

VOL. I., No. 19.

MARCH 9TH, 1918.

“



Fred. C. Owen -

THREEPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

FOR

== **MOTORS** ==

AT

MAIDENHEAD.

Phone: 289 & 194.

Sports. Games.

Croquet. Bowls. Golf. Tennis.

Cutlery & Tools. Flash Lamps.



J. BUDGEN & Co.,

Furnishing Ironmongers,

49 & 51, High Street,

MAIDENHEAD.

Telephones—
155, Maidenhead.
33, Burnham, Taplow.

And at
The Taplow Dairy
Taplow.



Brittens Ltd.,

.. .. Purveyors of
Pure Milk and Cream,
17, Queen Street,
MAIDENHEAD.



FARMS:
Spencers, Sheephouse, Shoppenhangers,
Heywood Park, Howe Lane, Hitcham Grange,
The Rectory & Hill Farms, Taplow.

Established 1723.

Telegrams: "Fuller Davies, Maidenhead."

Telephone: No. 80.



FULLER & DAVIES,

:: Family Grocers, ::

Wine & Spirit Merchants,

:: Provision Importers, ::

126 & 126a, High Street,
MAIDENHEAD.

STORE PRICES.

Telephone: No. 312.

Telegrams: "Webber, Maidenhead."

J. C. Webber & Sons, Ltd., MAIDENHEAD, Silk Mercers and Drapers.

Everything for Ladies' Wear, including—COSTUMES, DAINTY FROCKS, BLOUSES, NECK WEAR,
SILKS and DRESS FABRICS.

Household Linens & House Furnishing a Speciality.

Post Orders carefully attended to
and all Parcels Carriage Paid. ::

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW
AND SMART TO BE SEEN.

ESTIMATES AND PATTERNS FREE ON APPLICATION.

COMPLETE FUNERAL FURNISHERS.

Established 1866.

'Phone: 223, Maidenhead.

E. T. Biggs & Sons,

32, HIGH STREET

(Under the Clock),

MAIDENHEAD, ::

Silversmiths, Jewellers & Watchmakers,

Every class of Gold, Silver and Electro-plated Goods,
Clocks & Watches, which we are at all times pleased
to send on approval, at Moderate Prices.

All kinds of Repairs & Mountings done at the lowest
possible prices, consistent with good workmanship.

Wrist Watches a Speciality.

G. W. CODDINGTON,

Saddler & Harness Maker,

TRUNKS and ..
LEATHER GOODS.

The Best Shop for
Travelling Requisites.

LEATHER and FIBRE
SUIT CASES.

CABIN and IMPERIAL
TRUNKS, &c.

NILGIRI CANES. ..

WALKING STICKS
(Mounted and Unmounted).

LETTER CASES.

CASH BELTS.

A LARGE STOCK OF

FANCY

LEATHER GOOD,

&c., &c.



Telephone: 504.

Established 1785.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:

7 & 53, Queen Street, ..

MAIDENHEAD.

SKINDLES,

Principal and Largest Hotel.

Special inclusive Terms for Winter Season:
16/6 per day.

Telephones: 268, 269, 270.

MAIDENHEAD.

THE MILITARY STORE.



'Phone: 408.

J. Hatton & Co.

F. C. HATTON,
A. L. HATTON, } Partners.
E. B. HATTON, }

E. A. KEEBLE,
Manager.

3, Queen St., Maidenhead.



Military Tailors & Complete Outfitters.

MONTAGUE C. ROCK, M.P.S.,

Dispensing & Photographic Chemist.

FILMS AND PLATES DEVELOPED

within 24 hours.

PRINTING & ENLARGING at Short Notice.

Orders by Post & Telephone (466) receive prompt attention.

38, KING ST., MAIDENHEAD.

"Please send me a small box of 'Romeo & Juliet' Cigars, same as I bought from you before going to France. I am well satisfied with the quality and prices of everything purchased at your shop."

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

RICHARD HOPE,

"Ye Olde Smokeries,"

High Street, Maidenhead.

Adjoining Town Hall.

Established 1860.

PATRONS are sincerely thanked for kind support during the past year, and, in soliciting a continuance of same for 1918, are assured that no effort will be spared to ensure their complete satisfaction, and thus merit future favours.



The best of everything desired by discriminating Smokers can be obtained at

The House of Hope.

Cigars, Pouches, Cigarettes, Pipes, Tobaccos,

:: Cases, Holders, &c., &c., &c. :: ::

Suitable for presents or personal use.

West End Quality at London's Lowest Prices.

A SPECIALITY.—Hundreds of Miniature Boxes of Cigars (containing 6 or 7 good smokes) at 1/6 each. Much cheaper than if had singly. An economical and welcome gift.

HELP THE RED CROSS!

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. 19.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9TH, 1918.

THREEPENCE.

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

Should we teach German?

TWO VIEWS.

The first—By FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE
(Late Berlin Correspondent of *The Daily Mail*).

Somewhere in a London paper the other day I read that there had been a decided "slump" during the war in both the teaching and the study of the German language.

That is a mistake, and a grievous one. It is, in my judgment, the essence of short-sightedness. It is, moreover, conferring a boon on the enemy. If we ever intended, or if we ever had the power, to wipe the German race off the map there would be some reason in relegating the atrocious German language to the philological scrap-heap for eternity. But even if I be accused of being a rank pessimist for saying it, I do not contemplate the annihilation of the German race as a result of this war. It will live on, polygamy in Prussia or no polygamy, and the rest of us will have to live with it. We shall do so to our greater intellectual, political, and economic profit by learning to read and speak German, and even to *think* in German.

I am going to explain why that is so. In my first year or two in Berlin as a newspaper correspondent my German was the last word in crudeness. It was months and months before I could even remonstrate intelligibly with the waiters who habitually gave me short change in the restaurants. Had it not been for the sign language my early days in Germany would have been difficult to the point of despair.

There was, however, one saving factor. Every well-educated German—certainly almost every German with whom a foreign newspaper correspondent had to come in contact—spoke English. A large number of them spoke it well. Nearly all commanded it with greater fluency than I was able for some time to command their language. Thus, choosing the line of least resistance, I yielded, till I could make my way through the baffling maze of verbs, genders, articles, and endless sentences which comprise

the German language, to the unwise and lazy habit of talking English. It was the easiest way.

* * * * *

"How is it," I once asked an eminent German publisher, who talked our tongue as well as I do, "that so many of you Germans speak English perfectly?" I explained that this made it extremely difficult for English-speaking citizens of the world ever to learn German properly.

"That's what we want to do," he replied, with disconcerting frankness. "You see," he went on, "when you learn a country's language you acquire a key to the country. *We don't want too many keys to Germany in circulation.* The less you English and Americans speak the less you'll know about Germany. We specialise in learning English and French because we realise the value of language keys."

Thereon I rest the case for the continued and continuous teaching of German in British schools. The reason all of us know so little about *the real Germany* is that a knowledge of its language is the exception, not the rule, among us. I am sure that the tens of thousands of German prisoners of war in British captivity neglect no opportunity to improve their English. Though the "Hymn of Hate" is said to have been sung in certain German schools, it was followed by the usual classes of instruction in English. In the higher forms of Prussian *Gymnasia*, *The Times* has been used for English instruction, despite the war and the "Thunderer's" unpopularity in Germany. In the German papers I still encounter advertisements of language teachers anxious to give English lessons.

We are going to have a Trade War worthy of the name with the Germans in the years ahead of us, whether it be formally declared or not. Before the war Germans were beating us in many of the world's markets—in the Far East and elsewhere—because of their proficiency in languages, particularly English.

Are we going to continue to let them hold all the keys?—*Daily Mail*.

On the contrary—MR. HALL CAINE says:

You ask me whether I think the German

language should any longer enter into the curriculum of our secondary schools? With a full sense of the manifest difficulties of the question and of the serious limitations of my own knowledge, I answer that it should not, and I offer for whatever they may be worth the following reasons for my opinion:—

(1) The German people, as well as their masters, have deeply outraged the sentiment of our nation by their method of provoking and prosecuting this war, and, inasmuch as community of language is almost the closest tie between race and race, we cannot wish to strengthen that bond with the German people until the years have brought us the certainty of a change of the German heart. Meantime, as parents, we cannot forget that the German people, by as base a plot as nation ever perpetrated, have plunged us (or have permitted us to be plunged) into a war which has robbed us of millions of our sons; our sons cannot forget that the German army and navy, unable to beat them in fair fighting, have employed foul methods of warfare such as would have disgraced the savage man; and our children on their part will not forget that, in fear of murderous and cowardly attacks from the sky, they have been lined up night after bitter night at the entrances to our tubes, huddled inside of them for harrowing hours in a fetid atmosphere, and then sent home in the early morning sleepless, sick, and shivering. If it is necessary to real success in our studies that we should love the subjects of them, what hope can there be now for the study of the German language by British children? They will hate the very sound of it for the next fifty years at least. "Beasts that spring upon us we can only treat as beasts." There is no reason to imitate their growlings.

(2) Although *Kultur* (that harlot of the German dictionary) has been made the excuse for the storm and horror of the present conflict, modern German literature has nothing to offer that will be acceptable in the future to British teachers or good for British scholars. In nearly every department of letters it is discredited by the revelations of the present war.

Hence, the rank and file of our British people can have nothing good to learn from the German literature of the recent past, which on a broad view leaves on the foreign observer the impression of a nation without a soul, bitten by a kind of moral hydrophobia into faith in a sort of frenzied alliance between

Prussia and Providence (with the former as the dominant partner) or at least a special German destiny, presided over by a special German God who is at war with the welfare of the rest of the nations of the world. Hence, too, the British people can have nothing but evil to receive from the German literature of the immediate future, which seems likely (particularly in the event of the defeat of Germany) to reflect the unbridled passions created by the war in the hearts of the distraught and otherwise divided writers in nearly every branch of letters who are now hugging each other in the fever of their mutual insanity. And as for the old German literature, the great, sane, human, immortal literature of Goethe, Schiller and Jean Paul, which modern Germany seems to an outsider to have discarded as a living force and guide to life, we have the best of it already in the translation of our scholars—translations which are said, by critics more competent to judge than myself, to be in some instances superior to the originals, as in the case of Coleridge's "Wallenstein" and Carlyle's "Wilhelm Meister."

(3) The German language will be less necessary to British Commerce in the future than it has been in the past. The appalling and even perilous dependence of some of our industries in German manufacture is a condition unlikely to recur. Three-and-a-half years of war have shown us at once the necessity and the possibility of providing for our wants within our own country, or, where that is difficult, of finding provision in countries that are more interested in our welfare and less likely to betray it. This change in our commercial order has already begun. Germany knows it, and hence her anxiety for a peace that shall include "the reconciliation of the peoples." But it remains for the British people themselves, quite apart from their Government or the terms of any treaty, to say how soon or how late that reconciliation shall take place. If in scorching memory of the brutality of German methods of warfare and of the duplicity and foul treachery of German methods of trading they decide that commerce with Germany shall not be too hastily resumed, the German language as a medium of trade will not be an urgent necessity to the British people for the next half-century at least. Outside the study of the student, the council-chamber of the diplomatist, the bureau

of the civil servant, and perhaps the office of the editor, let us leave the German language alone for the present. Neither the British soul nor the British body can need it for many days to come. Let the German people realise that for listening to their false prophets, and submitting to their brutal masters, they have put themselves for the time being outside the company of Christian men. They are now the outlaws of civilization, and until we see some evidence of their change of heart we can have no wish for further speech with them.

Such are my reasons. Although I am very conscious of the serious limitations of my knowledge, I doubt if the loudest objections will come from those who know recent conditions best. It is no longer necessary to talk of "calm, sober, steady, deep-thinking Germany." In that sense the days of Carlyle are dead.

The Observer.

Imperial War Museum.

Subject to the approval of the War Cabinet, the National War Museum is to be known as the Imperial War Museum.

One section of the museum will contain a complete pictorial record of the war, to include photographs of all officers and men who have given their lives or have received honours and decorations in it.

Friends and relations of officers and men in both Services are asked to send in their pictures, observing the following rules:—

1. Photographs should be permanent prints (bromide), unmounted.
2. Size not larger than 10-in. by 8-in.
3. On the back of the photographs should be written in pencil the name, regiment (or ship), rank, date of death, or decorations.
4. Photographs and communications should be sent to the Secretary, Imperial War Museum, H.M. Office of Works, Storey's Gate, Westminster, S.W., 1.

THE following is an exact copy of a letter from a soldier's wife, applying for her allowance: "I enclose my marriage certificate and six children there were seven but won't you only send six back her name was Fanny and she was baptized on a half sheet of paper by the Rev. Thomas and oblige. Please send my extra money quick as my new baby is a bottled one."

Staff Notes.

The Sergeants have gone in for farming. Jerry is looking after the "by-products"; Reg. says things will be "orderly"; "Kilvy" says the site is most sanitary; while "Barney" is to provide the "hot-bed." Sergeant Henderson suggests that "currents" be grown in it.

"If you talk in your sleep, don't mention my name." Ask Putman.

The Orderly Room Staff have a garden. The Staff is working diligently. Yes, *he* is.

Sergeant Kilvington and his squad also have a farm. "Kil" is very reluctant in talking about his ranch, but we understand that he is going after the £500 prize for the five best "spuds," and if successful he may settle in a beautiful town (?) in the vicinity.

Spring must be at hand. "Barney," "Murphy" and "Bobby" Trew, have the fever (for baseball). The three B.'s have been out "warming up" for some time now. "Bobby," "Barney" and "Bud."

Who said the roads were excellent for cycling? There's only one man thinks it, and he's the Burnham Police Force.

There should be lots of cracked craniums for the M.O.'s to work on, should the boys decide to play lacrosse.

A young lady, with a pet dog, on an electric car asked the conductor to stop at a certain point. When he did so, she went to the platform, and there stood gesticulating with the dog in her arm. "Hurry up, miss, hurry up! You want to get out here, don't you?" "Oh, dear, no, thank you! I only wished to show Fido where his mother lives!"

A fashionable lady who was in the habit of purchasing chloroform from the family druggist (who was also the agent in the town for the Victrola) was passing the store, forgetting that she had placed an order with the druggist for some chloroform and a new record, but she suddenly remembered when the druggist stuck his head out of the door and called out: "Call in on your way back, there's a bottle of chloroform and a 'A little bit of Heaven' waiting for you!"

LAUGH and the world laughs with you—unless you are telling the joke.

Ward Notes.

Pancakes, potato salad and apple pies, made by our dear Sisters, appear on our menu for tea almost daily.

If some of the patients who "don't sleep a wink all night" did not snore so much, the others would get a chance.

Do "Gas" cases get "Gassy"? If not why is the Ward so quiet since their transfer?

"Cold plates" for dinner are not in the menu of late; they get into hot water" now—and so do the patients; if they don't believe it—ask the Sister-in-Charge.

Is the patient who is "pinched" every morning by our energetic police after each pass day and says he was in bed all the time a "lying" patient or not?

C.

Patient: "What's for breakfast this morning, Campbell?" Campbell: "Smoked herrings." Patient: "Thank goodness it's not those infernal kippers again."

Paderewski is gone; no more music. Good luck to you, Sergeant, anyway, for your beautiful piano solos. I can still hear the Night Sister in A. ward saying: "Oh! that is lovely."

How about the "Missing Six," and did they settle the dispute between capital and labour?

The talent which is dormant in some of the patients in these wards is very much in evidence after "lights-out," and in the wee sma' hours one can hear anything from grand opera to a laughing hyena stunt. If only they could repeat that stuff while awake their fame is already made.

Things we would like to know—

Why did Davis go to Maidenhead?

What was the attraction for our orderly at Church Sunday evening?

What has Corporal left in London this time? Is it a purse?

What is the great attraction for our clerk in Maidenhead? Is it the moving pictures or the pictures moving?

Why Freddie always takes the 4.30 'bus to Maidenhead?

Who was the M.O. who did not know B. from C. ward?

F.1.

The question of the hour, in fact every hour, in our happy home is: Is it really an engagement? According to a certain George Washington, residing not far from the clock, there is something in it, yet the hero of our romance doesn't seem to appreciate "congratulations." Meanwhile, the "Merry Widow" waltz is still very popular.

Consols are rather slow these hard times, while Canadians remain firm. "No change" is the Australian report, and a rumour as to *unsteadiness* in this quarter cannot be relied upon.

What does Sir Sam think of his isolated position? Must be pretty hard to see all those empty spaces where once neighbours were so plentiful. However, a whisper of "Canada" has been known to make him smile once or twice.

Who's doing all the "bragging," anyway?

On March 2nd one of our crutch heroes was seen almost running for the 5 o'clock 'bus from Maidenhead. And he just made it! Could he have done this three months ago? Maybe, but I don't think, papa.

How is it that some fellows smile when the River Thames is mentioned? Ask the Q.M. what he thinks about it. Yes, he enjoyed his trip very much, thank you. Shut the gate, please.

Who thinks he can juggle with ink pots over other fellows' beds? Let's hope there won't be any ink next time. 'Sno use crying over spilt milk, anyway.

G.1.

We were very sorry to lose our charge Sister, Sister Fraser, but we were proud of her appointment. Her thoughtfulness and sympathy endeared her to us all.

Welcome, Sister Stewart. May your stay with us be long and pleasant.

Things we would like to know—

Has "Doey" taken over at Bourne End?

If our pussy Kitty does really catch mice? Will our band enter any musical competition? Was "Tosh" a success as best man after being very best man a few weeks ago?

Has our tourist practised all his occupations on his many voyages round the world?

Have the woodpeckers come here to stay, or are they paying a flying visit?

What will Jacko do when Mrs. — and Gnr. Br— have gone? No more lolleys.

G.2.

To Pte. M—, of G.1. Thank you! To "Slim," of H.2. "Slim, old chap, you are a nice fellow, and you would make good in the star turn of an "early morning scene at Billingsgate," but really, old pal, you cannot sing even a little bit more, you know. Try stamp collecting for a change, and give our verandah "erbs" a sporting chance of recovering from the effects of your latest efforts.

What a remarkable thing it is that one-legged men delight in the joys of sleeping in the "spud hole." What do you give them, Sergeant?

We have to congratulate "Raspberry" on the patriotic way he is "carrying on" for his late lamented half-section, who has departed this life for Canada. The way he protects and amuses the said half-section's "pusher" is really sublime; we had almost said noble.

"Mac," you gay dog, we shall have to keep our eye on you. You are really a bad lad, but mind you don't get skinned. Take our advice, old chap, and try clock golf, it's safer and far more enlightening to the young mind?

Things we should like to know—

Does "Spud" like probes?

Why "Taffy" visits the treacle mines so often?

Who likes junket?

What is the rabbit's kiss? Ask "Mac."

What did we see on the golf course last Sunday night?

What did "Pep" say last Sunday, when he found his special secluded seat occupied? Did he really go to Church instead?

Is it true that the "Plumber's Mate" hid behind the hot water pipe last Friday, when the Inspection took place?

K.1.

The old patients are very pleased to see our M.O., Major Wright, return to us, and feel sure he will gain the esteem of the new patients to the same extent as the old ones.

We are all delighted at the return of our popular Sister, and sincerely hope that she has greatly benefitted by her short leave.

We feel greatly indebted to Sister Parkes, who attended to our little wants during her absence, and feel sorry her stay was so short.

We much regret that our cheerful night Sister has bidden us adieu, but welcome, our new night Sister, and hope we will be as happy in her charge.

We welcome a lot of new faces from other wards and Hospitals, and hope they will find it as homely among us as they were.

We miss several old faces who have left the Hospital. We wish them all the best of luck.

Glad to see you back, Cole, and understand that you had such a good time in Bonnie Scotland.

K.2.

Who is it who is so fond of tickling "Griff's" toes? Does "Griff" derive much pleasure from it?

If Sister Ducet was taken Rehill (real ill) would Sister Tucker in?

What "put the wind up" Frank, our Flying Waiter? Does the Flying Artist know anything about it?

Who is the patient who has developed the astonishing habit of sitting on the hot water pipes to keep himself warm these days?

Who is the patient who is described as the "Hyde Park Soldier," and why does he still persist in waking the boys at

6 o'clock in the morning for the purpose of relating his hair-raising experiences when chasing the Hun?

Why has our old friend, Myers, developed such a taste for love stories? Cheer up, old-timer, she hasn't forsaken you yet. Did I hear you say Burnham?

H.1.

We take this opportunity of thanking the Sisters of our ward for the splendid tea which they gave us on Monday evening. Everything went off splendid, and the ward concert afterwards was a great success. We tender our thanks to the boys from J.I and good old "Shorty," who so ably assisted us.

We extend a hearty welcome to Sister Mackenzie, and hope she will find her work in H.1 very pleasant.

We would like to know when our charge Sister is going to make those dinky omelettes again?

Oh, you boys are terrors! Martin, are you there?

ALEX. 1.

During the past two weeks many of our old pals have left us—some for Canada, others to their depots. We congratulate the former and wish the latter a good time before they proceed overseas again.

By the time this is in print two more of the patients will be *en route* for Buxton. We wish them a short stay, and then home.

It is indeed a slow show now, but perhaps another week or so may find us with a "full house."

Our champion "lead-swingers" stay with us is coming to a close. We heartily appreciate the music they have provided for us during the past fortnight.

We hear rumours that our M.O. is leaving us for Canada. Although we are loathe to part with him, we wish him luck, for he sure deserves a trip home.

Our choir has been increased by one canary and two "love birds."

To let.—Eleven snug beds, situated in a most healthy spot—on our verandah—no persons with cold feet need apply.

Things we want to know—

If it takes four patients to create enough smoke to fill the ward how many Sisters are necessary to open enough windows to blow the said patients away?

Who is the autocrat nap player in this ward to whom money is no object, and, being so wealthy, why does he not buy sufficient "gumption" to know when he is spoken to?

Will Charlie lose his rival when the savage man departs?

Why a certain Scotchman disappeared under a bed?

Who told Needham to go to Halifax?

ALEX. 2.

Things we should like to know—

Why did Allan get the "wind up" on Monday night? Caused quite a sensation, but with the aid of Alex. 2 and 3, and the tents, we made him contented with a cup of water and a wind pill.

Is it right that the M.O. is treating Sgt. Bailey for appetite?

Anyone wishing for lessons in Boxing (one-armed men preferred) apply to the man on the dressing carriage.

We are sorry to lose the Lancashire midget and his wonderful voice. He has been suffering from a series of defeats at his famous game—draughts.

We are looking out for another smart orderly. We have got two—Flash and Lightening. We should like a third, and name him Thunder.

ONTARIO 1.

Wanted.—An intelligent man to take charge of our phonograph. He must stop in the ward at all times, and see that no other hand touches it. He must also be on hand to furnish music whenever any of the patients feel so inclined.

Our "Mulligan" Captain is thinking of selling his horse, and buying a car. We think it is about time he did something. The Q.M.S. is putting on weight. Good work "Slim," but

we think you would do better if you would go to sleep at night, and not make so much noise.

We wish some people would remember there is a war on, and try to economise. There has been enough sarcasm wasted during the last few days on one man to do a hundred. Poor fellow!

It's about time our senior N.C.O.'s were quiet at night. It would set the men a good example. And if they want to sing why not go on the stage?

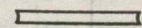
ONTARIO 2.

Our new orderly has been admitted into Hospital last week. We wonder if the excessive use of hot air has burnt his vocal cords?

Why is it that some people take our King's Corporal for a Padre?

One of our patients will wake up one of these days, and discover he has been asleep for about a month!

We have now not only the champion bead necklace makers, but the champion billiard player also.



Our Gramophone speaks out.

I'm a gramophone in a hospital ward,
The boys all say I'm a beauty;
I sing and play best part of the day,
So I guess I'm doing my duty.

I play my records one by one,
According to direction,
Now I'll tell you what I'd like to sing,
If I made my own selection.

I'd start the day at "Reveille,"
Just before the troops are fed,
And sing, when the sister says "get up boys,"
"It's nicer to lie in your bed."

The orderly arrives at 7 a.m.,
I'd greet him with delight,
And sing to his tired and dreamy eyes,
"Who were you with last night?"

When the troops line up for dressings,
If zinc ointment was *na pooh*,
I'd help with this suggestion,
"Put a little bit of powder on it do."

When the steam goes wrong and the ward gets
And noses to blue are turning, [cold,
I'd grouse with all the others,
"Keep the home fires burning."

When one of the boys is needing help,
And for the orderly is bawling,
I'd fetch him along at the double and sing,
"Somewhere a voice is calling."

When the lads return to rest,
Tired of work and play,
You can guess I'd close with
"When you come to the end of a perfect day."

H.J.B.

we think you would do better if you would go to sleep at night and not make so much noise.

We wish some people would remember there is a war on and try to economise. There has been enough screams wasted during the last few days on one man to do a hundred. Poor fellow!

It's about time our senior N.C.O.'s were quiet at night. It would set the men a good example. And if they want to sing why not go on the stage?

ONTARIO 2.

Our new order has been admitted into Hospital last week. We wonder if the excessive use of hot air has burnt his vocal cords?

Why is it that some people take our King's Corporal for a Padre?

(One of our patients will wake up one of these days and discover he has been asleep about a month!)

We have now not only the champion head neckface makers, but the champion billiard players also.



SHORTY: "Been in 'Doc' long, mate?"

SLIM: "'Bout eighteen months. Why?"

SHORTY: "Thought so. You seem to have grown out of your clothes."

SLIM: "Guess you'll be here for 'duration' if you grow out of that issue."

8 o'clock in the morning for the purpose of relating his hair-raising experiences when chasing the Hun?

Why has our old friend Myers developed such a taste for love stories? Check up, old timer, she hasn't forsaken you yet. Did I hear you say Burdman?

III.

We take this opportunity of thanking the Sisters of our ward for the splendid tea which they gave us on Monday evening. Everything went off splendidly and the ward concert afterwards was a great success. We tender our thanks to the boys from J.I. and good old "Shorty", who so ably assisted us.

We extend a hearty welcome to Sister MacKenzie and hope she will find her work in B.I. very pleasant.

We would like to know what our charge Sister is going to make those dirty modelers again?

Oh, you boys are terrible!

During the past two weeks some for Canada, others the former and wish the latter overseas again.

By the time this is in print you will be on your way for home.

It is indeed a slow show or so may find us with a "Our champion" lead-a-muscle a close. We heartily appreciate for us during the past few weeks. We hear rumours that Although we are talking for the sake of a story, our choir has been in "order".

To let - Liverpool - on our verandah - no things we want to put. It takes four days to ward how many Sisters or to blow the cold pattern? Who is the author? money is no object, and for sufficient "question" Mr. Christie has the "What a serious situation" The Lord Zealand to

Things we should like to know why did Alan get the "Censor" quite a sensation. The fact, we might say, was windmill.

Is it right that the M... anyone wishing for lessons in boxing, fencing, man (probably) right to the man on the boxing machine. We are sorry to lose the late... dental voice. He has been subjected from a series of dental the famous name - the... We are looking out for another smart order. We have got two - Flash and Lightning. We should like a bird and name the Thunder.

ONTARIO 1.

Wanted - An intelligent man to take charge of one of our graph. He must step in the way at all times and see that no other hand touches it. He must also be on hand to find out if any other hand touches it. He must also be on hand to find out if any other hand touches it.

Saturday's Child.

"Friday's child was loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living."

"There you are, Belinda, that's for you."

"For me, miss; 'oo, but yer are kind. I shall look a real swell in that at the penny reading on Wednesday, and me young man'll hardly know me."

Belinda Shaw surveyed the bright red garment with glistening eyes. "Ye're allus giving me summat, miss, and ye're that kind I reckon you must a bin born on a Friday, that I do."

"A Friday, what has that got to do with it?"

"Why, don't cher know, miss, 'Friday's child was loving and givin', and Saturday's child works hard for its livin'—that's me."

"Oh, no, really; well, let's hope it wont be for always. Let's hope that John James makes a fortune out in Canada, and—what was that?"

"Oh, it's only the missus in one of her tantrums. I'm comin', I'm comin'; guess she knew I was enjoyin' meself." Belinda withdrew, leaving Miss Wetherbee alone with her thoughts in the dull little lodgings.

Why in the world had she ever come, why had she left the security of home for an idea, an idea, if known to her family, to be treated as something to be resisted and laughed at?

Ostensibly she was on a visit to her friends, the Stones. Certainly they were in London, and she hoped to see them sometimes. They were old school friends, and unknown to her people, so it was little likely they would give her away.

Really she came to see Gordon Blain, and why? That she was turning over and over in her mind now. Priscilla Wetherbee had been in London a fortnight, and was not a hand's turn nearer her bourne than she was when she came. Daily she'd visited Blain at St Dunstan's, daily she had tried to make herself indispensable to him, and never seemed to advance a step. To-day, fired by a feeling that she must make the advance, she'd made up her mind to propose to him if he would not propose to her. Running through her wardrobe to don her nicest frock, she had collapsed in misery at the thought that he could not see her, and never would. Belinda, coming in at the moment, had received the intruding garment, which had been cast aside in such sorrow. So Priscilla donned one soft to the touch.

* * * * *

"Is that you, Priscilla?" The sensitive face was raised at the sound of footsteps, the sightless eyes as beautiful as always seemed to gaze intently at her. An abiding joy suffused her—he was glad to see her; she was sure now she was not mistaken in the words he spoke before he left for the front. He'd meant then whatever he did not say now, and—he'd seen no other woman.

"Gordon, please hold my hand, to-day I want to be very brave, I have to go home soon, and," hurriedly, "I want to ask you if you meant those words you said to me before you left? Gordon, you will never ask me, so I've come to ask you, will—will you marry me?"

Gordon jerked his hand away from hers, while the colour stole up from his neck. "Thank you, Priscilla," he said stiffly. "It's very kind of you, but when I left you intimated there was no love on your part, though," quoting, "'you'd think it over after the war'; well, my dear, this is after the war for me, and I thank you very much, but I'll get a paid man to do the work you are proposing to do for me, though its very kind of you."

"It's not kindness, Gordon, it's because" (and now the colour mounted to Priscilla's brow) "it's because I like you" she concluded lamely.

But Gordon caught the hesitancy, and promptly misconstrued it.

"Alright, dear, I'm sure you do, and we'll be excellent friends." His voice trailed off. "You see, I've changed," he continued slowly, and so let's remain friends, wont you, Priscilla? I do appreciate it, though, I do, really; you are not angry that I've altered my way of thinking, are you?"

"No, no, why should I be?" she answered primly. "Of course, if you've altered your mind it's another matter." Priscilla bit her lip till the blood nearly came, and did not know she was hurting herself. She bravely began discussing other things until she tore herself away at last.

Later she flung herself on her bed, biting her sodden handkerchief in her rage. What a fool she had been, oh, what a fool, when she could have had his love, she had thrown it away, and now she would have it he didn't love her.

"Oh, miss, whatever is the matter?" thus Belinda, who stood in the doorway of her bedroom. "I couldn't 'elp but 'ear you, 'as someone died?"

"Yes, yes, that's what it is."

"Not that blind young gentleman at St. Dunstan's wot you brought 'ere to tea that day, Cap'en Blair—"

"Yes, I mean no, no he's not dead."

"Is he worse?" fearfully.

"No, no."

"Whatever can it be then? Don't say yer aint a-goin' to marry 'im, miss, arter all, and me building on it."

"No," groaned Priscilla, wishing to heavens she hadn't told the kind-hearted little Belinda quite so much.

"Well, miss, if it's a lovers' quarrel yer ought to say ye're sorry, 'e can't read yer face—wot tells a man things 'e wants to know, an' yer can read 'is, so you just up, and say ye're sorry."

"No, no, leave me, Belinda, you can't understand. Go and get your work done, and leave me alone, please."

"Pore young man, and 'im blind."

Belinda went into the sitting room, closing the door between gently; she did not understand, but would have a good try—miss had told her she loved the blind man—the blind man had said to Belinda when they were alone that day he came to tea: "You look after Miss Priscilla well, I am sure, Belinda, will you let me give you this?" and he had given her a red and white note—well there you are. She knew wot she would do; it was Wednesday, her night out, Well, John James wouldn't see her that night, leastways, not if she could 'elp it. Belinda knew her London, and it didn't take her long to get a message conveyed to Captain Blair, a cryptic one, but effectual. "Miss Priscilla she wants yer, please come along o' me, Belinda, and don't you forget one word."

Blair soon came to the kindly little maid, and asked her what was wrong. Belinda, with all the dramatic instinct of her class, told how Miss Priscilla was taking on awful, how she loved 'im, and didn't 'e love 'er, and she was a-crying fit to bust.

"I'll come with you," said Blair quietly.

"Call a taxi, please."

"All right, sir."

Belinda had been gone over an hour, when Priscilla began to regain a little of her normal pose. She bathed her face and eyes, and tidied her hair, though a deep sob of humiliation burst occasionally from her.

To-morrow she would go home and take up her usual life, no one need ever know the

abyss of despair she had been plunged into.

She went into her sitting room, and seized the railway time-table, trying hard to blot out thought with action. The noise of two people coming over the stairs, a slight shuffling sound at the door, which was flung open by Belinda, and the loved figure was gently propelled through the doorway. "'Ere yer are, miss, now do as I tell'd yer, let 'im read yer faice in yer words," and Belinda gently closed the door.

"Priscilla, do you really love me, it's not—not because you're sorry for me?" He groped towards her. "I love you so, and I thought it was because you were sorry, and it was so hard, so hard to let you go."

"Gordon, so you cared all the time." Priscilla took his hand, but the touch was enough. Quickly he drew her into his arms.

They discussed many things until suddenly the door opened, and Belinda came in, bearing a tray with Priscilla's supper.

"Sorry, miss, but the missus made me bring this up, I told 'er as 'ow I wouldn't be wanted, but she said as the work 'ad to be done. She's Friday's child, aint she, sir," this to Blair.

"Friday's child? How?"

"Loving and giving, and me, I'm Saturday's child, I am. I work 'ard fer me living," and with that she began to lay the table for two.

K. HITCHCOCK.

Sleep.

Those whispers wander through the air,

Weird sounds disturb your sleep,

As if lost beings, their souls laid bare,

Wander listlessly, and weep.

A land of ghostly wistful sounds,

Of weird shapes that come and go,

Of souls that burst their hated bounds

For longings no one knows.

And now those awful sobbings cease,

Those weird shapes disappear,

Then comes at last a perfect peace—

You sleep with angels near.

A.S.B.

ORDERLY SERGT. (at mess): "Any complaints?"

NEWLY-JOINED (in an aggrieved voice): "Yes."

ORDERLY SERGT.: "What is it?"

NEWLY-JOINED: "Potatoes are bad."

ORDERLY SERGT.: "That's not a complaint, my lad; that's a disease."

Tasting the Swedes.

TRIALS OF AN ORDERLY OFFICER.

An amusing sketch of camp life is contained in a letter from a young officer of a battalion which it would be impolitic to name, in which he records a day of duty as orderly officer.

"I sallied forth at 7 a.m., after having almost caused my batman to have forty fits by letting his entrance with my shaving water find me half dressed. 'Twas a bad start, and I feared the worst, but the only excitement at breakfast was one complaint in a certain hut of a shortage of tea. Now having, in times past, performed the duties of Battalion Orderly Corporal, I laughed inwardly. If this were all the complaints they had I had nothing to fear. An order to scuttle along to the cook-house to get some more from the Sgt. Cook soon settled that affair, and I made a hasty exit to dodge the wrath of the said master cook.

All went well till dinner-time, when once again I set out with my staff to inspect the men's grub. Unhesitatingly I popped into a certain hut with the hackneyed semi-question on my lips—but that question was never uttered.

There by the table-head stood an historic group, whilst around, and in a vista down the hut, were the faces of men. I scented trouble, and got it. Closer scrutiny proved that the little group consisted of the Messing Q.M.S., the Sgt. Cook, the Cpl. of the room, and the Mess Orderly for the day. The Sgt. Cook was the first to speak, and from him I heard the worst. The dinner it appeared, was a most unappetising squashed sort of conglomeration called a vegetable stew. Its principal constituents seemed at first sight to be gristle and a curious mashed up pink stuff. The pink stuff was mashed swedes. The Cpl. said they were sour; the Mess Orderly said they were sharp; and one or two others of the bolder spirits in the hut bore each of them out. The remainder were rather frightened and silent. They were new recruits, thank heaven.

"What do you say, sergeant?" I asked the Master-Cook.

Vehemently he asserted that the vegetables were in the pink. Why, had he not seen them arrive the day before, and had they not gone straight into the boilers that morning, not 24 hours old? How could they possibly be bad.

I didn't mention the obvious reason for their possible "off"-ness, but waited to hear if he hadn't actually seen them picked, or dug up, or however it is one gathers swedes. But his inventive genius was not equal to it.

The Cpl.'s was. He seized the weak point in the Sgt.'s assertion and suggested that the vegetables did not always arrive at the cook-house straight from their native farm, and hinted darkly of queer happenings at the A.S.C.'s store yards. I stooped for a fork to taste the luckless swedes, but the Q.M.S. stopped me.

"Let me wipe it, sir." He did, on the sooty piece of newspaper used as a mat under the dish to keep the table clean. . . . I shut my eyes, dug wildly into the dish, and swallowed the stuff with a gulp. Was it only six months ago I was eating tack like this with a relish? But my facial muscles saved me and I pronounced the stuff excellent. Whereat the Q.M.S. tasted and spoke likewise, but to no purpose.

I sought desperately for an opening, whilst visions of endless days of worry and trouble, official correspondence, and, more immediate, a lunchless day for me, arose in my mind. If a complaint is not frivolous, or if it cannot be rectified on the spot, then upon the officer falls the brunt of finding a substitute for the offending food.

A soft footfall outside, and enter the Captain of the week. To him I told the tale of woe, and he took two forkfuls. Wonderful man, the skipper! He, with his eyes open and twinkling, smacked his lips after each dose, and blandly asked what the matter was, affecting intense surprise when informed again that the swedes he had just eaten were sour. "Nonsense! nonsense!" said he, "Sergeant, just try a little and bear me out."

The luckless Battalion Orderly Sgt. did as he was bid, and by dint of taking a very minute portion, managed to give a fair imitation of the Captain.

The skipper then turned to me "What do they taste like?" he asked.

"Swedes, sir," said I.

"Just what I thought," he replied. Then, freezing the Sgt.'s smile with his eyes, he said: "Sgt., what have you to say?"

Now, if there's one man in the Battalion who deserves promotion it is the Battalion Orderly Sgt.

He had a brain wave. He suggested that it was rather late in the season for swedes, and

that at this time of year they always tasted a bit sharp. Now I happen to know, that except for an occasional holiday, that N.C.O. has never been on a farm, and knows as much about farming as I do about the Tanks.

The plaintiffs capitulated, the Sgt. had done the trick, and the cause of all the trouble was there and then dished out to the patient men around the table. Headed by the Captain of the day, we five filed out. The N.C.O. saluted and went. The skipper and I solemnly shook hands and went to lunch.

Loot.

Though he had dodged his country's call,
Escaped the comb, drew wages tall,
He to the girl big words let fall,
And kidded he'd been through it all,
And the girl said, "Well, I never!"

And on to that naive phrase he hooked,
And mentally the girl he booked
As being simpler than she looked,
So fishy bits of "cod" he cooked,
And the girl said, "Well, I never!"

He told her of the deeds he'd done
Ere invalided out, and spun
A yarn of how he strafed the Hun,
And outed seven, one by one,
And the girl said, "Well, I never!"

And, warming to his work, he threw
In other tales of derring-do—
The accent on the "do"—and drew
A word-sketch, "a la Waterloo,"
And the girl said, "Well, I never!"

And, certain he had found a jay,
He said his doings in the fray
Explained why ever since that day
The Kaiser had been growing grey,
And the girl said, "Well, I never!"

He boasted, "I won through because
Fritz thought I was, in each shlemoz,
The B.E.F. itself, I'm pos.!"
And, bar the E, perhaps he was—
And the girl said, "Well, I never!"

A golden ticker he displayed,
And said, "For that I never paid,
Its price would break me, I'm afraid;
It's loot, that is, grabbed in a raid,"
And the girl said, "Well, I never!"

To clear himself, he said, "Although
It's not the British way, I know,
To lift goods from a fallen foe,
I took it as a memento!"

And the girl said, "Well, I never!"

He argued, puffing his woodbine,
"Big pots think such perks good and fine;
The Crown Prince Willie's in the line,
Though he's no college chum of mine,"
And the girl said, "Well, I never!"

But suddenly he went off song;
For seeing, 'mid the passing throng,
His boss, who thought flirtation wrong.
He scooted with a brief "So long!"

And the girl said, "Well, I never!"

And when he'd gone she, with a purr,
Withdrew from out her muff of fur
The gold clock of that swanking sir;
The loot, once his, had hopped to her,
And the girl said, "Well, I never!"

Jack Canuck.

How we lost our Outposts.

In —, 1917, the writer was in charge of an outpost at —, where, for some time, a quiet, but rather doubtful state of things had been the rule. Two outposts were established not a hundred miles apart, and on that particular night (or rather, early morning) only a few star-shells relieved a dull monotony. Whilst approaching Listening Post No. 2, the N.C.O. in charge of the platoon saw what he thought a suspicious movement, and challenged as usual, whereupon one of the men on duty, uncertain of the direction whence the voice came, got under cover, and prepared for "business."

Meanwhile I had gone out to my listening post to relieve the men on duty there, and when the senior N.C.O. returned to our main line there was no sign of outpost party No. 1. This apparently confirmed his fears, and he reported to headquarters that his position had been captured.

When our platoon officer came up to investigate, two of us were busy getting a "funk hole" into more comfortable shape, and it was then we heard, for the first time, of the "disaster"!

And that's how our outposts were *not* lost.

"RANKER."

The Tale of Kat,

AS RECORDED IN THE PARCHMENTS OF
PIFFLICUS.

1.—The land of Ukon was situated in the country of Kliveden, and was ruled over by the Queen called Systerr, and her High Priest was named Korp.

2.—In the land were there many two-footed beings called humans, but there were no animals which walk upon four legs.

3.—And it came to pass that one day a beast which walked upon four legs invaded the domain of Ukon.

4.—And it had no clothing; neither spake it the language of the people; yea, verily, was its back covered with many hairs of various hues, like unto fine silk; and its voice sounded from early morn till past even with wailing, like unto Meouw, which, being interpreted, means, love me.

5.—But the people understood it not.

6.—And the animal was named Kat.

7.—And Systerr was sore of spirit, because she liked not the tribe, and said unto her High Priest:

8.—“Give orders unto my people that if Kat or any of his tribe be found in the land of Ukon, they shall lay hold of them and slay them.”

9.—And Korp did as she said, even so did he.

10.—And one even after tee (which is the third meal of the day) one of the people of Ukon did discover Kat in the land, and did lay hold on him.

11.—And he did take him to the banquet hall, wherein Korp and his counsellors did foregather, and he did prepare to feed him with the juice of the kow, which is called milk.

12.—Then was Korp struck with astonishment, and did say:

13.—“Know ye not that this beast's life is forfeit; yet wouldst ye feed him.”

14.—And he swore a great oath, and did forbid it.

15.—Yet said he further: “Kat shall be slain; see ye to it.”

16.—And two of the people removed Kat from his presence.

17.—Now it happened that one of the Queen's ladies did wish that a nail, whereon to hang light (which is called electric) be removed from one place to another, because she said, “Where it at present is it availeth nothing.”

18.—Which is to say it was *napoo*.

19.—And one of the Ukonites who accompanied Kat, hearing her supplication, did straightway fetch an axe, wherewith he might perform whatsoever the lady wished.

20.—Then, having done so, did he go to return the axe from whence it came.

21.—And on the way did he meet Korp.

22.—And Korp said: “For what purpose hast thou this axe?”

23.—And he replied: “Sire, thy words fell on fertile soil; we have taken Kat into the courtyard, and there did I sever his head from his body even as thou didst command.”

24.—And Korp said: “Thou good and faithful servant; inasmuch as thou hast been faithful in the execution of this Kat, so mayst thou have a slice of toast for supper” (which is the fourth and last meal of the day).

25.—But lo, on the morrow a strange thing did happen. Kat appeareth again.

26.—And Systerr was much troubled in spirit, and did say:

27.—“Didst thou not tell me that Kat had been slain even as I had commanded; yet, perchance, he walketh abroad.”

28.—And Korp endeavoured to appease her wrath, and did say:

29.—“Surely it be one of the tribe, yet verily was Kat slain last eventide; perchance, this may be Kit, but let us slay him also.”

30.—For Korp wist not that the faithful servant had deceived him.

31.—And he cried with a loud voice to his servants, saying: “Away with him.”

32.—And one hireling replied: “Where to, O, sire?”

33.—Then did they sit in council, and it was decreed that Kit should be led to the place of death, called Fumeygator.

34.—And so it was done.

35.—And Kit was in the Fumeygator for one hour; yea, verily, it may have been two hours, and he had for company that which is called Dirty Linen.

36.—And when the Fumeygator was opened, that the rulers of Ukon might behold the work of their hands, did a strange sight meet their eyes.

37.—Verily it was a miracle, for there lay Kit as one asleep, yet had not life departed from him.

38.—And, being awakened, he did open his mouth widely; to wit, he did yawn.

39.—And he did say, "Meouw," and he did say it again, and did repeat it many times, which, being interpreted in the language of the Ukonites, meaneth: "Carry on, I'm *tres bon*."

40.—And verily be it written: At the ninth hour of the same day the Kat came back.

Sports, Amusements, &c.

FOOTBALL.

Since our last report the hospital team has played three games, winning two and losing the third.

On Feb. 16th, on the hospital ground, the home team faced Slough Rovers for the second time, and gained an easy win of 9—0. The game was very one-sided, owing to the weakness of the opposing defence. The weather was good, and the game was witnessed by a large number of patients and staff.

On Feb. 23rd, Connaught Athletic played the East Anglian R.E.'s, at Maidenhead. The game was a good hard one throughout, with both teams playing sound football. Fifteen minutes before time one of the opposing forwards got away, passed the goalie and netted, scoring the only goal of the game.

A week later, at home, the Connaughts met their old rivals, Maidenhead R.E.'s. This game, too, proved an easy win for the home team, although having to fill up with several reserves.

Supporters of the team will, we feel sure, be sorry to hear of the departure of our dashing centre-half, Bob Simms. His absence in the team will certainly be felt.

MUNITIONETTES *v.* PATIENTS.

On Feb. 23rd quite a bit of fun was witnessed on the hospital ground. Needless to say, the ladies won in fine style; probably the boys were a little shy.

CONCERTS, &c.

The appreciation of everyone is due to the following ladies and gentlemen who have provided such high-class entertainment during the past fortnight:—The American Band, Victor Biegel's Concert Party, Mrs. Collins' Concert Party, Professional Classes Concert Party, Mr. DeLisle Barnes (lecture—"Reconstruction"), High Jinks Concert Party, Miss Gore's Concert Party (Maidenhead).

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

Very hearty thanks to the following ladies and gentlemen is tendered for the generous hospitality extended to the patients during the past two weeks:—Mrs. Dykes, Mr. Wagg, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Proprietor of the Maidenhead Picture Palace, Messrs. E. Spindler & Sons, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Henson (Stoke Poges), Miss Barry (Ockwells Manor), Mrs. Barnett (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Woodlock, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Hawkes, Mrs. MacDona, Lady Desborough, Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Gordon LeReve, Mrs. Dykes, Mrs. Derlacher, and Miss Coleman. Outings to Windsor Castle and Bisham Abbey were also highly appreciated.

Your Face a Picture.

Don't keep the blue sky from your landscape,
When painting a picture of life;

Put in it the warm glowing sunshine,
As well as the element's strife.

A picture of nature, if sunless,
Is drab-looking, shrouded and cold,

The sunny blue sky is essential,
Her beauties to fully unfold.

And e'en as the blue sky and sunshine
Make brighter the face of the land,

So smiles—brave, honest and kindly—
The homeliest features make grand.

So see that your face is a picture

That is sunny, helpful and bright,
Your face will not glow the less brighter,
By setting your fellows alight.

The outlook to-day may be stormy,

And clouds may hang heavy as lead;
Yet soon, in the future that's dawning,

The sky will show clear overhead,
So never paint life at its blackest,

Nor picture the gloomiest view;

Don't daub on the dullest of colours,

Make use of the brightest—sky blue.

E. G. PIZZY, 4th R.F.

OMAR REVISED.

A ton of coal, five pounds of sugar and thou,
Knitting beside me in the wilderness,
Were Paradise enow.

Telephone: No. 51x.

Arthur Upson,

Photographic Chemist,

35 & 37, HIGH STREET,
(Next to Town Hall) MAIDENHEAD.




Kodaks. Photographic Materials.
Films. :: Plates. :: Paper.

Complete Department for Developing, Printing and
Enlarging.

Films Developed and Printed in 48 hours.

THE .. HIPPODROME, MAIDENHEAD.

Roller Skating 

Every Evening, from 6.30 till 10.

Thursday & Saturday Afternoons,
from 2.30 till 5 o'clock.

Always something doing.

Telephone: 156, Maidenhead.

HOSPITALS, CANTEENS & SHOPS SUPPLIED.

GEO. MATTINGLEY,

East Berks

Tobacco & Cigar Stores,

55, KING STREET ...

Next door to
Corn & Coal Stores, MAIDENHEAD.

Agent for the best makes of Imported
Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobaccos.

Telephone:
131, Maidenhead.

Telegrams:
"Randall, Maidenhead."

GEO. RANDALL,

Sports & General Caterer,

THE NEW

Swan Hotel & Restaurant,

44, HIGH STREET

(Opposite Town Hall),

:: MAIDENHEAD. ::



Spacious Room and every accommodation
for PRIVATE DANCES & PARTIES.

Prompt Personal Attention.

W. F. HAYCOCK,

Market Gardener,
Wholesale & Retail Fruiterer,
Greengrocer, &c.,

Lent Rise, Burnham,
BUCKS.



Poultry, Eggs. Cut Flowers.

Every description of High-class Fruit in Season
a speciality.

Canteens, Officers' & N.C.O.'s Messes
supplied on reasonable terms.

Families catered for.

For High-Class Laundry

send to

Maidenhead District Laundry Co., Ltd., Furze Platt, Maidenhead.

F. ROGERS, Managing Director.

Awarded Gold & Silver Medals for excellence:
Laundry Exhibition, London, 1910;

Also

Silver Medal, London, 1913,

and

Diploma, Manchester, 1913.

OWEN PRICE

(From the Army & Navy Stores, London),

Court Hairdresser

(LADIES & GENTLEMEN),

51, King Street, Maidenhead.

CORNER OF THE BROADWAY.

Chiropodist.

Agent for Holland's Patent "Sprigwell" Instep Support
for tired and aching feet. :: :: Also other Specialities.
Consult OWEN PRICE, who will assist you to take
care of your feet.

Manicure. Hair Waving and Tinting.

Electrical Treatment for the Hair.

THE

BRITISH

AUTOMOBILE

TRACTION Co., Limited.

SERVICE between MAIDENHEAD (Bear Hotel),
TAPLOW COURT and CLIVEDEN HOSPITAL,
Week-Days and Sundays:—

Maidenhead	P.M. 1 52	P.M. 5 3	P.M. 5 4	P.M. 5 5	P.M. 5 6	P.M. 5 8	P.M. 5 5	P.M. 9 0
Taplow Ct.	1 18	2 18	3 18	4 18	5 18	6 18	8 18	9 13
Cliveden H.	1 25	2 25	3 25	4 25	5 25	6 25	8 25	9 20
Cliveden H.	P.M. 1 30	P.M. 2 30	P.M. 3 30	P.M. 4 30	P.M. 5 30	P.M. 6 30	P.M. 8 30	P.M. 9 30
Taplow Ct.	1 37	2 37	3 37	4 37	5 37	6 37	8 37	9 37
Maidenhead	1 50	2 50	3 50	4 50	5 50	6 50	8 50	9 45

FARES—Maidenhead & Taplow Court, 3d.; Maidenhead &
Cliveden Hospital, 6d.; Taplow Court and Cliveden Hos-
pital, 3d.; Bear Hotel and "Dumb Bell" Corner, 2d.

MONTAGUE C. ROCK, M.P.S.,

Dispensing & Photographic Chemist.

A large assortment of Toilet & Surgical Requisites
always in stock.

Bring your best Negatives to us to be printed and
enlarged. We have a fully-equipped Department
for this work, and our charges are moderate.

38, KING STREET, Maidenhead.

Telephone: 466.

L. Gironimo

'Phone: 439.

CONFECTIONER.

Finest Selection of Cakes & Biscuits obtainable
under the present food restrictions.

Delicious Chocolates.

78, HIGH ST., MAIDENHEAD.

NEVE BROS.

(Established 1847),

Hatters, Hosiers, Glovers, . . .
Shirt Makers & General Outfitters.

Agents for the Jaeger Co.'s All-Wool Specialities.
"Aquascutum" & "Zambrene" Raincoats.

Good dependable Underclothing, Shirts and
Socks, for Officers and Men.

Warm Knitted Undercoats, soft and comfortable,
10/6 to 21/-.
* * * * *

Specialists in Boys' School Outfits.

'Phone: 539.



74, HIGH STREET,
MAIDENHEAD. ::

R. MARTIN.

The House for Newest
.. and Best Designs in ..

BLOUSES & SPORTS COATS,

also always the Latest in

COSTUMES, COSTUME SKIRTS,

.. &c., showing. ..

PRICES are RIGHT.

47, High Street,

MAIDENHEAD.

'Phone: No. 174, Slough.

The Slough and

Langley Laundries

(Slough Laundry Co., Ltd.),

Shirt & Collar Dressers,
Dyers, Cleaners, &c.



BUCKINGHAM GARDENS,

Slough.

Thames Hotel

MAIDENHEAD.

Beautifully situated on River Bank,
:: overlooking Cliveden Reach. ::

GARAGE.

Boats, Punts & Tariff and inclusive terms
Cars for Hire. from Manager.

Telegrams: "Thames, Maidenhead." 'Phone: 109.

We hold IMMENSE STOCKS of

General Drapery

which were
PURCHASED BEFORE THE
GREAT ADVANCE in Prices
and are giving our Customers
the benefit of our FORESIGHT

A visit will convince you.



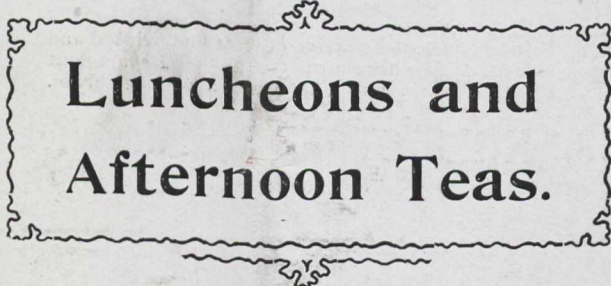
ANDREWS & SON,
General Drapers, Milliners, &c.,
101, 103, 104, High Street,
SLOUGH.

Telephone:
40, Slough.

Telegrams:
"Andrews, Slough."

Chiltern House,
Crendon Street,
High Wycombe
(Head Office).

"Priscilla,"
23, Queen Street,
Maidenhead
(Branch).



Luncheons and Afternoon Teas.

HOME-MADE CAKES A SPECIALITY.

At Homes, Garden Parties, Board Residence
Dances, &c., catered for. and Apartments.

Open on Sundays.

Telegrams:
Chiltern House, High Wycombe.

Telegrams:
Priscilla, Maidenhead.

Proprietress: Mrs. ETHERIDGE.

China. Glass. Earthenware.



A. W. & R. E. BACON,

The Household Stores,
85-87, High St., Slough.



Gas Burners and Mantles.

Telephone: No. 78.