/- after buying 20 Player's cigarettes, $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. of toffee and four buns? The answer is nil! Why? Ask Jim.

If the Staff are really grateful for the pleasures of this life, i.e., Sergt.-Major's tea at 5.30 a.m.?

How much the Scotchman paid the taxicab man to let him sit in his car on market day at Poverty Corner?

When the Sergt. in No. 3 Ward is going to stand treat with Tich? We hope he will next time he goes out.

Who the Nurse is who indulges in the blue velvet ribbon as a safety chain for her precious "ticker"? Some of her boys would prefer some for a watch guard.

If there is any vacancy at this depôt for a well educated and intelligent "young officer"? We could guarantee him for any post, especially that of Capt. or Major.

Who the individual is who indulges in freak performances with our hall clock?

Acknowledgements.

The following gifts to the Hospital are gratefully acknowledged:—

THE COMFORTS FUND, due to the efforts of The Lady Boston, Mrs. Christie Miller and Mrs. Watt, and their co-workers, for the entire cost of making new gardens, planting shrubs and flowers in old gardens, and rose bushes around supports of covered walks. Approximately—£60.

Also the following, which are expected to arrive shortly: China cups and saucers, plates and bowls, for all wards; four stretcher carriages for conveying convoy wounded, a piano trolley, four gramophones, flower vases and jardineres for all wards, safety razors, ordinary razors, and tooth brushes for patients.

B. OPPENHEIMER, Esq., Sefton Park, Stoke Poges, for, in addition to other gifts, one spinal carriage and six wheel chairs.

CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN for the sum of £8 12s. 6d., profits from the sale of Christmas supplement.

A FRIEND (Hamilton, Ont.) for the sum of £10 8s. 2d., through Matron Russell.

W. L. WATT, Col.

Whist Drive.

A most enjoyable Whist Drive was held under the auspices of the W.A.A.C.'s, in the Gymnasium, on Friday, 12th inst., and a goodly gathering of guests were present. The prizes were kindly distributed by Mrs. Astor, the winners of same being as follows:—1st prize, Miss M. Cox; 2nd prize, Miss E. Robinson; the "booby" prize being given to Miss J. Mahoney. The W.A.A.C.'s were in great form, and thoroughly appreciated the company of the "boys," whom they very quickly made comfortable and happy. The refreshments were as usual of the highest order, and, in the words of "Old Bill," of Bairnsfather fame, they had "jam on it"—the old-fashioned strawberry variety.

EARNEST CHAPLAIN: "I trust, my dear boy, that you pray every day that you may be kept in safety through this awful war."

O.R. CLERK: "I don't need to. I've got a bomb-proof!"

Our Financial Agent.

Have you met our Financial Agent?

An able man is he,

In his dress he is the neatest
That you did ever see.

His walk is most enchanting,
You have to stop and stare,
It's a walk you do not often see
Round here, or anywhere.

He is a politician too,
But, much to his dismay,

In his last political contest

He was beaten by McKay (?).

This failure crushed his cherished hopes

Of a Parliamentary career,

So he donned a pair of overalls

And became an engineer.

He got work on a steamship,

But he didn't like the crew;

He tried to boss the Captain,

But found that wouldn't do.

At last he sadly realised

That he couldn't have his way,

So he quit to join the army

For a dollar-ten a day.

When he came across to England,

His fame spread far and near.

He was stationed first at Crowborough,

Where the people came to hear

His views on "Problems of Finance,"

And "Political Debate,"

Also numerous other subjects

All relating to the State.

On the science of electricity

He talks—and never tires.

You should see him experimenting

With the broken bulbs and wires.

In re-charging batteries he's expert,

"A genius," someone said,

For if the current isn't strong enough

He supplies hot air instead.

You can here him every evening,

By his cot in No. 3;

The boys all gather round him,

For a learned man is he.

He'll tell you all about the "States,"

Man Power, and Army Pay,

Or, he'll speak on any subject—

It's just for you to say.

Aces or Canada?

No, Mable, gambling is not permitted in the Canadian Forces. Neither is one supposed to bribe the Quartermasters with pints of stout when one wants extra breeches, or the . . . Oh, well, this isn't a graft expose; just a tale of a Hospital, somewhere in England.

Pte. Billings had two loves—poker and heaving the lead. To tell the honest truth (yes, my dear, authors do tell it at times) the latter was more than love to Billings, it was an art.

Medical Officers, armed with all their weapons—ancient and modern—had no terrors for this chap. He knew all the tricks of his calling. Rubber bands on the knee joints, chewing tobacco under the arm, and swallowing cordite to produce an alarming rise in temperature. These things, along with the fact that Billings knew the symptoms of every ill of mankind, all go to show his mastery of the noble art of “swinging it.”

And so the man carried on, hospital after hospital. In a period of six months, Billings was due for Medical Board, to judge whether he was to be sent to Canada or “up the line with the best of luck.” Rest assured he was ready for the learned gentleman when “The Day” would arrive.

Spring had come with all the colours, and placed them with a lavish hand around our hospital; the trees swaying in the wind, proud of their new coats; and the blossoms . . . There I go, rambling away again!

But the beauty of Spring held no attraction for Billings or his friends. Away over in the corner of the ward, they were indulging in that forbidden indoor sport, poker. No luck for him, though. Should he connect a straight, someone else had a better one. Perhaps he had a full house—there was sure to be a better hand in the offing.

The orderly came rushing up the ward, and said, “Billings, run over to the Board-room, they are ready for you!” “Der Tag” had come at last. Half rising, he took a slant at the cards just dealt him. Just look—four great, big, noisy aces!! “By George!” said Billings, “the Board can wait a second.” Someone opened the pot, and our hero drew one card. Let 'em come on now and bet. As luck would have it, another fellow clicked with four kings. We all watched on with bated breath. Jackson

bet and Billings raised, both confident that he was the winner. Would they never stop? At last the pile of chips belonging to each were gone. “I'll call you,” said our friend. “Four kings,” said Jackson. Back came the answer of Billings, “Four aces! I win!!”

The orderly came back and smiled. “No, Billing, you lose. They got tired of waiting for you, and adjourned!”

Billings? Oh, at present he's up the line. I received a letter from him not long ago. He says that “if anyone ever mentions poker to him again, that person will be mentioned in the list of ‘Missing—believed dead’!”

LLOYD G. KING, C.F.A.

Sports, Amusements, &c.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

Very hearty thanks to the following ladies and gentlemen is tendered for the generous hospitality extended to the patients during the past fortnight: Mrs. Dykes, Mrs. Astor, Lady Violet Astor, Lady Boston, Mrs. Hawker, Mrs. Baker, Proprietors of Maidenhead Picture Palace, Messrs. Spindler and Son, Mrs. Shackles, Mrs. Humm, Proprietor of Maidenhead Skating Rink, Mrs. Webster, Miss Barry, Mr. J. McNeel, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. McDona, Baroness A. de Teissier, Mrs. Howard Vyse, Mrs. Woodlock, Manager of Haymarket Theatre (party to London.

CONCERTS, &c.

The appreciation of everyone is due to the following ladies and gentlemen who have provided such high-class entertainment during the past two weeks: Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P. (lecture), “Cheerohs” Concert Party, Mr. Pascoe (Night School), London & South Western Railway Company Concert, Forestry Corps Band, E. C. Brown, Reading Dramatic Society, Oscar Asche Dramatic Society, Lt. Ottewell (lecture, entitled, “Life in Canada after the War”).

No one is expected to see through a joke until after it is cracked.

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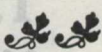


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