

33-2-45

VOL. II., No. 28.

JULY 13TH, 1918.

“

Stand & Easy”

Chronicles of Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

THREEPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. II., No. 28.

SATURDAY, JULY 13TH, 1918.

THREEPENCE.

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

Heard in the Train.

“PIGS IN CLOVER.”

WORKING MAN (*forcing his way into an already overcrowded third-class compartment*): 'Ere, shove up a bit. Carn't yer make room fur one more?

ELDERLY SWELL: What do you want to come butting in here for? Can't you see this compartment is—Ow! that was my foot, confound you! I protest! Where's the guard?

WORKING MAN: Don't git rorty, guv'ner. You aint the on'y one what pretests. I pretest against 'avin' to stand up with four others in a third smoker. But I've gotter all the same. Awsked the guard to find me a seat. Sed 'e 'adn't got one fur 'isself, let alone me. I tell yer wot it is, gents—since the Guv'ment took 'em over, the railways is rotten. They charge yer fifty per cent. extra for yer fare, and w'en you've paid it, you 'as to take a stand-up sit-down. It aint no good a Britisher expecting decent treatment at 'ome nowadays. You want'er be a uninterred alien, or (wot's better) a 'Un prisoner.

SOLDIER: Or a dirty Conchie.

WORKING MAN: You're right there, laddie. But it's the way we treats these stinkin' 'Un prisoners wot gits my rag out worst. Conchies 'ave a pretty good time, I believe, but they aint slobbered over like our 'Un prisoners. Tell yer wot I sore at King's Cross jest nah. There was some blighted 'Un orficer prisoners jest arrived. They druv up as large as life in moter-cars driv by English gals, larfin' an' jokin' jest as if they was on a joy-ride. *Driv by English gals*, I tell yer. *Thet's* wot some of our wimmin 'ave come down to—drivin' German swine about in moter-cars—filthy 'ounds wot'ud stick at nuthink if they got the charnce. If I caught a gal o' mine doin' a thing like thet, I'd smack 'er bare arm if she was forty.

ELDERLY SWELL: Perhaps the girls were merely obeying orders. W.A.A.C.s, I presume.

WORKING MAN: Orders or no orders, if I

was a W.A.A.C. I'd see my C.O. in Hades before I'd lower meself to drive German toe-rags about in moter-cars. Our wimmin an' gals ought not to be brought in contact with the vermin, and the orficers responsible for it oughter be 'ounded outer the Army! You carn't touch pitch without some of it stickin', an' you carn't git near a German without stinkin' fur a bit, unless you git close to 'im with a bay'nit.

SOLDIER: That's a fact.

WORKING MAN: But thet aint all. Wot jer think these German scum 'ad with 'em? Why, wicker easy chairs, deck chairs, tennis racquets, and all sorts o' things to make 'em 'appy an' comferble. They might 'ave bin young English gents goin' back to college fur all the bloomin' luxyeries they 'ad.

ELDERLY SWELL: A conference is now being held in Holland between German and English representatives on the subject of the treatment of prisoners of war.

WORKING MAN: Rot! Wot's the good o' thet? The on'y way to git decent treatment for our chaps is to treat German prisoners in England the same as they treats ours, and a bit worse. You wouldn't stop to argue with a sewer-rat or a snake if yer met one, would yer? You'd put yer 'eel on it fust, and tork arfter. And 'ere am I standin' up in a third-clawss carriage, arfter payin' fare and a 'arf, an' the charnces are some bloomin' blood-stained 'Uns are leanin' back at their ease in a "first" 'igher up the train. It's enough to make a bloke curse 'is gran'mother! . . . Gittin' out 'ere, mate? Then I'll take yer seat, if nobody else will . . .—*John Bull.*

GIVING HIM "SOCKS."

The soldier was in hospital with broken ribs, and had recovered sufficiently to begin to be rather bored with inactivity.

A doctor called in to see him one afternoon, and asked him how he was getting on.

"I have had a stitch in my side to-day," replied the soldier, somewhat peevishly.

"That's all right, my boy," said the doctor; "it shows the bones are knitting."

Afraid of being Afraid.

A well-built youth, fair, tall and by all appearances just leaving his teens, was standing at the table of a Recruiting Office relating to the officer a few particulars regarding himself, which are necessary when enlisting in the Army.

The inevitable had come, he was to be a soldier; days previous to receiving his calling-up papers, he was thinking of what was to befall him in the near future.

Soldiering did not appeal to him; he was not conscientious, and, withal, looked upon the future with dismay.

Men! his chums! who had witnessed the inferno on the French soil, had told him of the trials and few pleasures that country held out, and everything likely to happen in combating with the unspeakable Boche. He tried to put himself in their position, do what they had done, but it was all of no avail.

These thoughts occurred to him times out of number. How could he kill—bayonet a man in cold blood? The thoughts made him shudder. Anyhow, he was to be a soldier, he bowed to the inevitable, the army had claimed him, and he must make the best of a bad job.

He was no coward, he had done many things in civilian life to prove this. Once, when returning from business, he was walking along a by street, when a sudden cry from a house near by caused him to start. He moved in the direction of the cry and found clouds of smoke coming through the windows and the door. He immediately forced the door open, made his way to where the cries were, and, although badly burnt in several places, he managed through strenuous efforts to effect a rescue of a child and its mother. Was this cowardice? No! he was not a coward, he was simply afraid of being afraid to do the work of a soldier and suffer the hardships which active service inevitably brings.

He was now finished with the Recruiting Office, his last vow being to serve his God, King and Country. He was declared a soldier of Britain, but he felt sick at heart; in fact, he wished himself anywhere except on this earth.

He made his way towards his home. Somehow he had to break the news to mother—to tell her he was a soldier, and on the morrow was to leave home to return, perhaps, sometime in the future.

He managed this after many efforts, and

could only console her by telling her he would be back again in a short time, God willing. The day had come when he should go. He parted from his home—from his all, but what a torture that parting was. That peculiar lump had come to his throat and was almost choking him; he wanted to shed a tear, but he could not. He went away feeling anything but a soldier and a fighter.

Days passed, weeks passed. This fellow had been passing through the toils of the army training. Military discipline had not the least effect upon him; he was still afraid of being afraid. His letters home were not of that cheery nature, they were rather on the gloomy side, that wanting feeling about them, but try how he would his spirits would not let him invite any different.

The time came when he had to leave for France. This was to him the most awful of the whole lot. The draft he was attached to left in the early hours of a July morning from the quay at Southampton and arrived at one of the French ports early in the evening of the same day. His draft spent one or two days in a reinforcement camp prior to joining the battalion who they were to reinforce.

The draft eventually joined their battalion and he was posted to his company.

It happened that the battalion were under orders to proceed to a different part of the front to relieve the French, prior to a "gaff" that was to come off.

After many days of travelling, they arrived at their billets. They were to relieve the French on the following day, and the attack was to be launched the same day at a given hour.

The terrible thoughts re-occurred in his mind: He was about to do all that he was not wishing to do.

Alas! the time was nearing when the attack should be made. The O.C. in charge of the battalion was walking up and down the trench handing a small red card to each one of the men. On it was printed the words of Lord Nelson: "England this day expects every man to do his duty," and as a kind of afterthought these words were printed to help to encourage: "God be with you in your efforts."

"Two minutes to go" was passed along the line from the O.C., then one minute, and finally the note of the whistle. During the lull of these final minutes he was trying to console himself wondering whether he should climb on

the parapet first or hang back until the last.

Will! nothing but self-will brought him to his senses, and like a man possessed he was up on the top of the trench and racing in full swing with the rest towards the enemy trenches.

He, the man who was afraid of being afraid; he, who at the thought of sticking cold steel into a Hun shuddered, was now doing justice to himself and those at home, fighting like one possessed, till a bullet found its way to his heart, and he crumpled and fell—yet another who had made the great sacrifice.

The battle was over, the Germans defeated, and in the chaos of waste was a still form lying face downwards—the man who was afraid of being afraid—but he, thank God, had died like a man.

R.J.E.

The Watchers of the Waters.

“TUPPENCE APIECE.”

By BARTIMEUS.

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The herring were in the bay, and the fleet of sailing smacks went trailing out on the light wind with their eager crews of old men and boys straining at the halliards to catch the last capful of wind. After them came the armed guard-boat of the little peaceful fleet, a stout trawler with a gun in her bows, fussing in the wake of her charges.

The skipper of the guard-boat was at the wheel, a tall, gaunt old man with a fringe of grey whisker round his jaws and a mouth as tight as a scar. He it was who located the herring and placed the fleet across their path, and all that day the smacks lay to their nets till the porpoises turned inshore and drove the silvery host eastward. After them went the smacks, with holds half-full, lured on by the promise of two quarters rent as good as paid. Finally, the old trawler reserveman checked the pursuit.

“Fish or no fish,” he cried, “here ye bide the night.” They had reached the limit of the safety zone of those waters, and he rounded up his flock like a sagacious sheep-dog, counting the little craft carefully ere he took up his position to seaward of them for the night. At the first hint of dawn he weighed anchor and counted again: his grim old face darkened. He turned to seaward where the sky was lightening fast, and searched the mist through glasses. Three smacks were discernable some miles outside their allotted area. The burly mate stood

beside his father, and watched the dilinquents hauling in their nets with a speed that hinted at an uneasy conscience.

“They’*m* drifted in a bit of a tide rip mebber?” he ventured.

The old man growled an oath. “Tide rip? Nay! They’*m* just daft wi’ greed. There’s no wit nor dacency in their sodden heads. An I’ll larn ’em both. By God, I’ll larn ’em to disobey my orders.” He watched the far-off craft hoisting sail, with eyes grey and cold as flints beneath the bushy brows. “Aye” he said threateningly, I’ll larn ye” and clumped forward to the wheelhouse.

* * * * *

“The sun had not yet risen, and the thin morning mists wreathed the face of the waters. As the trawler gathered way a sudden flash of light blinked out of the mist to the northward. The report of a gun was followed by the explosion of a shell 50 yards on the near side of the most distant fishing smack.

The trawler skipper measured the distance from the flash to the fishing fleet, and thence to the truants bowling towards them on the morning breeze.

“Man the gun!” he roared. He picked up a megaphone and bellowed through it in the direction of his charges: “Cut your warps an’ get ter hell outer this!” Then he wrenched the telegraph to full speed and put the wheel over, heading his little craft towards the quarter from which the flash had come. The gun’s crew closed up round the loaded gun, rolling up their sleeves and spitting on their hands as is the custom of their breed before a fight.

“There’s a submarine yonder in the mist,” shouted the skipper. “Open fire as soon as ye sight her, and keep her busy while the smacks get away.” Astern of them the small craft were cutting their nets away and hoisting sail. Three or four were already making for safety to the westward before the morning breeze that hurried in catspaws over the sea.

* * * * *

Bang!

The trawler opened fire as the submarine appeared ahead like a long, hump-backed shadow against the pearly grey of the horizon. The breech clanged open and the acrid smoke floated aft as they re-loaded.

“Rapid fire!” shouted the skipper. Shells were bursting all about the fleeing smacks. “Give ’em hell, lads. Her’ve got two guns an’

us but the one” He glanced back over his shoulder at the little craft he was trying to save, and then bent to the voice-pipe. “Every ounce o’ steam, Luther. Her’ll try to haul off an’ out-range my little small gun.”

* * * * *

Smoke poured from the gaily painted funnel; the “little small gun” barked and barked again, and one after the other the empty cylinders went clattering into the scuppers. A shell struck the trawler somewhere in the region of the mizzen-mast and sent the splinters flying. A minute later another exploded off the port-bow, flinging the water in sheets over the gun’s crew. The sight-setter slid into a sitting position his back against the pedestal of the gun-mounting, and his head lolling on his shoulder. They had drawn the enemy’s fire at last, and every minute gave the smacks a better chance. Shell after shell struck the little craft as she blundered gallantly on. The stern was alight; the splintered foremast lay across a funnel riddled like a pepper-pot. The trawler’s boy—a shock-headed child of fourteen who had been passing up ammunition to the gun—leaned whimpering against the engine-room casing nursing a blood-sodden jacket wrapped about his forearm.

The mate was at the gun, round which three of the crew lay. One had raised himself on his elbow and was coughing out his soul. The other two were on their backs staring at the sky.

* * * * *

In the face of the trawler’s fire the submarine turned and drew out of range, firing as she went. One of the British shells had struck the low lying hull astern, and a thin cloud of grey smoke ascended from the rent. Figures were visible running aft along the railed-in deck, gesticulating.

“Ye’ve hit her,” shouted the skipper from the wheel. “Give ’em hell, lads—”

A sudden burst of flame and smoke enveloped the wheel-house, and the skipper went hurtling through the doorway and pitched with a thud on the deck.

The mate ran aft and knelt beside him. “Father,” he cried hoarsely.

The inert blue-clad figure raised himself on his hands, and his head swayed between his massive shoulders.

“Father,” said the mate again, and shook him by the shoulder as if trying to awaken

someone from sleep. “Be ye hurted terrible bad?”

The grim old sea-dog raised his head and his son saw that he was blind.

“Pitch the codes overboard,” he said. I’m blind an’ stone deaf, an’ my guts are all abroad under me, but ye’ll fight the little gun while there’s a shell left aboard”

* * * * *

The mate stood up and looked aft along the splintered bloody deck, beyond the smoke and steam trailing to leeward.

“The gun’s wrecked,” he said slowly, as if speaking to himself. “The little smacks are clear o’ danger. . . . The destroyers are comin’ up. . . . Ye have fought a good fight, father.” The submarine had ceased fire, and as he spoke she submerged and vanished sullenly, like a wild beast baulked of its prey.

* * * * *

An old woman sat knitting beside the fire in the heart of a Midland town next day. The door opened and a girl came in quickly with a shawl over her head and a basket on her arm.

“There’s a surprise for supper,” she said. The old woman looked inside the the basket. “Herrin’!” she said. “What did they cost?”

“Tuppence apiece,” replied the girl lightly, as she hung up her shawl.

“They was cheap,” said the old woman, as she fell to larding the frying pan.

But all things considered, perhaps they were not so cheap after all.—*Daily Chronicle.*

Staff Notes.

What we would like to know—

If a certain Sergeant has such “stand in” that he can have a cold water bath before morning parade occasionally?

Did he arise rather early one morning to catch a certain “short” member of the staff administering the dose?

Was he successful?

As is a leaking motor tyre, so is a vain-glorious man. He opens up his face and the wind escapes in volumes. And, again, like unto a leaking motor tyre, the only remedy is to plug him.

Ward Notes.

B. & C.

Our friend, "the Commander-in-Chief" of the china, has lost his happy and carefree expression. No wonder, Bombardier, there are a lot of fine looking boys in Southampton.

"The old order changeth," leaving us to mourn the loss of one of the best of Night Sisters (Sister Best).

Things we want to know—

What is the attraction for two of the kitchen staff on the river?

Who was the ghost?

Who is the "Guy" who thinks he is a church at 2 a.m., and starts singing Latin?

Is it right that one of our orderlies has taken a half-interest in the big drive?

Who are the two patients who have taken up their abode in Market Street?

If any of our scholarly friends can elucidate the term "up the river"? The information will be gratefully received by one and all.

Why Bertie has his breakfast in bed every morning?

How much change does a Canadian expect from a florin after paying 6d. for soap? We thought 1/6.

F.1.

Our very best thanks are due to a well-known lady visitor for the whist drive and tea given recently in F.1. It was a thoroughly enjoyable affair, especially as whist is such a rare pastime these days.

An unexpected visitor, named pike [no capital "p," please Mr. Printer], arrived early this month. One patient suggests that the fish surrendered because of food shortage, but we prefer to give our champion anglers the benefit of the doubt. Three cheers for the old man and Digger!

The foreman of the works is making good with some Waacs nowadays. Good luck to him, and may the wedding come soon!

F.2.

After having been absent for some time, F.2 once again comes into the limelight.

Things we should like to know—

What is the occupation in civilian life of the gentleman from Montreal, who thinks he can play draughts? From his talk, we should think an auctioneer.

How does Jimmy like having water poured on him at 6.30 a.m. by the Night Sister, as the sign to arise, instead of the usual cup of tea?

Did you get a knife?

Is it right that a certain gentleman from Birmingham declared his Independence on July 4th, and gets up early instead of being thrown out?

G.1.

We have lost many old faces since the last issue of the magazine. We extend our very best wishes to the departed, and a safe voyage for those bound for Canada.

We have also had some changes in our Nursing Sisters. May good fortune attend those who have gone, and also the new comers, trusting their stay here will be a long one.

Why was Bro. "Pick" so happy on Tuesday evening? Perhaps Pace can help us.

What made Tuffy so angry the other morning? Perhaps, after all, he didn't pinch the goat's whiskers!

Why was C— so interested at Bourne End on Tuesday, and how far did Christian Science figure in the conversation?

H.1.

We thank J.1 for their kindly interest in our Sisters, and are pleased to inform them that there is no change this week,

for which we are thankful.

And we have some Sisters too! We take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Black and them for the lovely spread they so ably prepared and provided for the ward's launch picnic on Saturday, 6th inst. The sail down the river to Windsor was most enjoyable, and everyone had the opportunity of visiting the historical old town for an hour, after which tea was provided on the launch, and it would have done one good to see how the boys enjoyed the many good things provided. We don't want to make your mouth water, but we still have sweet memories. The weather being gloriously fine, the journey home was enjoyed by all, and no one was killed in the rush for No. 9's.

Who is the "guy" in our ward who prefers sleeping in the bathroom to the ward?

Does he think it just as comfortable to lie on the floor at night as in the early morning?

We regret that Weatherup has had to depart this happy home, and trust he will find Ireland as cushy.

Poor Glasgow, this week! The people will have their hands full looking after our kitchen mascot.

H.2.

We were pleased to see Sister Galt back on H.2 again.

Whatever has become of Sisters Kay and Nairn to desert such old friends?

Several of us have had a touch of "Spanish flu," and now the gramophone also has a bad attack of that or something worse. Anyway, we still have "Slim," whose voice improves in volume if not in quality. He simply can't help singing, however, and we hope our G.2 neighbours are getting used to it. Why is "Manchester" so quiet lately, G.2?

Congratulations to "Slim" on carrying off five prizes at the sports. Did you see "Red" when you finished the two miles?

Who is the man who makes our verandah look as if it had been scrubbed every morning?

Hope you'll always remember Independence Day, 1918, Jimmy.

There was great excitement here on visiting day, when one of our members had a visit from his wife at the same time that "lady friends" turned up. He, however, was a Gloucester man, and, true to the traditions of his regiment, again came out of a "back to back" battle with flying colours.

J.1.

It is very rare that we deem it necessary to express our feelings towards our Sisters through these columns, but we cannot let this opportunity slip by without saying how deeply we regret losing our Charge Sister, Sister Henderson, who has left us to take up her duties in France. Beloved by all who came in contact with her, she has proved, by her wonderful devotion to those whom she has had under her care, to be a Sister in the highest sense of the word. We wish her the very best of luck, health and strength to carry on, and a safe journey home when her duties shall finish.

Why the worried look on the dressing carriage staff lately? Is it really because they cannot apply a bandage in the correct way?

Can anyone inform us if there are any more "fair dames" in Maidenhead who have not yet come under the spell of "Kentucky."

Our best thanks are due to Mrs. Christie Miller for the fine tea that she provided for us on the eve of our late Charge Sister's departure.

We wish to thank our Sisters most heartily for the jolly outing to Windsor last Saturday.

We also, through the medium of this magazine, convey our best thanks to the boys of H.1 for share of boat.

The best of luck to Podger, the hospital pianist, who departed this (hospital) life on July 8th, 1918.

J.2.

Tuffy's "ticker" has, at the earnest request of his immediate neighbour, been muffled. One man thought the noise was

in his head until Taffy's offending "Waterbury" was found guilty.

What a marvellous capacity our "buckshee" king has! Is it two or three helpings, Taffy?

Jimmie is so particular these days in his personal appearance. Evidently something worth while, Jimmie. Is it an eleven o'clock pass-to-night?

Again our four-handed rubber has been broken up. The genial Bombardier leaves us soon. Good luck to him.

Poor old "Towney" and his mosquito bite. It is *too* bad. He has our sympathy. So conscientious too in supplying cotton wool for the verandah patients. Earwig, O!

What is the burning query that is occupying Smithie's mind these day? Perhaps the solution will be found at Buxton.

"John Willie" does not understand the mixing of garbage evidently, or he *might* be the admiration of the Sergt. instead of the exasperation.

K.1.

We are sorry to note the loss of some of our patients. We wish them the very best of luck. There was no rushing on the part of the artillery to withdraw from its position.

The latest rumour going around the ward is that the Canadian engineers are now detailed to go over the top ahead of the infantry, and clear all the mines, &c., from the trenches. Stick to it, Young, you'll have us believing it some day, but remember, there is an iron bar outside to tie "little bulls" up to.

We would like to know the origin of the epidemic which is now making the rounds of the ward. Three have already succumbed to it, and we have hopes that the rest will have it, to give them something to laugh about.

Cheerio, F.! We think you will get over it soon. Would you like to be fed on bread and milk for a day or two, and stay in o' nights?

K.2.

It would be interesting to know if the cup of tea was strong enough to drive away the snakes. Would it be wise to hire a snake charmer for future attacks?

Our friend, D—, having returned to his childhood days, would like the loan of a rattle. Can anyone oblige?

Who is the Russian-Canadian-Spaniard? It is said he can tell a good "Storey."

Anyone requiring tips on canoe(dle)ing should apply to B— of the flying kitchen staff.

We are sorry to lose our Night Sister, Sister Cullen. We, however, extend a hearty welcome to her successor, Sister Wilkinson.

"Lightning" has also left us. Are we downhearted?

Why do patients on the verandah think 11.30 p.m. is the time for arguing?

Things we want to know—

How many strings Bobby is pulling?

Is he getting Win.(dy) about it?

Who is the money-grubber?

ALEX. 1.

Since the appearance of our last notes, our Night Sister (Sister Roberts) has left us for 17 days' leave. We hope the weather will keep fine, and that we shall have the good fortune to have her back with us again.

The one and only "Red" has returned to us after a short sojourn in H.2. We hate to tell him what we think about him, but if we compared him with that naturalized English-Canadian Cpl. of ours we think he would be hard enough hit.

We have to put up with a lot of inconveniences at different intervals, but why we should have two Irishmen or Orangemen thrust upon us for so long goodness only knows. They seem "O.K." in their way, but they don't weigh much.

The "Scotch" element in the ward is much about the same. Maybe it is the two bottles of stout that has something to do with it.

By the way, Jock, we are still wondering whether you embroidered those blue things you wore on sports day.

ALEX. 2.

We much regret the loss of our old Charge Sister, who has gone to carry on good work in that place called France.

We all welcome our new Night Sister, and hope her stay with us will be a very pleasant one.

We wonder if a certain R.G.A. man in this ward has ever seen a gramophone before, or is it a change to standing by the gun? What will the boys do now that he is getting about in the chair? Perhaps our friend, L/Cpl. Williams will kindly carry the job on.

There was a great round-up the other windy morning, extra strong round about the marquee.

Who was the postcard from that arrived from Scotland the other morning for the handy-man of the ward (poor Sandy!) We are glad the little boy got one, or there would have been trouble.

Is there anyone in the Hospital who would like to buy our gramophone. If so, apply to the R.G.A. man in bed No. 3.

Pte. G—, of the Marines, would like to know if the regimental barber could be kept out of the ward, as he is losing his trade and money, and therefore unable to take her out.

Good bye to that poor old "jammy thing." May he live long, die happy, and be buried in the dust-hole with a mouthful of "bus tickets.

Who is it who talks in his sleep, and murmurs "marked out again"?

We are hoping to have a party soon to celebrate the arrival of a letter for Babe.

ONTARIO 1.

We are in a position to state that the attempt to put the rat to sleep with ether was entirely successful. But only after many attempts.

Why has our old and crusty English friend taken such a dislike to the English ladies and their boys? Is it because they will not listen to his grumbles, or is it the result of the heavy and late suppers of jam and cocoa!

Who acted the part of tutor to George during the last week-end, and has he now learned enough to carry on by himself?

Why did George climb the tree, and did he see the sport? We hope so.

Who was the strange man Jack found in his bed, and did they share the bottle between them? Wasn't Sister cross?

How was it the gallant Driver went to sleep when the lady *did* come to see him and left in a huff?

We trust that Mac's honeymoon trip was one delicious dream (not of "Black Cats") of bliss, with plenty of golden-haired angels pouring golden treacle down his neck. We are even though he did smash up the lady's cycle in his haste to return to his duties.

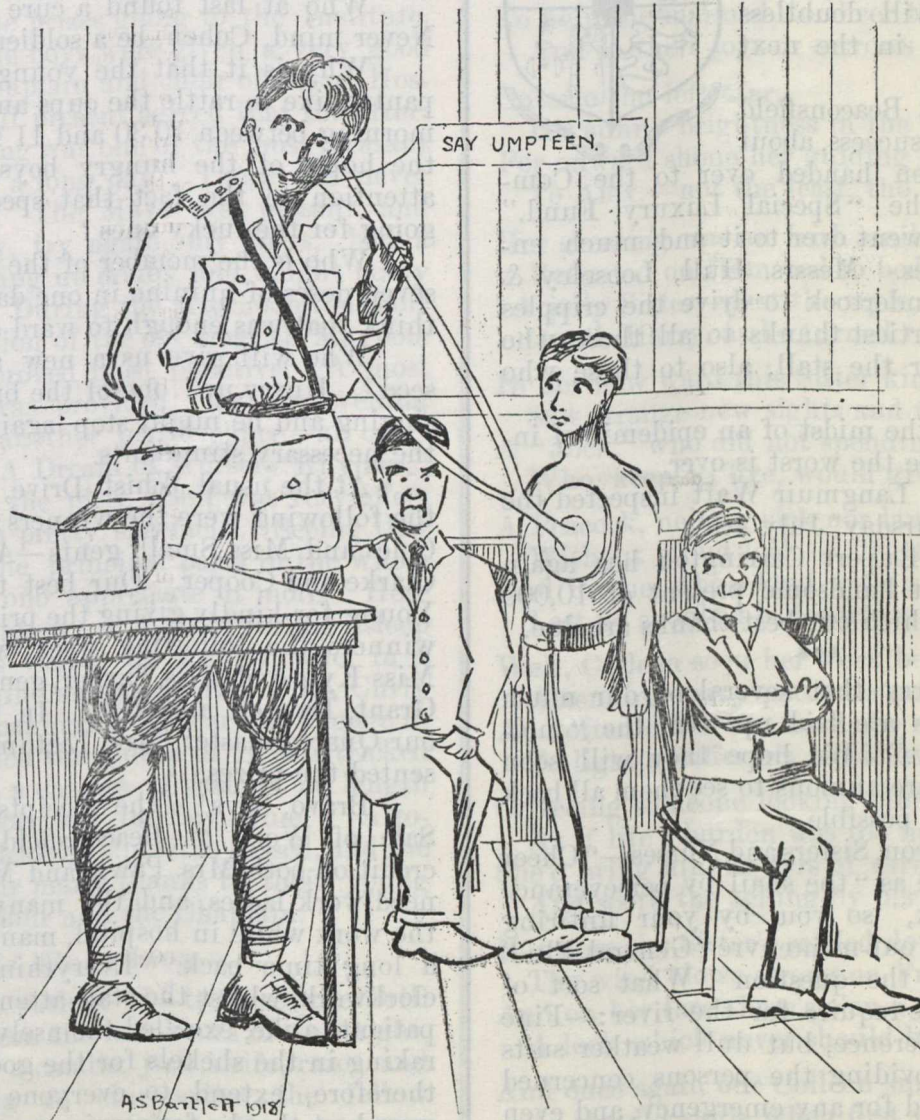
LAUGH and grow fat, and you will find people saying that you exceed your rations.

HAMBITIOUS.

A Scotchman was spending the evening with some English friends, and to pass the time they played cards. At the end of about an hour and a half the Scotchman found himself the poorer by more than thirty shillings, and rose from the table.

"Don't go yet," said his host. "Stop and have supper; we have a beautiful piece of ham."

"I want none of your ham," snapped the Scotchman indignantly. "Do you think I could eat thirty shillingsworth of ham?"



The "Chest Test" Feeling.

HIGH WYCOMBE

Miss Thurlow (Quarter-master) is away on a week's holiday, so our contribution to this issue of CHRONICLES will suffer in consequence. However, she will be back to make up for it in the next edition.

Our staff at B... Fair was a great success, £35 having been made for the benefit of the... Nearly 70 boys were... joyed themselves... Please kindly... there... gave articles for... bought them!

We are in the midst of an epidemic of influenza, but hope the worst is over. Colonel W. Langman... Hospital on... The... given us... cigarettes for... We are so... esteemed... summer... recover, for we... again as soon as... To the... up! for as... reached the... efforts will... Answer to... weather... weather... just as well, provided... are well prepared for... then it is something convenient.

What was the person from the tent who after being out until 8.30 with his friends (from in three... to bed in No. 4 Ward through after fatigue? Is it true that a Yeoman (A... check up on old sport! You'll mean... to the... of this... world!

What will "Sparky" do now that his...

Y.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

Miss Thurlow (Quartermaster) is away on a week's holiday, so our contribution to this issue of CHRONICLES will suffer in consequence. However, she will doubtless make up for it in the next edition.

Our stall at Beaconsfield Fair was a great success, about £35 having been handed over to the Commandant for the "Special Luxury Fund." Nearly 70 boys went over to it and much enjoyed themselves. Messrs. Hull, Looseley & Pearce kindly undertook to drive the cripples there. Our heartiest thanks to all those who gave articles for the stall, also to those who bought them!

We are in the midst of an epidemic of influenza, but hope the worst is over.

Colonel W. Langmuir Watt inspected the Hospital on Thursday, July 4th.

The Hon. Rupert Carrington has again given us a most handsome present of 10,000 cigarettes, for which our best thanks are due.

We are sorry that several of our much esteemed nurses are laid up with the "mid-summer malady." We hope they will soon recover, for we are anxious to see them all back again as soon as possible.

To the Matron, Sisters and Nurses—"Cheer up!" for so sure as "the snail by perseverance reached the ark," so you, by your untiring efforts, will soon out-manceuvre "General Flu."

Answer to the question "What sort of weather does one require for the river:—Fine weather for preference, but dull weather suits just as well, providing the persons concerned are well prepared for any emergency, and even then it is sometimes convenient "not to go on."

Things we would like to know—

Who was the person from the tent who, after being out until 8.30 with lady friends (four in three nights), had to go to bed in No. 4 Ward through utter fatigue? Is it true he is a Yorkshireman? Anyway, cheer up, old sport! You'll soon get used to the wiles of this wicked world!

What will "Sparky" do now that his part-



ner has left him? Run a "one-man concern" or get another partner? There are several boys who anxious to join forces.

Now that our famous pair of Jocks have gone, who will take their place?

Why did the leading member of the "Club" have such a bad time of it whilst in London during the last week-end?

Who at last found a cure for "toeitus"? Never mind, Cohen, be a soldier and a man!

Why is it that the young ladies in the pantry like to rattle the cups and saucers every morning between 10.30 and 11? Is it to raise the hopes of the hungry boys, or to attract attention to the fact that special snacks are going for the lucky ones?

Who is the member of the staff who took seven doses of quinine in one day, and did he think that was enough to ward off the 'flu?

Who will give us a new supply of bird seed? Hurry up! one of the brood has started singing and he might stop again for want of the necessary stimulants.

At the usual Whist Drive, on June 27th, the following were the winners: Ladies—Miss Coles and Miss Small, gents—Ambler, Clewes, Clarke and Cooper. Our best thanks to Miss Young for kindly giving the prizes. The prize winners the following week were: Ladies—Miss Kyte and Miss Turner, gents—Robertson, Grant, Dawson and Hill. In the absence of our Quartermaster, Mrs. Liethman kindly presented the prizes.

Bravo, boys! The receipts at the recent Sale of Work at Beaconsfield reflects great credit on both Mrs. Pawle and Mrs. Groom, our needlework ladies, and the many boys who did the work while in hospital, many of whom left a long time back. Everything worked like clockwork, whilst the stall attendants, staff and patients alike, excelled themselves in the art of raking in the shekels for the good cause. We, therefore, extend to everyone concerned our very best thanks for services rendered.

MAIDENHEAD.

Again Mr. Frank Curtis (described better as the "Maidenhead Tommies real pal") has been amongst the boys, organizing sports, cricket matches and concerts. Saturday last was a very enjoyable day. A most palatable tea was provided, with sports and games, the evening finishing with a good sing-song. Some of

the talent in the hospital gave vent to its feelings and was highly appreciated. We are sure the lads hardly know how to thank Mrs. Curtis for what he has done and is doing.

Reports on the Whist Drive of Tuesday last are practically the same as previous weeks, excepting that the "honours" came to the Upper Wards and not to the Drill Hall this time. The Drill Hall was left entirely out of the hunt, all the prizes going to the Institute.

Fifty of the boys were given a very good treat by the Chaplain and choir of Jesus Hospital, Bray. All present agreed that the afternoon and evening was one of the most pleasant spent for many a long day. There was never a dull moment. The Mayor was present, and his song, "Try, try again, my Boys," had a very true meaning no doubt, and taught many of us a lesson. During the afternoon the choir gave an exhibition of the old English Maypole dances, which proved most effective. A most excellent tea was provided. In the evening the choir gave another performance—an operetta, entitled "A Dream of Nursery Rhymes." The acting and the piece itself was very effective and made a pretty spectacle. Seeing that children had the principal parts in the whole affair it made one appreciate it more. Here is a brief description:—"A child falling asleep under a tree is visited by a fairy, who, in a dream to the child, summons Boy Blue, Curly Locks and companions to appear and engage in a drama, in which the Queen of Hearts tricked by her nurse in a change of babies, at length finds her true born son in Boy Blue." Altogether a very pleasant time was passed, and the boys tender their many thanks to their young friends of the choir and the Chaplain.

Things we would like to know—

Who is the patient who trounces the Drill Hall floor between the last hours of the night, in possession of a candle, jack knife, razor and scissors, offering to chiropodise the fellow patients' feet and finger nails? How generous he must be, and what a "Peach."

We are asked to inform a certain nurse what to do with drowned rats when they put in an appearance. The following hints may be found very useful:—Rats are really treacherous creatures at the best of times. First of all, to catch a rat you must put a nice bit of bait in a trap; secondly, camouflage the trap; and thirdly, give the rat or rats a little encourage-

ment. After that the rats should be yours to strangle and to fondle. Rats, prepare for the latter. Smile, please!

Our Colleen.

To Alexandra Colleen came;
'Twas mercy's call that brought her there,
To help the maimed, to cheer the lame,
And in their joys or sorrows share.

Ontario she left afar,
It's sunny brightness in the past;
For onward shone her guiding star
To Alex.—not the least, tho' last.

Her greeting was an Irish smile
Reflected on from bed to bed.
"A jolly Sister—just the style,"
Quoth Harry, as he turned to Ed.

In her new ward this Sister kind
Saw strange new sights and types of men:
A "Jock," who did not spending mind,
Who, keeping five, would give his ten.

A Peacock, neither sick nor lame,
Without proud look or strutting gait;
And Frame, who's kept within a frame,
Lest he should his departure take.

Well, Colleen soon her work began,
Attending every patient's need;
And often down the ward she ran
To light a sufferer's precious weed.

Or seeing someone looking blue,
As if life's burden was too much,
She'd bring him flowers of varied hue,
And sooth the aching by her touch.

But now our Sister's settled down,
The wind blows strong on Friday morn,
And on her face there's e'en a frown—
A look which never should be worn.

And once again our Colleen smiles
As she did smile when first we met;
Her presence once more cheers the whiles,
The boys smile too—they're smiling yet.

A.E.C.

MIGHTY few people are too sharp to be flattered.

STRANGE as it may seem, a man doesn't cut much ice unless he makes hay while the sun shines.

The Grave-Digger.

Riding along on my wheel, I came to the Common, and there at the gate, seated on an old chair that had long since lost its back, I saw him. What need had he for a chair with a back? Even if it were ever so straight he would never have used it, for his back was bent as if great loads had been his portion to carry through life, until at last time had enabled him to throw them off. He was old, and when he smiled, the skin of his face readily puckered into into creases that had been forming through years of smiles. His hands were gnarled, and the joints were prominent, and the skin was stretched so tightly over them that it looked as if it had been varnished.

He was sitting at the side of the gate, and when he saw me riding along he arose and hobbled to open it before I arrived, but he was not successful, so I had to dismount, and I was glad of it, because I was not in a hurry and the old man looked interesting.

"Mornin', sur," he said, "it be a fine mornin'." "Yes," I replied, "and it's fine country you have around here." "Oh! it baint so bad, but I reckon as 'ow you've seen lots more?" "Yes," I replied, "I've seen a few countries, but I suppose you have travelled also?"

"Yus, I've been to Lunden twice; the last time I was there I got a good job, an' makin' good money I was, too. I was a good 'un with the pick an' shovel in them days, and I got a job diggin' in the streets; not that I likes them streets o' theirs. I allus wus thinkin' that them ther' omnibusses, as they calls 'em, was goin' to run inta me; an' the time reminds me, too, they Lunden people baint as smart as what they thinks as they are. I fooled 'em nicely, anyhow," and the old man giggled at the thought.

"I wus workin' away one mornin' in the hole as we wus makin', thinkin' of nothin' in particular, when somethin' falls, bang, right on top o' me, fair knocks me out for a minit, and when I cums to, t' 'gaffer' ses to me, ses he, 'Better knock off now and go to yer lodgin's, and stay in bed fer a few days.' Off I goes an' gets to bed, but, bless yer, why, next mornin' I wus right as rain, but I didn't go back to work, not I, I jest laid round for days, and even on Saturday I didn't go fer my pay, I wus too wise fer that, I jest asked me pal ter bring

it, an' when I counts it I finds that they hasn't stopped me pay at all, so I 'as another week at their expense," and the old man chuckled long and loud at the remembrance.

"That's a fine old church you have here," I said, pointing to the steeple that loomed up grey in the sunshine. "Ai, it baint be a bad un," he replied; "many's the grave as I've dug in that there churchyard. I used ter be the grave-digger there at one time; an' a fine job it wus. Why, I've dug graves fer people as I've nursed on me knee; never thought as ow I'd bury 'em either, but what I ses is this, sum on us'll wear out, an', sum on us'll get broke. Seems ter me that I'm one o' them as wears out," he sighed.

"Ai, I wus reg'lar good with the pick an' shovel, but, mind yer, I 'ad good tools in them days, ai, right good uns they were. Why, I'd cud dig a grave in no time, straight an' deep; it's allus best, thinks I, they lasts lots longer, an' they never caves in. Never had a grave cave in on me all the time as I was diggin' 'em, an' I've dug lots of 'em in me time, an' no mistake," the old fellow rambled on.

"There was old Garge Mason, 'im as 'ad the job afore me. We argivied lots o' time over the same thing; he was never so partikeler as I wus, an' anybody cud tell is graves an' mine. I allus did allow as he wus wrong, an' if I wus to take yer there now I cud show with yer own eyer as 'ow lots of 'is graves 'ave caved in, 'an not one o' m'ne. Poor old Garge; I dug 'im a right good un when 'is turn cum, ai, straight and deep it wus, and what's more, it's as good to-day as the very day I dug it; an' ther's one thing as I allus hopes: I allus hopes as when the time comes when I get wore right out as someone'll dig me a good straight an' deep un, not as I don't think as they will, fer I've been told lots o' times ter see the chap as does 'em now, a feller be the name of Fred Appleton. Fred, I tells him, don't ferget when my time cums, yer no as 'ow I wants it, straight an' deep, Fred, straight an' deep." The old man continued to mumble these words as I jumped on my wheel and rode quickly away. J.B.M.

HE that makes love to a maid is an amateur in the game of hearts. He that pursues a mature woman has learned wisdom, but he that trails a widow through the laybrinth of love is a connoisseur of the grand passion.

Sports, Amusements, &c.

DOMINION DAY CELEBRATIONS.

July 1st being a fine sunny day we all turned out for a field day. Our programme of events was arranged for us by a committee of the Athletic Association. It was of such a nature that all branches of the hospital were enabled to take part, not only the staff and up patients, but also the chair and crutch patients had three events arranged for them. We were pleased to see that there were several events in which the Q.M.A.A.C. participated.

The prizes were presented by Hon. Capt. Upton in the morning, and by Lady Perly in the afternoon.

We were glad to see many of the county people present, and it was a real pleasure to us to welcome them to tea, as it gave us an opportunity of thanking them for the kind hospitality that they have shown to many of us during our stay in hospital.

The event of the day was the baseball match between the U.S. Navy and the Astorias, which was won by the latter by the score of 7—2, a notable achievement considering that the home crew were up against such stars as Pennock, one of Connie Mack's (Philadelphia Athletic) best pitchers, who played centre field, also McNally, who figured in the World's Championship with "Bill" Carrigan's Boston Braves, and Hayes, who played part of the season of '15 with Wilbert Robinson's Brooklyn "Dodgers." Finn is also a player of the first water, having just graduated from Harvard University.

Hurd, doing the twirling for the "millionaires," was very stingy, allowing Uncle Sam's braves five hits, while the home crew gathered fifteen.

The features of the match was the fielding of the Astorias, and McNally's home run "clout" in the eighth.

Great interest was centred in this game to see how the teams compared, and it is hoped that before long we shall have the pleasure of witnessing more games of this class.

Batteries—U.S. Navy: Davidson & Finn; Astorias: Hurd & Peckham. Umpire—Arlie Latham. Attendance—4,000.

The prize winners for the day were as

follows:—

Sack Race—1, Pte. Wickert; 2, Pte. Wilson; 3, Spr. Herne. Crutch Race—1, Pte. Lucas; 2, Pte. Goff; 3, Pte. Storey. Chair Race—1, Pte. Hutton and Pte. Holmes; 2, Pte. Woolford and Pte. Wardle; 3, Pte. Rice and Pte. Williamson. 100 Yards (Patients)—1, Pte. Darling; 2, Pte. Ranson; 3, Pte. Franklin. Two-Mile (Patients and Staff)—1, Pte. McHenry (Staff); 2, Pte. Wickert (Patient); 3, Pte. Martin (Staff). Crab Race (Patients)—1, Pte. Maloney and Pte. Fraser; 2, Pte. Wilson and Pte. Richardson; 3, Pte. Thomas and Pte. Taylor. Wheelbarrow Race (Staff and Patients)—1, Pte. Thomas and Pte. Taylor; 2, Pte. Scott and Pte. McLean; 3, Pte. McGibbon and L./Cpl. Stone. 100 Yards (Staff)—1, Pte. Brook; 2, Cpl. Gooden; 3, Pte. Wiebe. Potato and Spoon (W.A.A.C.)—1, Miss Scrutton; 2, Miss Robertson; 3, Miss Jones. Three-legged (W.A.A.C.)—1, Miss Scrutton and Miss Silverton; 2, Miss Rogers and Miss Milne; 3, Miss Jones and Miss Reese. Obstacle Race (Patients): 1st Heat—1, Pte. Darling; 2, Pte. Ranson; 3, Pte. Peacock. 2nd Heat—1, Pte. Fraser; 2, Pte. Foster; 3, Pte. Taylor. 3rd Heat—1, Pte. Leek; 2, Pte. Armstrong; 3, L./Cpl. Conway; Semi-Final—1, Pte. Darling; 2, Pte. Fraser; 3, Pte. Ranson; Semi-Final—1, Pte. Leek; 2, L./Cpl. Conway, 3, Pte. Foster; Final—1, Pte. Darling; 2, Pte. Ranson; 3, Pte. Leek. Hobble & Turtle (W.A.A.C. & Patients)—1, Miss Reese and Pte. Thomas; 2, Miss Jones and Pte. Shand; 3, Miss Cox and Pte. Wilson. Potato & Spoon (Nursing Sisters)—1, N./S. Godard; 2, N./S. Mellett; 3, N./S. Dolson. Obstacle Race (Staff): 1st Heat—1, Pte. Brook; 2, Pte. Scott; 3, Pte. Mclean. 2nd Heat—1, Pte. Wiebe; 2, Pte. McGibbon; 3, L./Cpl. Stone; Final—1, Pte. Prook; 2, Pte. Wiebe; 3, L./Cpl. Stone. Cigarette Race (W.A.A.C. and Patients)—1, Miss Scrutton and Pte. Pierce; 2, Miss Cox and Pte. Shand; 3, Miss Robertson and Pte. Hall. Bun-eating (Patients)—1, Pte. Hunt; 2, Pte. Allen; 3, Pte. Williamson. Pillow-Fighting Contest—1, Pte. Ranson; 2, Pte. King; 3, L./Cpl. Laider. 50 Yards (Nursing Sisters)—1, N./S. Dolson; 2, N./S. Montizambert; 3, N./S. B. Kay. 440 Yards Relay (Patients and Staff)—1, Ptes. Brook, McHenry, Wiebe and Cpl. Gooden; 2, Winckart and team; 3, Schwartz and team. 220 Yards Relay (W.A.A.C.)—1, Miss Cox and team; 2, Miss Rees and team. Slow Cycle (M.T.)—1, Pte. Lymbery; 2, Pte. Solman.

Push the Barrel—1, Peckett and team. Four-legged Race—1, Pte. Wickert and team; 2, Cpl. Gooden and team; 3, Cpl. Conway and team. Mop Contest—1, Ptes. Maloney and Fraser; 2, R.S.M. Franklin and Pte. Thomas. 100 Yards (Officers of Staff)—1, Capt. Washburn; 2, Capt. McCurdy; 3, Capt. Trench. 100 Yards Band Race—1, Pte. Van Hook; 2, L./Cpl. Laidler; 3, Pte. Raidon.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

To the following ladies and gentlemen the patients tender the most hearty thanks for their kind hospitality during the past two weeks:—Mrs. Adams, Proprietor of Maidenhead Picture Palace, Messrs. Spindler & Sons, Mrs. Baker, Lady Parsons, Hon. Cecil Irby, Mrs. Barnett (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Bird, Proprietor of Maidenhead Skating Rink & Hippodrome, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Purnell (Slough), Mrs. Halsey, Lady Violet Astor, Mrs. Harvey du Cros, Mrs. Burton, Miss Mills (Maidenhead), Mrs. L. Clarke, Mr. Basil Johnson, Manager of Prince of Wales' Theatre, Baroness de Teissier, Countess Temple, Mrs. Cunliffe Owen, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Astor, Lady Boston, Mr. Schuster, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Wolfe Barry, Mrs. Olivier, Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. Basil Johnson (Eton), Mrs. Stevens (Eton), Mrs. Inglefield, Mrs. Sauer, Lady de Bunsen, Mrs. Shackle, Mrs. Keen (Taplow), Lord and Lady Devonport, Mr. Wagg, Mrs. Durlacher, Mr. Instone, and Mrs. Lewisham. A visit to the State Apartments (Windsor) was also highly enjoyed.

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:—Pipers' Band, American Band, and Madam Harris' Concert Party.

To Britons from Everywhere, Somewhere.

To the members of the Officers' Mess at Cliveden. A mark of appreciation.

Accept from the Home of your Home Lands
The greetings your own would afford,
Britons! all fighting the Fight for the Right,
In glorious accord!

Britons united! The Home Lands in every sea,
Never before, in all the time, has been fought
such a fight to be free,

And never will Britons say "die," or yield to
the foe,

To sink in slavery!

Heavy the stakes, and hard the race to be run,
Never such handicap known 'neath the sun,
But true hearts are in it, all join in one cry

Of, *Death to the Hun!*

Springtime again, and still closely locked in
the "scrum,"

Swerving now this way, now that, but the
"give's" with the Hun,

Clear away, boys! to the open, a glorious run!
With points 'gainst the Hun!

Fight on for your Home Lands, sailors and
soldiers, fight on!

And, sailors! you'll hear, o'er the ocean, the
beat of a drum

Sounding to victory! Hark! Over the sea!

D'ye hear it? *Drake's* drum!

Not a life passes in vain, not a wound, not a
pang

Of pain or distress, in this war for the rights
of man.

Carry on! carry on! the cry of each one who
goes down

In honour, for glory, renown!

No one is lost, who is left in this tumult of war,
They who've gone *West* cheer us on, as ever
before,

And, surely, their names and their fame shall
live evermore,

Firm as rocks on the shore!

Blessings, the richest, to all, in fulness of store,
Receive them with laughter and mirth, and with
strength to endure.

Laurels of victory, yours, will soon be in sight,
Sure as day follows night!

Full soon o'er the peoples enslaved, you're out
to save,

The "Old Flag" of Freedom, and "Old Glory,"
triumphant shall wave,

The symbols of all who'll not live, unless to
be free,

Of Britons the world o'er, and—*Liberty!*

H. T. TAMPLIN, Lieut.-Colonel.

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