

VOL. I., No. 11. NOVEMBER 17TH, 1917.

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Easy**"

**Chronicles
of
Cliveden.**

Fred C. Owen -

TWOPENCE.

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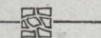
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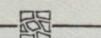
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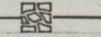
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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 11.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17TH, 1917.

TWOPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... LT.-COLONEL MEAKINS.
EDITORIAL STAFF ... { L.-CPL. W. C. PIKE.
... } PTE. F. HEASELL.
... } PTE. BAKER.

THE gigantic developments of the commercial activities of the nation have, in their turn, rendered necessary an intelligent and, at the same time, a satisfactory system of control which can direct and influence the manifold operations of the business world so that efficiency and economy, both of time and labour, may be secured. The successful commercial magnate who has never received any scholastic training in the conduct of business is certainly the exception and not the rule. Thus it behoves every intelligent individual who is anxious "to make good" to be acquainted with, and possess a sound knowledge of, common business matters. The old idea of allowing the aspirant after commercial greatness to gather, haphazard, the necessary technical information after his entrance into the concern of his choice will not stand the test of modern times. The office is not a place to *seek* knowledge, but one in which the employee is expected to *use* it. Time is money, and there is nothing more annoying to anyone dealing with the more important matters of a commercial concern than to be compelled to leave those matters to superintend and instruct some new addition to the staff in the elements of business methods and dealing when those elements might easily have been mastered before entering upon those particular duties. Again, the man engaged in a particular branch of commerce, though, perhaps, a past-master of his own immediate calling, is so constantly coming into contact with other phases of commercial activities, not directly in his own line, but inter-related in the vast relationships of business life, that a knowledge of matters above and beyond those with which he is constantly dealing will prove to be of the greatest value to him in the conduct of his own affairs. An acquaintance with commercial subjects in general will enable one to take a more intelligent and comprehensive view of his own particular business by bearing in mind the relationship in which it stands to many others.

What, then, are the opportunities offered

by which one may obtain this necessary knowledge? In other countries, for example the United States, France and Belgium, spacious and well-equipped colleges or institutions were established for the purpose of imparting instruction in the most modern, practical, and effective methods of conducting business, and the results have been such as to prove the value of the foresight and enterprise expressed in these ventures.

In a somewhat less ambitious manner, in connection with our Technical Institutes and Higher Education Committees of our cities and towns, both day and evening classes are held in those subjects which are so closely allied with modern methods of commerce. Where students are numerous, model offices are fitted up in which specimens of all the various devices in use to-day are to be seen in operation:—Copying presses, duplicating machines, cabinets of the card indexing system and the such like. The student thus, in tabloid form, becomes personally acquainted with the purpose and manipulation of the very things he will be called upon to handle.

Classes are also held in commercial law, commercial correspondence (both English and foreign), book-keeping and accountancy, shorthand, typewriting, and various other matters. The student, therefore, is enabled to obtain a general appreciation of the many activities concerned in commerce, and so becomes better fitted for holding positions of trust and management in connection with business life.

Sir Albert Rollit, addressing the London Chamber of Commerce, said "Commercial education should produce mental alertness, ready adaptation, the quick seizure of new methods, and—from a business point of view—up-to-dateness." This is the aim of the various forms of commercial instruction that are being given throughout the country to-day. It must always be remembered that, if Britain is to secure and maintain the commercial supremacy of the world, her business methods must keep abreast of the times. Antiquated methods must find their place on the scrap heap, and must be replaced by more modern and better ones.

It has been realised that many men's minds,

from various causes, will be turned in the direction of commercial life, and with the idea of giving to those thus inclined some insight into various business practices and requirements, the evening classes in connection with the Hospital have been started. They are at present in their infancy, and are necessarily undergoing the process of moulding, but, with the cordial and loyal support of the students, there is no reason whatever why successful, useful and practical work may not be done.

Book-keeping and accounts, commercial correspondence and shorthand are to be dealt with first. It is felt that these are the subjects which will be of most service to the students. Typewriting, too, is to be introduced if sufficient typewriters are available for use. Other matters are under consideration, and the near future may see new subjects on the list of studies offered. It remains now with "Clivedenites" to rally round the classes and show their appreciation of the efforts put forward by the authorities of the Hospital to place in their way means, not only for the improvement of general education, but also means by which the men may be better fitted for the keen competition amongst labour which is bound to occur upon the return to civilian life of the mass of men now serving in His Majesty's forces.

Evening Classes.

The patients are reminded that, though the evening classes have already commenced, it is not too late for those who desire to receive such instruction as is offered to join. It would be a great pity to lose such a fine opportunity. We have, indeed, been fortunate in securing Mr. Pascoe as instructor. He is an exceptionally able teacher, and under his tuition the class has already made considerable progress. Classes are to be held on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

QA SUPPLEMENTARY CHRISTMAS EDITION of this Magazine will be produced early in December, price sixpence. Printed on art paper, it will contain reproductions of most of the cartoons published in the CHRONICLES since its inception. The entire profits will go to the Patients' "Comforts Fund." Please assist us to aid the fund by ordering copies early. Order forms may be obtained at the canteens, &c.

To the Editor.

SIR,

I would like to, in some measure, show my great appreciation of the real good times I had during my prolonged stay at Cliveden, and for the many kindnesses shown to me, as they were to all the "boys" (with apologies to Gen. Sir Francis Lloyd, who does not approve of this term of "endearment.") I can think of no better way than to make use of the journal to which I contributed a few Ward Notes.

Wishing to eliminate any desire to pay individual compliments, I will generalise. During my stay I was able to see the desire of all to make things as pleasant and comfortable as possible for Cliveden's "temporary residents." This desire found force in effort, from high command to ward orderly—most of whom themselves have been "in dock." Naturally, as in all branches of the Service, "Rules and Regulations," and things we are apt to think "red tape" will always be "permanent residents" who will try and hide the wish of all to make the "boys" happy during their period of repair.

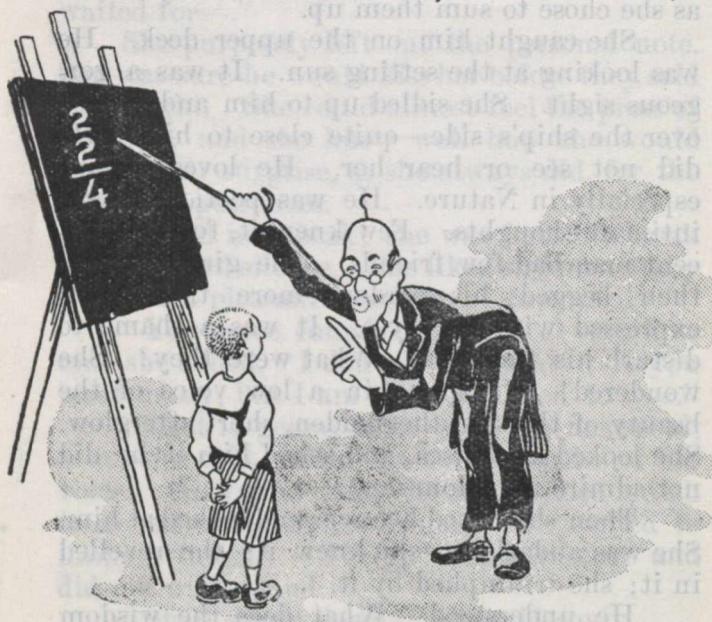
Although situated, shall I say, in "no man's land," the Hospital itself is surrounded by beautiful Thames Valley scenery, and although not having the lively environment of the town—which is so longed for after a life of mud and clay—this is largely compensated for by the numerous trips, outings and splendid concerts which help to make the "boys" forget that mud and clay, and its accompanying "whiz-bangs," "crumpers" and those little whining noises—you know! Has anyone noticed, after a "dull" day, discussion turns to these things? I have! It is a disease that is not mentioned in the official "book of diseases," but is, perhaps, more prevalent than any, and that is why I say "More power to the elbows" of those who make that splendid effort to cure it!" Cliveden, in my humble opinion, does this, and more.

I have, by observing things, seen what a splendid medical service the Hospital is so fortunate to have.

All these things will be retained in my memories of Taplow, and if I achieve my object in recording my sincere thanks and appreciation this letter will not be superfluous.

Wishing your journal every success,
I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours faithfully,
J.F.H.

EVENING CLASSES, AT CLIVEDEN,

"are at present in their infancy."—Vide Editorial.

Staff Notes.

We hear that the members of the ball team who went to Ireland found themselves, on one of their jaunts, in a dance hall full of Sinn Feiners. There were no casualties, so it seems safe to suppose that the boys were overlooked!

They tell us that riding in a jaunting car is fine, if you are strapped in! That "Bush-mills" has an everlasting kick in it, and that Maddock would never have been sea-sick if that particular brand of liquid joy had been previously given cargo space!

The Welsh bard of the fumigating dept. is desirous of acquiring information concerning the Anti-sweating Fund! Is it not affiliated with the Anti-sweating League, of which he is himself a member?

Congratulations to Gardner, who has had matrimonial leave. All the usual good wishes, of course! A testimonial from the members of the Staff has been subscribed for, and will be presented to Pte. and Mrs. Gardner on the occasion of their marriage. We understand that it will take the form of a present of table silver. Good luck to them!

A meeting was held at which a committee was appointed to make arrangements for a weekly dance, to be held by the rank and file of the personnel on Friday evenings, at the

Swan Hotel, Maidenhead, throughout the winter.

With all his worries, the Sgt. Steward can "step some" when there is a "hop" in sight.

Pte. Thomas is taking the rest cure in G.2.

We should like to know—

Who the five Scotsmen were who hired the taxi and were discovered pushing it up the hill? How much of a rebate they expected to get?

What the attraction was that kept Latimer chained to the hotel office desk so long in Dublin? "Shure, a little bit of heaven fell from out the skies one day"!

Who it is who has adopted the *nom de plume* of "Elsie," and sent the post card to the "guardians of the gate"? The Corpl. would, sure, like to get acquainted some more with "Elsie"!

What has become of the goat? Is he overstaying his leave?

When is he going to ring-a-th'-bell for "Tuff"?

Who is the dancing professor on the Q.M. Staff?

Why the Clothing Store Sgt. is wearing a worried look these days?

Who will be the quarter bloke's partner at the next "hop"?

If the P.-Case Sgt. is still holding his daily classes in light fantasitics?

Why did Johnson look so worried? Was it because he didn't see her Cumming?

SERGEANTS' WEEKLY DANCES.

A most enjoyable evening was spent at the Swan Hotel on Tuesday evening, Nov. 6th, when the W.O.'s, S.-Sgts. and Sergts. on the Hospital Staff inaugurated the first of their weekly dances, which are to be held during the winter months. Dancing commenced at 7 p.m. and lasted until 11 p.m. During the interval, at 9 p.m., light refreshments were served.

The music rendered by the orchestra was excellent, and everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly. Among them we noticed R.S.M. Jones, Q.M.S. Goddard, Q.M.S. Hodgett, S.-Sgt. Hone, S.-Sgt. Metcalf, Sgts. Simmons, Monroe, Heddick, McLaren, McPhail, McLeish, Jenkinson, Bradley, Hayes, Sinclair, Eldridge, Walker, Machon, White, Bunting, Kilvington, and Henderson.

The girl with the sea-green eyes.

By HARRY TIGHE,

Author of "The Sheep Path," "The Man in the Fog," &c., &c.

The tropical day had languidly passed, as such days do on board ship in mid-ocean. The passengers watched the sun set in its fiery glory, but they did not watch it with the same interest as they eyed the "tiresome girl." So some spoke of her; others, more malicious—perhaps younger women—called her "an affected flirt," or "an impossible girl." It was true her sea-green eyes seemed everywhere—where a man was to be found. Some of the passengers spoke of her with suspicion. No nice girl would use her eyes as she did. Yet, in truth, every load of human souls that passes in a mail boat from continent to continent carries a specimen of the girl's type. That fact was scant comfort to the mothers of the young men who sat with the "impossible girl" long after the deck lights were put out! Monstrous!

The girl had had a big success. It made her self-confident; she was immature. She over-stepped herself—or "over-eyed" a man of the world. He was a quiet traveller. He had done great deeds in Gallipoli before the strain of war crushed his nerves. He looked at ship life with cynical amusement. It was his aloofness that piqued the girl. She met him, quite by chance, in the half-hidden corners of the deck or in the passages. He summed her up, and smiled at her. Women to him were companions to be toyed with, as a child plays with a flower, then throws it away. The man avoided speaking to the girl. He merely smiled at her when they met.

The girl with the sea-green eyes knew not her limitations, which was well for her own gratification. In time she became annoyed at her impotence to catch the ex-soldier. It angered her. Yet it made her almost weave a romance of love. She would trap him, the biggest fish, last, with the bait of her curious sea-green eyes. Why should he alone refuse to bend to their charm? Why did she desire to "bait" him? She was too immature to understand herself, or to read him.

She learnt he dressed early, so as to have a free deck for a walk before dinner. It was stupid not to have found it out before. He must be one of those shy men who only make love to girls out of sight of prying eyes. Ship world is full of gossips. He was afraid of them.

This immature girl laughed at his "silly fears," as she chose to sum them up.

She caught him on the upper deck. He was looking at the setting sun. It was a gorgeous sight. She sidled up to him and leaned over the ship's side—quite close to him. He did not see or hear her. He loved colour, especially in Nature. He was poetical in his intimate thoughts. Few knew it, for the reticent man had few friends. The girl coughed, then begged his pardon—more than half-expressed with her eyes. It was a shame to disturb his thoughts. What were they? She wondered! He spoke in a low voice of the beauty of the sky, the sudden, short afterglow. She looked at the sea, and asked him if he did not admire its colour?

Then she raised her eyes and looked at him. She was audacious; she knew it; she revelled in it; she triumphed by it.

He understood. What does the wisdom of life not teach? He looked at her and smiled. He rather pitied her. She mis-read the expression. Indeed, all glances thrown her way were to be interpreted only in one fashion. They talked lightly—could the girl do otherwise? When the dinner-gong rang they went down together; that was in itself amazing; and many were the whispers about the fresh conquest of the "sea-green eyes." Unwise world! Blind ship-board life! What matter? The sea-green eyes had scored.

The girl was so pleased with herself that she went "nap" after dinner, and had two cream ices.

They did not meet again till the deck lights were lowered. The "proper" girls had gone below. The sea-green eyes searched the dim decks. She was standing alone—purposely, if the truth is to be told. She heard footsteps and glanced sideways. The colour in her cheeks deepened; she was glad the lights were low. She turned her head and looked at the phosphorescent sea. She waited for him to speak. She was very sure of herself. She was very young and immature. Her heart beat "kettle-drums."

She could not see the smile on the silent man's face. It was as well.

"I've been looking for you," he whispered. There was an unusual tone in his voice. She interpreted it in her own way, and sympathized with him for his "nervousness." Poor boy? He really was rather a dear Gallipoli hero!

She turned round as she said, "I have waited for—"

She purposely left out the personal note. She was sure he would kiss her before they said good-night. She could almost feel the press of his lips; and she knew well how she would express her surprise, as she always did, for the sake of appearances.

He did not speak; she was forced to break the awkward silence. She liked shy men; they gave her a pleasant sensation of superiority.

"You have found me." In a very low tone she added, "I don't know what it is you want to say, but I am ready to listen to *you*." "That is generous of you," he answered, in a voice that echoed the hollow shades of her voice. He was not aware he had implied a wish to say anything in particular. He wanted to humour the girl. The girl was immature and did not understand.

"Shall we sit down?" she said coyly.

He neither answered nor moved. Again she mis-interpreted his attitude. After a pause she said, "How hot it is!" In contradiction to her words she drew a chiffon scarf round her. He was smiling at her. She raised her sea-green eyes to his.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" she asked ingeniously—the pose was rather overdone.

"Yes," he replied, "I have something to say."

His tone was one of ridicule—but she was immature.

"Well," she ejaculated by way of encouragement. If he proposed she knew what she would say. She always used the same words. She was neither original nor clever enough to cloak her ignorance, and had learnt a few sentences out of some magazine stories to suit occasions of great moment to her.

A light suddenly lit in a near cabin shone on his face. She was startled. His expression seemed different in the bright light; though he still smiled at her sea-green eyes, raised to his.

"You have something to say to me?" she murmured tenderly—to encourage him. "What is it! I can't imagine! but I'm ready to listen."

She wondered if he would express himself as other men had done. She did not think so. She waited with interest to see how he would phrase his admiration. She waited with interest to hear the words she felt sure he would speak. She murmured them to herself; she was so im-

mature.

"Your aunt sent me to ask you to go and unhook her blouse. She is waiting in the cabin." That was what he had wanted to say.

A full expression of mockery broke over his face. She understood. Without a word she walked away.

With a smile he lit a cigar, and, in the smoking room, drank a whiskey and soda.

The girl never again used her sea-green eyes till she was safe out of sight—in most cases out of mind—of the passengers on board the Australian mail-boat. Anxious mothers and dowdy girls were unanimous in saying the last part of the voyage was far the most pleasant. Inwardly, though they never knew the cause of it, they enjoyed seeing the girl with the sea-green eyes in her "proper place." But they were wrong. Her milieu was among the laughing, heartless butterflies playing amid gaudy flowers without scent.

"Poker-it-is!"

The Corp. was a Christian, he played on the square,
Though he "figured" the cards pretty close;
He knew when to stay any time on a pair,
Or lay down a "full" when he chose!
The Sergeant could play a more difficult game;
I don't mean to say he would cheat,
But he held the top cards when the big betting came,
And some hands that couldn't be beat!

Coming back from a week-end the two chanced to meet
(They were very old friends) on the cars;
And as neither the other at "Poker" could beat,
They played "Euchre"—five points for cigars!
The Sergeant was dealing, he bit off a chew;
The Corp. for a tick turned his head,
So the Sergeant while shuffling "slipped the deck through,"
And the Corp. "cut a cold one" instead!

On raising his hand, the Corp. was amazed
To see he'd four kings in a lump,
While the Sergeant, not seeming a particle dazed,
Turned up a red queen for the trump.
The Corp. voiced an idea: "I wish this was 'draw,'"
Heaved a sigh from his trousers' waistbands,
And the Sergeant said, "'Gimme' that queen!" (turning over
"And I'll play the hand out as it stands!" [his chew]),

"All right," said the Corp., for he saw in a trice
That the Sergeant had one of two things;
Either a "full" or four queens, and he hadn't a chance
To rake the pot down from four kings!
The Corp. just bet fifteen, the Sergeant "came back,"
The Corp. answered him with a raise;
Of the bets these two made I couldn't keep track,
But they piled up like girls in a chaise.

At last said the Corp., "Here, I'm hunting no more,
Four kings! Reach me over that pot!"
"Hold hard," said the Sergeant, "I too, have got four—
And it's four little aces I've got!"
The Corp. simply stuttered, he struggled for speech,
Said, "I know I shall not understand"
(As they got out at Taplow), "but tell me, you leech,
What the queen had to do with that hand?" W.C.P.

Ward Notes.

F.1.

We tender our heartiest congratulations to Sister French upon having the honour to be awarded the Royal Red Cross Medal.

We welcome back Sister Stewart after her well-deserved holiday.

Great amusement was caused amongst our verandah patients to watch the antics of Lt. S—— untying his pyjamas and solving the problem of getting into a "French" bed. No offence.

We have just given our Scotch Wonder, L.-Cpl. Conkie, a hearty send-off to his home in "bonnie Dumbarton." He was, without doubt, a great wonder of this Hospital. His cheery presence we shall greatly miss.

We have a gramophone expert! He guarantees to take a gramophone to pieces every time before playing a tune. What's more; he is a cross between a Scotchman and an Irishman!

Our kitchen staff is going strong on whist. They will soon be able to challenge all the other kitchen staffs. "NIMROD."

G.1.

Welcome to the boys who joined us on the 8th. Hope they'll have a better time with us than they had in Flanders.

Whatever shall we do when he goes? Yes, he "worked" his ticket!

We hear the Lord Mayor's Show was a treat, but it was a pity the number was limited to three in blues.

"Tom-tit" is back again. He brought his son back with him. They told me the son was like his father, but the "Circle" forbids me to say more of the matter!

"She" is going to Roehampton—Good luck to her!

Good bye and good luck to you, Dan. Many a sad heart has shewn a smiling face while you have been here.

"Are peacocks kept in hutches?" I was asked the other day.

G.2.

It seems to us that our ward ought to be re-named "Cupid's Ward."

Is her name really Mavis?

We should like to express our thanks to Miss Aird, who is so untiring in her efforts to provide amusements for our needle "fiends." We do not say much, Miss Aird, but we think a lot, and you may be sure that your work is fully appreciated by G.2.

We are sorry to lose "Mac.," our orderly, who has left us for France. We wish him all the best of luck, and a safe return. Oh, Jessie, fairest and most charming of night orderlies, how we miss you! Will you never return to delight the eyes of your sorrowing admirers—and pinch their eggs? Shall we never hear your dainty feet earwig-squashing on our linoleum? Aint this war simply awful?

Hast heard the news? Hush! and I will tell you. A new appointment at the A.D.M.S. office. We have him here. Ask our night orderly!

R.I.P. In loving memory of a dear departed comrade, who lost his life at a recent bun-struggle, through nervous prostration at finding two currants in one fruit-cake! Once more we would impress upon the patients at this Hospital the awful horrors of this terrible war!

Oh for the voice of a bard or the pen of a poet that I might extol the praises of Sister Harrison, who has just left us for day duty. Alas, I am not a "literary bloke!" In the midst of our grief at losing her we extend a hearty welcome to Sister Allen, and trust that she will be able to stand the strain of G.2.

Things we would like to know—

Who uses "Bluebell" polish as a first field dressing?

Why Cpl. Upton rinks so much? Is she really so ravishing?

What is it our M.O. likes so much? This is not a chestnut!

H.1.

More of the old boys have left us during the past week. Our best wishes go with them. Old Murrel has gone back to his depot. Good luck to him; he was one of the best.

L.-Cpl. Moore, better known as "Old Bill," is now back in H.1. He wishes to be remembered to all his old friends at High Wycombe and hopes soon to be with them again. He hopes that Gnr. Wyles has quite got over his operation, and would like to know when Ben. will be thirsty again!

It was noticed that one of the patients was very upset the other day. Was it because the orderly gave out the cigs. instead of him, and that he only received his correct issue of ten instead of his usual fifty?

Who is the patient who has always a tear in his eye?

Who was the Sister in our ward who said "she wished she was in Heaven," and who was the patient who said "he wished he was there, too"?

We wonder if Sullivan made a good "best man"?

H.2.

"Frenchy" has left us. No one shed a tear at his departure; not even the Night Sister, who, we are told, used to be greatly struck with the mellowness of his voice as he sang out, "S-o-l-d-a-a-t," in the dead of night. It is to be remembered that he raised a comfortable thirst in the throats of more than a few of us by his singular request for "s-t-o-o-t" after "lights-out" was sounded.

We have had an addition to our staff. Welcome, Sister Graham.

Although our gramophone has "got another sock in it," we do not lack for music. One of the "b'hoys" is fast becoming an accomplished clarinet player, and his tunes in the evenings help to keep us merry and bright.

It is said that an ordinary comb, wrapped in a small piece of tissue paper, makes an excellent musical instrument. At least, our friend, Th—, seems to think so. Good old Th—!

We regret losing our esteemed night orderly, "Reidie." Lucky H.1!

We welcome to our midst "Shorty."

Things we want to know—

What is the attraction in London for "Dr." Theabardge? Has the girl got red hair and is her name Nellie?

Who put the "dope" in the tea?

Who "pinched" the eggs?

Who is the "guy" sleeping in number forty-six bed on the verandah who practices physical "jerks" at 2 a.m. in the mornings?

Who is it who has been designated "The Dog"? Does he sleep on the verandah?

Who started the argument which caused Sister O'Dell to laugh immoderately?

J.1.

We have a patient here who would like a Sister all to himself! Anyone oblige?

Say, Sweet, who taught you to "swing the lead"? You "swing it" fine—on the floor!

We specialize in leg-pulling in our ward. For proof, you are referred to Gnr. Brigham Young, of "17" bed.

Say, Sweet, I guess you'll sweat some now you have joined the C.A.M.C. Let me introduce you to the floor-polisher. Guaranteed to cure all ailments—"Fedupitis," "Homesickitis" and all other "itis," too numerous to mention.

What is the idea of these frequent changes in our staff? Is J.1 such a model of perfection that they have decided to use it as such? Very nice, too!

Why does our violinist take his instrument into the woods to practice? Has he got another string to his bow?

What is an optical illusion? One instance—When a man mistakes crab-apple jelly for fish, and thinks it is until he tastes it.

Why is our ward so quiet now at night? Alack! we have lost the funmakers. Gone, but not forgotten! Could we but live the past again!

Was the cow on strike the other night when we didn't get any milk?

Is it owing to curtailed travelling facilities or our strapping young centre-forward, Bob, that twice in succession opposing teams have failed to turn up? "Wind up," I guess!

Official (delayed).—An (hair raid was carried out here yesterday. Casualties slight; only five wounded. All head wounds. Reprisals demanded!

S.P.N.

J.2.

We are glad to welcome our esteemed lady visitor back from her vacation.

We received a great disappointment the other day when we discovered that Sister Skillen did not come back to stay. We wish her every success across the hall. Lucky J.1!

The Maidenhead choir greatly miss their 1st tenor. Jolly old Major! We wish him good luck and success back at the old job.

We miss the smiling countenance of Sister Whitton, who is having a well-earned vacation. We all wish her a good time and a speedy return.

Things we would like to know—

Why Taffy suddenly departed from our midst?

What did Towny do when the wheel came off the taxi?

LOCAL OBSERVER.

K.1.

Though it is rather late in the day to bid "au revoir" to Sister Essery and Sister Hay, we would like to say how very greatly we regret their departure.

To both we extend grateful thanks and our warmest good wishes, and we trust that good fortune and happiness may always attend Sister Essery, who has gone on transport duty.

We were more than fortunate in securing Sister Hunter and Sister Kennedy. They and Sister McDougall, our Night Sister, are perfect—well, we must spare their blushes!

Later: Alas! Alack! Sister Hunter—who is the well-deserved holder of the Royal Red Cross Medal—has left us for good. We are genuinely sorry, and trust that her future life will be one of happiness and prosperity.

Sister Kennedy is having a holiday, and we are glad she is coming back to us.

We voice our cordial greeting to Sister McLeod.

Yes, beef-steak, eggs, and a cup of tea after dinner is rather a nice change from the ordinary diet, and it is no wonder that some patients are—well, shall we say, not averse to being placed on the "special."

Fancy a man of 52 joining the army for the sake of curiosity! Oh, yes, it has been quite satisfied. Quite a unique case for either a psychologist or a phrenologist, eh!

"Stop yer ticklin'" is a cry which the ward is getting quite accustomed to. Really, Jock, your feet must be extraordinarily sensitive.

One of our Canadian patients is quite alarmed at the heavy taxes which are being imposed in his native land. He has decided that his farm stock shall be severely curtailed. He will keep one hen!

We are sorry to lose you, Dearlove, but we wish you the best on your return to "civie" life.

K.2.

We desire to express our hearty congratulations to Sister Blewett, who has received the Royal Red Cross Medal. From our all too brief experience of her work we are sure that she thoroughly deserves the distinction.

There seems nothing of interest to report just at present. Nobody in the ward is very sick; nobody has over-stayed a pass more than three days; nobody doubts the efficiency of our noble staff of M.P.s; the Sisters are good-tempered; lockers are tidy, and even "Smiffy" seems quite tame lately.

But stay, I have been asked to enter a "grouch" about the sour milk lately. Is somebody trying experiments or are the cows worried about the Italian fiasco?

"Danny" advises everybody never to complain of stomach pains. "Fresh air and water diet" sent him quite melancholy.

Welcome back to the massage dept., "Mac."

Please stop pulling the Sergeant's leg about those chocolates.

It is rumoured that "Derby" is going to buy "Gran'-dad" a new money-box. The old one is "Nap" ooh! H.J.B.

ALEX. 1.

Our best thanks to the Sisters for the splendid spread we

had on October 29th. Their efforts were more than appreciated.

We also wish to thank those who provided us with a musical evening—the visitors from Burnham, and members of K.1 and G.1.

We are glad to see Sister Graham looking so well after her holiday, but very much regret that she has left this ward. We feel sure that she will be very popular among her new patients.

By the time these notes are published Sister Norton will have left us. Although we are sorry to lose her, we feel perhaps that she will welcome the change from night duty.

Why is a certain member of this ward so popular? Have you seen him walking with his crutches under his arm?

Will our competitors succeed in bringing the Whist Championship to our ward? Anyway, we wish them the best of luck.

Is it true that our champion was Crosbie—cause he kicked his Foote against a Tarbuck-et?

ALEX. 2.

Who was the man from the marquee who went suddenly bad? We should like to know which he liked best, the transfer from the marquee to the ward or the *castor oil*?

We have a great "little" man in our ward by the name of Mason. He can tell you some thrilling things which happened to himself in France (one day).

Our heartiest thanks to our Sisters in this ward for the fine spread they gave us recently. The concert which followed was a great success. We very much appreciate the kindness of the ladies and gentlemen who gave the concert, and we are also grateful to Mrs. Phipps, not only for the smokes she gave, but mostly for her presence.

Good luck to you Alex., boy, for the way you looked after young Nelson. You were a "brick" to him, and you surely will be repaid in some way.

Cheer up, Jock, lad. It was jolly hard luck losing your uniform, but we trust you will soon get it back.

We have heard that one of our kitchen staff is very badly in love. We trust he will not go right off his food. We notice, with misgivings, that the bread-tray is fuller!

ONTARIO 1.

Things we want to know—

How Cpl. T—— manages to tell the tale down Taplow way "every night"?

When does the O.C. intend to take us out of cold storage?

What are we going to do when the old Mons Medal arrives?

Why does a certain Corporal "beat it out" when the Red Cross lady arrives? And if Corporal "Thompson" has been found in Ontario 1 yet?

Why is "When I see those Goo Goo eyes I do not care" the ward's favourite song?

And, last, but not least, what makes our Night Sister so popular?

"VOX POPULI."

The W.A.A.C.

We are the Women's Army of the W.A.A.C.!

We have come to cook for Tommy, who has fought so gallantly, And we do not care how hard we work, or what we do for you; We try to do our little bit for khaki boys and blue.

The Women's Army, as you know, is scattered to and fro—England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, wherever you may go—But of all the spots to do our bit, the best that I can see Is among the boys at Cliveden; that's the place for me!

Once we wore our pretty dresses, now we don our khaki neat, And we feel so proud to wear it as we're walking down the street. Some look best in khaki and some look best in blue, And some wear clothes just like the boys, and make munitions, too!

I can very well remember the day I joined the Corps; I never thought that I should help in this most dreadful war; But when the fight is over, and our boys have beat the Hun, The girls of the W.A.A.C. will know their duty's done!

LILY JONES, W.A.A.C., Cliveden.

Debating Society.

The second meeting of the Hospital Debating Society was held on Friday of last week, in the Gymnasium, and the attendants took full opportunity to discuss the subject, "Is an Institute training of more value to the artisan than a training in the workshop?" Cpl. Thomas (Ontario 2) led the affirmative in favour of an Institute training. An Institute training, he said, meant a combination of theory and practice of the principles of the special trade or profession a student wished to embrace. The man with the old-timer's experience in the workshop was paid a high salary, and the firm did not pay him to give indigent apprentices a technical education. The apprentice was not even earning a salary, and was often costing the firm money. Big employers called for practical men with the highest technical qualifications, which could not be obtained by a practical education. Technical education oftentimes developed the inventive mind, but, on the other hand, the man in the workshop usually lacked vision and imagination. Technically-trained men could earn dollars where others merely earned cents. The great drawback to technical education was the initial outlay. The State should find the money for those who had not got it, and schools should be started all over the country.

Cpl. Buie (J.1), in putting forward the advantages of the workshop training, said, the average artisan went from school, and served a seven-years apprenticeship, during which time he produced work of value. The Institute training would be, for the most part, technical and of little use to the artisan. The term 'artisan' meant the practical man, and could not apply to any expert in any one branch of trade. Institute training was not readily obtainable because of the financial obligations and the scarcity of proper schools. The man who was made familiar with a trade, step by step, was far superior to an Institute man. One heard employers on all sides calling for practical men. He did not rundown an Institute training entirely. In conjunction with practical training it could be of some value. That depended upon personal ambition.

The affirmative secured the majority of votes, and Lt.-Col. J. C. Meakins (chairman) ably criticised the speakers.

V.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

We are settling down to Winter ways—tea at 4.30 and supper at 7 p.m.

Since the last report the route marches have started, a sergeant taking the fit men out for about 20 minutes.

Most of the men have enjoyed the "Cheerioh" concerts, thanks to the generosity of the R.F.A. A large party also went to the Boxing Contest.

There have been 15 tables at the weekly Whist Drives, and a hat-trimming competition provided 23 first-rate milliners, Venables taking first prize. Lady Lincolnshire had the difficult task of judging, and kindly provided the prizes.

The Sunday music has been provided by Miss Stevenson and party, Miss Murphy and the Misses Watkins.

The patients of Ward No. 3 are very anxious to know whether "Ole Bill" has started his X-ray performances in H.1 yet?

We have the making of a fine pavement artist in Briggs of No. 8 Ward, late of F.1, Taplow.

We are all very pleased to see Sister Boldey back from her holidays, her own patients being especially pleased.

No. 3 carried off the first prize in the hat-trimming competition last week. No doubt it is the ward. You will see us shining again at the Whist Drive on Tuesday.

When is this very-much-talked-about wedding coming off at High Wycombe V.A.D.?

Things we want to know.—

When shall we hear the last of the Royal Regiment?

Is it true we are to have an interpreter for our ward?

And if each ward gets its share of N.C.O.s?

Who is Cissie? and why does a certain patient continually talk about her in his sleep—and, more, what about the little Yorkshire girl?

Is "Robbie" taking that moustache seriously, as a face improver for instance, or is it all a false alarm?

If Private Corgill is now on the Staff? (If so, we congratulate him.) By the way, about what time may we expect to have some figs?



Points about People.

Now, the last thing I want to do is to be personal, and if, in the following, I do appear to be impertinent—well, I at once tender my most abject apologies. My sole desire is to portray the person pertinently.

One often hears the remark passed that the world would be a slow place if everyone were alike, and really it is the widely different temperaments, outlooks and characteristics of men which give zest and interest to life. What creatures of temperament we are. Have you ever taken an unprejudiced view of yourself. Self-examination is extremely interesting and sometimes profitable! That, however, is by the way. There is scarcely a man who has not some characteristics to mark his individuality. Let me quote some examples.

There is a somewhat portly, but very genial soul, whom the patients hold in high esteem, and that not only because he holds a somewhat popular and very necessary office. The patients interview him at least once a month. They would like to do so oftener, but—well, Regulations wont permit. Now, he dearly likes to come across a Canadian, especially if he is wearing a Glengarry. Should he meet such an individual, the following is invariably heard:

"What part of Canada do you come fra, laddy?—Do you now? Do you know old T—M—, who used to live in Blank St.?—Ah, he was an old friend of mine.—What part of Scotland did you come from?—Well, I know it well. I— McG— who used to keep the old Mill at — I knew very well!"

In the meantime there are about "umpty-umpteen" awaiting their turns, and the harassed clerks look as though they are going to have apoplexy. Yet, who would have our worthy friend to cease his chat? If he didn't have it he wouldn't be the same man!

If some of "the powers that be" were really and strictly Regimental how uncomfortable Hospital life might be made. Of course, there is a huge difference between "Regimentalism" and looking for dust on the doors and window ledges, or searching the ceilings for cobwebs. No, I am not sarcastic in the slightest degree. It is a matter for gratification that the "powers that be" consider the patients first as wounded or sick men, and not as soldiers. Supposing we had a strict disciplinarian in the place of a well-known and very important gentleman in the

administration dept., who is famed as a real sport. He is a real sport! You know it as soon as you see him in his office, with a pipe in his mouth—incidentally, that pipe must work more hours per day than the trade union rates—and a pleasant "What-can-I-do-for-you" smile upon his face. He is the sort of man to command respect. Even if on that Sunday board, he has to send a man away—"Duty," it hasn't got that nasty taste to it that it would have if another had said it!

Then there is another gentleman, skilled in the surgical department, whose appearance may, perhaps, justify the observation often overheard, "I'll bet he was 'one of the lads' in his younger days." He may have been, but his fatherly care and doctoring of the "boys" is remarked upon very often in terms of highest appreciation. That may account for the always-radiant bloom of his complexion. Who of those who have heard them will ever forget those breezy, characteristic Western reminiscences as related by himself? He is unique!

Now, there is a certain member of the staff, whose face often betrays the worries of the arduous duties he is called upon to perform. To him everybody goes in time of trouble or difficulty, and upon him falls the blame of all those little things which will go wrong. He is to be seen, invariably, with his hands in his pockets, and on his daily visitation of the wards he pays due attention to those things which have been done, but which should not have been done, and those things which have not been done and which should have been done. It is said by some who know that when addressed his usual first response is "Yes, please." However, with all his worries, he is seldom ruffled, and if there is too much waste in the bread pail, or if there are tea leaves in the swill bucket his reproof is very gentle.

Lastly, but not least, is the autocrat; he who holds our future in his hand; that astute gentleman, with the smiling eyes behind the glasses, who sees so much, but whose speech is terse. The door of his office is frequently termed either the "gang plank of the Canadian boat" or "ticket office for Canada." Others have called it "the threshold of the future!" The "manipulators of the lead" appear before him in fear and trembling—his astuteness is remarkable, and his "stock" phrase "Feeling pretty good now, aren't you?" spells disaster to many.

There are others.

"OBSERVER."

A Horrible Mistake.

Maidenhead is not such a bad little burg, but for many of the patients at Cliveden Hospital it often has far-reaching effects. In the first place, one can only reach it from the Hospital by two alternatives. The first is that one must be a bloated capitalist and hire a taxi by bribing the driver with vast wealth, or the second, to take the 'bus, which is far more horrible.

The 'bus stops at the gate of the Hospital, and usually starts when one is within a stone's throw of it, or if one is exceptionally lucky one may manage to grab the handle at the entrance of the 'bus just as it is about to start.

After many struggles one gets aboard and sits in a seat which must have been designed for a Hindoo, because the only way to be comfortable is to place the hands around the ankles and the chin between the knees, and trust to fate!

The roadway to Maidenhead was designed by a fisherman, and takes a surface like a herring's backbone, and as one bumps between each rib one thinks of the poor sailors being tossed at sea. This might be tolerated if the driver would give up the idea that he is being chased by a submarine; stop taking a zig-zag course, and cease making petrol smoke screens.

Maidenhead is reached at last, but not by the shell-shock cases. The excitement, and the hustle and bustle of the traffic would prove too much for them, so they have to stay away, and in the quietness of their wards concoct schemes to distribute the wealth they are amassing in their paybooks!

The chief amusement in Maidenhead is to stand outside the Town Hall and watch the policeman on point duty slumbering peacefully, and watch him awake every hour or so and glance at the clock, which, by the way, is always slow. If one gets tired of this amusement there are the posters on the wall of the "City" Hall pointing out to the innocent ones the advantage of joining the Army!

The hours pass quickly by, and at 9 p.m. a rush is made for the last 'bus. If one fails to hang on to this there is nothing else for it but to "hike." This happened to the Wardmaster one night, and he saw stretched before him three miles of uphill darkness—no pub., one cigarette and a match! However, he "hiked" along until he came to the fence across the fields, upon which he sat, lit his cigarette, and thought

of inspections, etc.

Suddenly, a form loomed up in the darkness, and a voice said in comraderie, "'Ow are yer, moite? Art thee going ter th' Hospital?" "Sure," replied the W.M. Whereupon they walked up the hill together, each ignorant of the other's identity.

After gaining the top—and their breath!—it was 11 p.m., and the W.M. discovered that his patient was a khaki-clad patient without a pass, and, much to his disgust—he being a strict teetotaller!—that he was also inebriated.

While walking along, the W.M. listened to the story of how his companion and another patient had had a good time in the "Forbiddens," and eventually they came to the place where "to steal in the night" becomes a necessity. Then the patient became even more confidential.

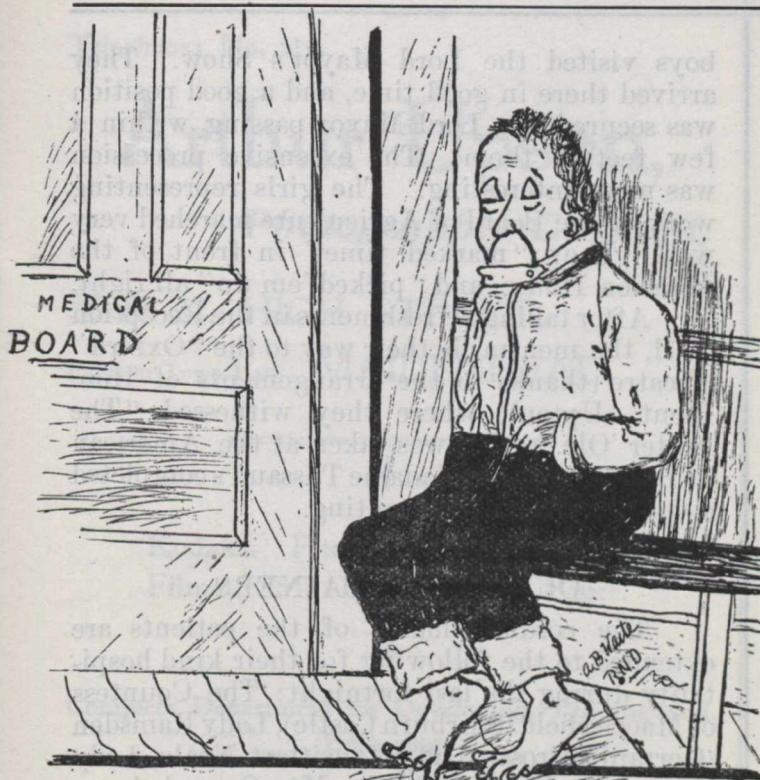
"Let's go in this way," said the merry one. "You can get to your ward without being 'pinched.' Follow me, moite; I'll show you to your ward." After some argument the W.M. said in his most stern and forbidding voice: "There's only one way to go, and that's the right way! You see, I'm the Wardmaster!" It was only to be expected that the collapse of the erring one was total!

THE WARDMASTER receives many curious applications for extensions, but the following takes the prize!

"Spud" Laundry, Winchester,
21st October, 1917.
Sir,

I thought as how I would write to see as if you could extend my leave, say, six more days, say, to Monday next. The reason I ask you, sir, is that my sister has an allotment, and you see, sir, it is time the potatoes were up. I want to tell you my sister keeps a laundry, and the man that should be working for her is in the army, so my sister has to take the washing home in the cart herself; so you see, sir, as how I could help her if you would let me stay to finish digging the potatoes. I want you to tell my M.O. and Sister as how I never felt better—this digging is done me more good than all the medicine they gave me. If you wire the extension, my sister will give me the money to give to you. Please oblige.

Yours faithful,
PTE. SPUD.
Two days granted—who could refuse?



*"I was seated one day at the entrance
and I was weary and ill at ease!"*

The Lunatic's Hens.

The Editor and I are at cross purposes. He wants copy, and I want rest. But he is young, and will grow out of it, and how can I say how many eggs a day a chicken will lay if you let her alone.

It has been my luck (worse luck) to keep hens—at least, to keep as many as holes in the fence, rats, cats and providence would permit. The rest got away. I started with six given to me by a friend, but two died on the way, which left four, and Judy killed two, and two flew away, which left none, but they thought better of it, and came back, and we started all over again, but they died. We bought twelve at the end of the first six months. I bought a pencil and an arithmetic book. The words of the wise are, "That no man is a prophet in his own country," and I wanted to make one out of eggs. So I went to the "run." Why "run"? For they don't! But it was cold, and the hens looked it, and one white Leghorn had a sad face as though she had just laid a foundation

stone and didn't like it.

This very morning I went to look for eggs. You might as well try to find the North Pole when all the while the whole world knows the Great Bear has it hidden away to use as a toothpick when the Christmas seal is tough. I found one, but it wasn't bigger than a walnut, and the silly old hen was cackling over it "The lay of the last Minstrel." If hens would only lay anything—say, two to one on the Derby, for instance, one might keep them and make a profit, but they won't! You keep hens, and try. Why keep hens at 2/6 each?—which my winter ones always cost, and are distinctly dear. Besides, an elephant has a trunk, and you can do something with a trunk—especially when you are travelling—so why not keep elephants? The Editor and the Lunatic are considering the state of the petty cash, elephants being expensive. Why then keep hens?

Well I can't, for they will get over my neighbour's fence, and they don't like my dogs, either, and that's what they say: "Why don't you *keep* hens!"

Here is the Lunatic's Balance Sheet:—

Dr.	£	s.	d.
To 12 hens at 3/6	2	2	0
" Cost of house and run	5	0	0
" Food	3	0	0
" Man with ferrets	10	0	0
" Ferret killed by rats	4	6	0
" Profanity of man	5	0	0
" Loss of sleep	1	0	0
" Annoyance to neighbours	1	1	0
	£	13	2
		6	0

Cr.	£	s.	d.
By 24 doz. eggs	2	10	0
" Chickens killed and eaten	18	0	0
	£	3	8
Less doctor's bill for indigestion	1	1	0
Dead Loss	£	10	15
		6	0

Why keep hens? M.A.B.

OVERHEARD IN "A" WARD (bed-patient, comfortable for the night).—Sister: "Well, Jock, is your bed crum(b)y?" Patient: "No Sister. Clean sheets this morning!"

Sports & Amusements.

BASEBALL.

CANADA v. U.S.A., in Ireland.

The team of players representing Canada at baseball, picked from the C.E.F. in England to play against the London Americans, included five members of the "Astorians," viz.—Latimer, Maddock, Stanley, Edmiston and Reid.

The first game at Dublin was won by Canada, with a score of 10—6, before about 10,000 people. The proceeds of the game went to the Dublin Castle Red Cross Hospital, which must have received a welcome addition to their funds. The teams were entertained, after the game, to a banquet by Lord Decies.

The game at Belfast, before a similarly large crowd, resulted, after a ten-innings game, in a tie, with the score 5—5. The Ulster Volunteers Hospital received the proceeds of this game, and was visited by the teams during their stay in the city. At the conclusion of the game two bats and balls auctioned by the players brought an additional sum of £85 to the Hospital funds.

The teams were entertained at a City Hall luncheon by the Lord Mayor of Belfast; participated in numerous threatre parties and visited the chief places of interest as guests of the most royal of the dispensers of Belfast hospitality. They have returned full of praise for the many kindnesses shown them, both in Dublin and Belfast, and a larger appreciation of the proverbial hospitality of Ireland!

FOOTBALL.

Five reserves were included in the team which the Hospital placed in the field against the R.E.s from Marlow on Saturday, but despite that the homesters won by 2—0. Both goals were scored by Scott in the second half. This was the first defeat of the season for the Marlow team!

In order to comply with the regulations concerning week-end travelling on the railway all league games will be played on Wednesdays instead of Saturdays. Matches of the competition have, unfortunately, been stopped for the past fortnight because of this restriction.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

Starting from Taplow at 9.9, thirty of our

boys visited the Lord Mayor's Show. They arrived there in good time, and a good position was secured, the Lord Mayor passing within a few feet of them. The extensive procession was most interesting. The girls representing work of the Board of Agriculture marched very well. They "marked time" in front of the Mansion House, and "picked 'em up" all right.

After taking refreshments in the Reception Hall, the men made their way to the "Oxford" Theatre (thanks to the arrangements of Hon. Lieut. Upton), where they witnessed "The Better 'Ole." Tea was taken at the American Club, and a visit to Madame Tussaud's completed a very enjoyable day's outing.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

The cordial thanks of the patients are extended to the following for their kind hospitality during the last fortnight: The Countess of Macclesfield (Shirburn Castle), Lady Ramsden (Gerrard's Cross), Lady Vansittart Neale, Lady Boston, the Hon. Cecil Irby, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Mrs. Archie Baker, Mrs. Skimming, Mrs. Durlacher (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Appleby (Stoke Poges), Mr. John McNeel, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Serocold, Miss Barry, Miss Coleman, Miss Pixley, the Rev. Canon and Mrs. Barnett (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Hartley (Stoke Green), Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. H. Spindler, the proprietors of the Maidenhead Skating Rink and Picture Palace, the Gresham Life Assurance Company, and Messrs. Coates, Son and Co. (in connection with the Lord Mayor's Show visit).

OUR CONCERTS.

The ladies and gentlemen of the following concert parties are also cordially thanked for their most entertaining visits: London Operatic and Dramatic Society, Oscar Asche Dramatic Society, "Some" Concert Party, Mrs. Collins' London Concert Party and the 30th Middlesex (Reading) Concert Party.

LECTURES.

Those who attended the lectures of Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Allan Walker were keenly interested, and received considerable instruction from their able discourses.

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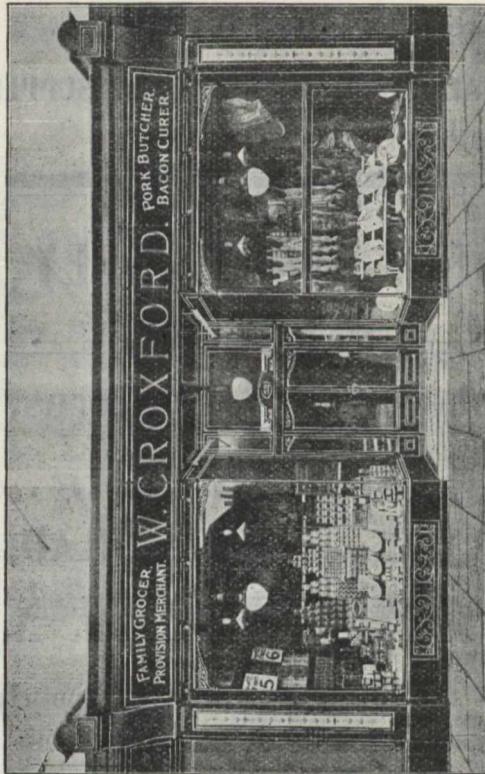
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Cliveden H.	1 252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	20
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
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