

VOL. II., No. 27.

JUNE 29TH, 1918.

“

Stand & Easy”

Chronicles

of

Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

THREEPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. II., No. 27.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29TH, 1918.

THREEPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... MAJOR J. D. MORGAN.

EDITORIAL STAFF ... {GNR. A. S. BARTLETT.
A./SERGT. BAKER.

The Armistice.

It is over. The chatter of machine-guns, the crackling roar of the barrage, the crash of H.E.—all have died down; and the grey-clad, cowl-helmeted waves have rolled sullenly back, smashed and shattered against our line. “A strong hostile attack at — broke down under our fire.”

* * * * *

No Man's Land is silent now; an uncanny hush broods over this torn strip of ground where an hour ago Death waltzed in the smoke amid his shrieking instruments; and, but for an occasional film of vapour in the still air, or the faint crying of some wretch agonising in a shell-hole, all is as it has been at any time these six months.

But stay; a figure, clear in the morning light, leaps on to the parapet of the German trench, waving a white flag, with the familiar Cross of Geneva.

A tense little murmur runs down the line of grimed and filthy defenders—a murmur of surprise and distrust. Young officers lean over the torn sandbags, glasses in hand (it is safe enough now; Fritz has had all he wants for the time). The major in charge of the line scratches his head, obviously wondering “what to do about it”; and the oil-stained No. 1 of a Vickers gun looks up from his cleaning and polishing with an air of expectancy. We happen to know how far we can trust our friends over the way!

The major, after a long look at the Germans, nods over his shoulder, and the snub, fluted barrel-casing swings round as the little gunner crouches to his handles. Lewis guns are mounted on the parapet; the order “Stand to” runs down the line, and wearied men heave themselves on to the fire-step again, while the major extracts a battered note-book, and a report goes back to Battalion Headquarters.

“Jerry” does not seem too sure of his

welcome. He comes out by ones and twos (through glasses you can see his apprehensive glances at our line) and forms up into little parties, each with its stretcher; they go dipping in shell holes, winding in and out through his wire, to where the maimed remnants of the attack are crying for them.

And so you have the amazing spectacle of the Red Cross at its work of mercy under the very nose of a dozen deadly weapons trained on its ministers. But the Boche has only himself to thank, for, as too many poor lads know to their cost, there is a fatal resemblance between a German stretcher and—a German machine-gun.

Half-an-hour passes—an hour. The major glances at his watch. “Times’ up,” he says, “they’ve had quite long enough. Put a burst over their heads, Davis!”

Tat-tat-tat—tat-tat-tat-tat-tat. There is an amused snigger from the men, as the Boche and his burden scuttle for cover. The armistice is over.

R.V.G.—*The Daily Mail.*

Wonders of the Night.

(With apologies to all my brother ‘Insomniacs.’)

- Wonder what time it is.
- Wonder if it's true there are only sixty minutes in every hour.
- Wonder what it feels like to go to sleep.
- Wonder when the war
- Wonder if I shall get my ticket.
- Wonder if I want to
- Wonder if ducks ever go to sleep.
- Wonder if I shall be a dormouse the next time I re-incarnate.
- Wonder whether those ducks can hear the noise of the guns in France.
- Wonder if they think it's an air-raid.
- Wonder if that's their idea of a concert.
- Wonder why people snore when they sleep.
- Wonder what would happen if I shouted and woke everybody up.
- Wonder what makes the wind blow.
- Wonder if the tent will stand all right.
- Wonder if my watch is right.
- Wonder if the bugler sounds Reveille punctu-

ally at 5.30.
 Wonder whether I shall go to sleep after he's blown it.
 Wonder if those ducks ever get a sore throat.
 Wonder what rats were made for.
 Wonder if anybody was ever guilty of liking rats.
 Wonder whether rats hate one another.
 Wonder how many ducks there will be in the morning.
 Wonder if I've got too much clothes on the bed.
 Wonder if I had too much supper.
 Wonder if a pint of stout would be a good idea.
 Wonder if the M.O. would put me on stout.
 Wonder if he wouldn't.
 Wonder whether my brain's too active for my body.
 Wonder who that is walking about.
 Wonder if it's the bugler got up an hour too early.
 Wonder if anybody was ever fool enough to get up an hour too early.
 Wonder why I can't sleep.
 Wonder if I'm over-tired.
 Wonder if I'm not tired enough.
 Wonder if it's anything to do with the new star.
 Wonder if it's the first stage of botulism.
 Wonder if botulism is anything to do with bottle-ism.
 Wonder who first told the tale about counting sheep over the stile.
 Wonder if he thought he was a humorist.
 Wonder whether anyone would see if I lit the lamp and had a read.
 Wonder if I've got anything to read.
 Wonder if a pipe of "baccy" would be a good idea.
 Wonder if "baccy" is a stimulant or a sedative.
 Wonder where I put my matches.
 Wonder if that was a rat or
 Wonder if that's the bugler.
 Wonder if it's going to be a fine day.
 Wonder if that's the longest call in the Army.
 Wonder why you can't hear the chaps getting up.
 Wonder if they've heard it.
 Wonder why birds get up so early.
 Wonder whether ducks sleep all day, so they can shout all night.
 Wonder if they are trying to get friendly with the rats.
 Wonder what's the best way of killing rats.
 Wonder how many rats there are in the world.
 Wonder if I shall oversleep myself when I drop off.

Wonder if this is what they call "having the pip."

Wonder if I'll get up.

Wonder if I wont.

Wonder if I can get an hour or two's kip this afternoon.

Wonder what's the good of anything.

"THE TENT-DWELLER."

An Outing to Canada.

Were you outside the Registrar's office on the morning of Monday, June 3rd? If so, you saw a noble example of the real home-grown article of excitement. If one were asked what mental condition is most prevalent in this war, one would doubtless answer "Excitement." And the cause thereof? The facing of and attempt to escape shells, bullets, capture, Hun barrage, gas—and punishment in the Orderly Room. On the morning of June 3rd, wishing to discuss with the Adjutant the important question of how to obtain official leave four times a year, I strolled towards Orderly Room Avenue, and on arrival at the head of this famous thoroughfare, I came upon a—but enough of this, let's get on with the story.

Since the weather has turned fine and warm, outings for the patients have been the order of the day, and so numerous have these parties been that there are few places within a large radius which have not been visited. It was felt, therefore, that new regions should be explored—farther afield and of greater interest. Monday, June 3rd, was chosen as the day, and owing to its importance—the King's birthday—the choice of place required prolonged, careful and mature consideration, the result being the decision that this outing of outings should be a trip to Canada. A notice was posted to this effect—requesting all those desirous of joining this party to "Sign their names below." This notice appeared at 9 a.m., and fortunately we saw the stampede in its early stages, and were able to prevent casualties. The queue extended through the Hospital grounds, and great credit is due to the Police in the efficient manner in which they handled, without accident or arrest many hundreds. The gasoline launch for this outing had limited accommodation, and unfortunately all but ninety had to be "struck off strength" of party. Naturally, these ninety fortunates were carefully chosen, the basis of

choice being the record of ability of each man to enter his ward after "lights-out" without being reported. June 3rd broke cool and dull—no! that was the 2nd!—the 3rd was warm and clear, and the ninety were dressed and ready for the journey at 3.10 a.m. After a delay of some days [One of the ninety's evidence.—Editor], breakfast was served, but just because it was served it does not necessarily follow that it was eaten. Eating was superfluous, for was this not *the* outing of the season?

Time dragged wearily, but 9.30 a.m. at length arrived, and the blessed paraded outside the Registrar's office. The roll was called at 9.50 a.m., when it was discovered that there were two distinct classes to deal with (due to excitement)—those whose voices could be heard above a whisper, and the speechless. The sign language was beautifully demonstrated. Each member of the party was now tagged with a card showing his age, height, weight, colour of hair and eyes, and condition of teeth. The entries from the Company Conduct Sheet were not shown on this card, owing to shortage of paper.

Sergeant Howe, with his ever-ready companion—the camera—now appeared on the scene, and risked the destruction of two plates in order to preserve the features of each member of the party for subsequent police records. The men showed great fortitude in passing through this ordeal, and behaved in a splendid manner.

The ambulances appeared at 10 a.m., and by means of the police and full staff of the Hospital a second stampede was averted. Pte. Jones, who entered ambulance No. 2, was heard to remark that he could not understand how the Registrar, Hospital Representative, Transport Officer, Staff Grant and Sergeant White could speak in their natural tone of voice and act in an ordinary every-day manner on such an auspicious occasion. Just then Sergeant White poked his head through the back curtains of ambulance No. 2 and asked how many were in. There were nine replies, the numbers submitted varying from 3 to 17. In ambulance No. 4, Pte. Smith, who had been speechless all the morning, suddenly regained his voice, and exclaimed in a loud voice: "I'm sure we shall miss that train; it's five after ten now, and the train pulls out at 11.50." [From the Hospital to the station is a ten-minutes' run.—Editor.]

At 10.50 the last man swung his stiff knee aboard, waved his crutch and hand to the

assembled multitude, and the first part of the outing was finished.

On the station platform the party wore a less-anxious look, and they now had time to chat and smoke. Certain members decided to give this outing "a personal touch," and the young ladies looked as sad as the men at the speedily-approaching parting. At 10.20 Pte. Brown (to be discharged in Canada) demanded to be paraded before the Adjutant, and asked whether there hadn't been some mistake in the day or hour, as they had already been on the platform for four or five hours. Hospital privileges were immediately cancelled for this man for the duration of the war. At 10.25 the train was notified to arrive in five minutes, the men told to "Stand to," and at this time there occurred the only remarkable incident of the outing. Many men who had been much too lame and weak for "Light duty" at the Hospital forgot to use their sticks and crutches, and shouldered their kit-bags like stalwarts.

At last! The train came to a standstill, out stepped the popular and efficient officer in charge, and in 15 minutes each man was entrained and puffing away at a "yellow peril." Ten-fifty, and the guard's whistle blew, and away went the merriest party which, for many moons, has left this Hospital for an outing.

We returned to the Hospital sad and disconsolate, bewailing our fate at not being one of the ninety.

D.O.R.A. has requested me to kindly refrain from stating to which English port they went. I have been also asked by the same person not to mention the name or size of the launch—nor at which port in Canada the party will have the luncheon of sandwiches sent along with them as the "unexpended portion of the day's rations."

Readers are hereby notified, please, that this outing will extend over some days—perhaps weeks—and any expressions of opinion of the party, relative to their enjoyment of the said outing, will of necessity be deferred *sine die*.

SEPTIMUS.

A DRAPERY trade journal says that women are paying extravagant prices for underwear—The munitionness says to the Grundys, When she's "got up regardless" on Sundays, "Though the ladies you blame.

In economy's name,
It's the 'Un you should strafe, not the 'undies'!"
Sporting Times.

Ward Notes.

F.1.

Amongst other exciting pastimes indulged in by our verandah stalwarts is a new hobby, one that is guaranteed to please and educate. It is known as "rat-fishing," and will, no doubt, figure in all future sports meetings. *Modus operandi*: Fix a fairly large hook on to a fishing line, bated with very ripe cheese, and throw into centre of potato patch. If you keep awake long enough, a rat may be caught. For further particulars see small handbills published by Clipp and Digger.

It would be interesting to know why Taffy spoke to a charming "Waac" in Welsh. Rather rough on the other fellows, anyway.

Poor old Durham was delighted when, after lying in bed for about an hour, he remembered that his pass had not been turned in! Whilst hurriedly dressing, he was like the proverbial parrot—didn't say much, but thought more.

Suggested song titles for F.1 celebrities:

- Foreman—"For Evermore."
 Craig—"O, Canada."
 Gilbert—"Another little drink."
 Stanley—"Absent."
 Whitmore—"Caller Herrin'."
 Coleman—"Old King Cole."
 Kelly—"Has anyone here seen—Flannigan?"
 Hinds—"Have you got another little girl at home like Mary?"
 King—"Long live the King."
 Purnell—"It's nice to get up in the morning."

G.1.

A few of the old-timers have returned to their native land, and our good wishes go with them.

Is it right our "George" is getting a commission, and hopes he will have many stars, if the war lasts long enough? Another loss to the "Agony Waggon."

Who camouflaged the ink-stain on the bed-spread with a "John Bull"?

Our "Man of Action" is on his Canada leave, so the complaints of the patients are not getting their proper attention, but rumour says he must be back for the 1st of July for his M.M.

Who said he had had five "opperash"? Lucky man! Try and forget it.

Dressings up! "Doc. Rich," M.D.

Now the O.C. kitchen has gone perhaps the A.S.C. grouser will get his full rations. But who pinched the tea and sugar after the picnic?

Have you heard the "Die Hards" March Past, by "Bottles," the ward "pen pusher."

G.2.

We extend a warm welcome to our Charge Sister, Sister Wilman, who has just returned from her leave, and also Sister Morrison, having recently arrived from Canada. We hope she will grace us with her presence for some considerable period.

We much regret the departure of our Night Sister, Sister Murray, who has left us to cheer up another ward. Our best wishes go with her, also Sister Rae, who is at present on leave.

Let us forget. We must sincerely thank our Sisters for the most charming picnic which they provided for us.

Things we would like to know—

- Where did "Johnny" get the ring?
 What is the attraction at Cookham, eh, Sergt.?
 Who removed the plates of Gus's organ?
 Why is he so quiet lately?
 Where did Stewart sleep on his return from leave?
 Why not in his own bed?
 Who likes all night on the verandah? And why?
 What are the healing qualities of an earwig?
 Ask Murphy.
 Who had Brilliantine's strawberries?
 Where does "Old Charley" get his red nose from?
 Who likes "Stiek-it"?

H.1.

Everything is very quiet in the ward these days, most of the old boys having gone. Our best wishes go with them.

We hope "Patsy" will take care of himself on leave, and that his "delicate" appetite will improve as time goes on.

Old George has at last reached his desired goal—"civies" and home. We hope he will soon feel better for the change.

One of our kitchen staff tried to dissect himself with a chair. We don't think he will try the experiment again. Someone said he woke up. It's not true.

Poor old Forrestal has got it bad lately. You can see him any old time counting up on his fingers how many spoons he has got. Mitchell and he had a heated argument as to whether a tea spoon would go down on the list as a table spoon or a dessert spoon.

Did "Scottie" run off to London to escape the wrath of the ward clerk?

H.2.

We have lost two of our "permanent standbys" since the last issue, and we wish them luck wherever they may be.

We are glad to see "Knocker" back looking like a soldier once more. What tale did you invent to melt the hearts of the "powers that be," old-timer?

Who is the man who wants three billiard balls to decorate his grave?

J.1.

Once more we bid a fond *adieu* to a few more boys *en route* for Canada, and we wish them all they wish themselves.

Why is it that one of our orderlies has taken to dislike Maidenhead just lately? We think we can "Reid" between the lines.

'Tis a far, far better thing I do now than ever I have done before. I will now oblige the unworthy and ungrateful orderly by helping him to rid the floor of its dirt; but, please, oh, please, call me "Corporal."

Your imitation of the R.S.M.'s motor-cycle is fine, Pollit. But it irritates us all in the dark.

Cheer up, Booker, old man! I know someone at the War Office, who has a friend whose butler's sister-in-law's young man knows for sure that you are going back to Canada.

We wonder whether a certain Sergeant (on the staff), who visits us occasionally, really has another tunic, and was he made to fit his bicycle or the bicycle made to fit him?

How many more Sisters are H.1 going to say farewell to, and also "welcome" and "hope their stay will be a long one"? Rotten luck having to say that so many times.

J.2.

Things we would like to know—

The name of that cheese which had to be kept in the strong room?

Has the cavalryman *again* "Pooled" the anecdote of our generation?

Who is the man who puts his boots on when he gets up in the middle of the night, and why does he do it?

The name of the man who whistles in his sleep?

Where does Jimmie go all by his lonesome? Seems to put him in a very pleasant frame of mind.

Who is it who annoys the ward with *this 1914 stuff*, and produces documentary evidence to bear out his statements.

Now that our artillery friend has his jack-boot, when will he get a spur to put on it?

Bon voyage to Sister Morris, our former Night Sister. A hearty welcome to her successor, another Sister Morris.

We regret the departure of "Fairie," a good crib player and sport, also our clerk, "Fergie," who will be missed.

Our dressing carriage combination cannot be beaten—a harmonious pair.

K.1.

Our worthy "Staff Captain of the kitchen" is back with

us again after a few days' holiday and rest (?). We hope he had a good time, also had one on us.

Who is the owner of the illicit drinks counter on the balcony? We also wonder why he was so anxious to get rid of "duds." Good old Serg.! what do you want for your thirst?

"Sister, there isn't any sugar in my 'egg-nogg'!" Such is the saying in our ward now. We think the originator should apply to the Food Controller for extra rations.

We notice that "Drag" is on a few days' rest. It's never been done, you know, Aussie.

Who was it who was found "wasting his fragrance on the dessert air," as it were, in our kitchen. Gee! we never thought it was in you, but we hope you are satisfied.

We notice that our illustrious Sergeant has a knack of staying in bed until after breakfast. What's the matter, Stan.?

We welcome our new Sister, and hope she will like the boys and the ward.

K.2.

It would be interesting to know why Bobby moved his bed into the bushes the other day? Is he in such a State that he requires Moore air?

Is it true that our friend R—s made a hole in the steps when trying to give an exhibition of the "Gaby" glide? Hard lines, old kid, you have our deepest sympathy.

K.2 has now been converted into a skating rink. Unfortunately the first morning was spoiled by an accident, so business is temporarily suspended until the floor is mended.

Things we want to know—

Why "Ginger" goes to sleep every Sunday afternoon?

If our orderlies are getting the wind up over the verandah war cry?

Why W—s is so anxious for a pay day?

Who said pork and beans?

Has D—n found a new admirer?

ALEX. 2.

We give a hearty welcome to the boys of the last convoy, and hope their stay in Alex. 2 will be a pleasant one.

What did it cost Sewell to induce Jock out on the balcony, and why is it they are tickled to death now the "Yankee" is on leave?

Has any kind reader any "buckshee" bottles of perfume? If so, will they send them to Sgt. C—, of this ward. Oh! those socks!

Why has S— taken to needlework? Does he think it will make a good impression on his wife the next time she comes?

We are pleased to be able to state that "Tonsil," the barber, is recovering from the effects of being crossed in love.

When is the C.O. of the kitchen going on leave again? Will he tell the same tale next time?

Our day orderlies must be very poor artists when they can only draw two bottles of stout for the whole ward.

ONTARIO 1.

We are glad to report that Mack is now out of danger and well on the road to recovery, and almost ready to resume his nightly hunting for fossils.

The Bag-Pipe Derby, between Gnr. H. and Pte. B., was won by Pte. B.; H. could not stand the distance.

What happened at the two-to-one game on Sunday night, and who got the coconut? Did the kitchen?

Anyone heard the latest: Records produced nightly by a musician of the "W.G.'s," the title of which is "O! Oo!! Ooo!!!"?

Why did S— try to stop the "Flu-e"?

Can anyone fathom the mystery of our friend, L—? Who was the lady who wrote to him one letter and two postcards in different handwriting, and did not keep the appointment? Poor old L—. "Tis a sad world, my masters."

YUKON WARDS.

Things we want to know—

Who was the man who suggested that our night orderly should try to reform the occupant of bed 17? He sure does not know either of these characters, or such suggestions as these would be as far from him as the moon.

What disease is the Flying Corps artist of Yukon 2 suffering from?

What was it that caused one of our Sisters to drop the tea tray? We don't think it right to blame it all on the pail of water.

What has got our Corporal's "goat" that he refuses to bring any more lady friends to visit the Australian wounded heroes of Yukon 2?

Why does our artillery friend in Yukon 4 open up the night with a barrage? Have a heart. We know you are fond of France, but don't start "pulling the old stuff off" in here.

What authority is one of our Sisters that she dares to argue with a member of the McNairn clan?

The Regimental Plumber.

Under a leaking bath-tub tap
The Regimental Plumber stands.
An awful careless man he is,
With large and grimy hands;
And the trouble is—the less he does,
The more his bill expands.

His hair is crisp (just turning grey),
His face is like the tan,
His brow is wet, but not with sweat,
And he drinks whate'er can,
He'd stand a whole day round a place,
If only beer-taps ran.

He goes on Monday to the Wards,
Around the taps he toys,
And when he finds a washer loose
It makes his heart rejoice;
For there he knocks and files and scrapes,
And makes a deafening noise.

And patients startled by the noise
Peep in at the open door,
They love to see his blackened face,
And hear his blow-lamp roar,
And note the large array of tools
That lie upon the floor.

Spoiling, rejoicing, soldering,
Not where a leakage shows;
Each morning sees some job begun,
At evening—goodness knows.
Something attempted—nothing done;
At four o'clock he goes.

A.B.

LOOK before you sleep.

MANY are called, but few get up.

Answers to Correspondents.

Proc.—We should strongly advise you to cultivate the further acquaintance of the young lady who brings you such welcome delicacies. Apple and marmalade pies! Have a heart, Kid.

Mac.—We regret that you should present such a fierce appearance in the new cap you have donned. Why not try a Glengarry, Mac? The competition among the ladies for an escort would be "something fierce."

Matchless.—We do not think it advisable to call so frequently in the shop you mention, as the assistant cannot stand the amorous glances with which you always greet her. "Ware widdies, Samivel, my lad."

"*Doughboy*" complains of nasty throat in the morning. Quit the "booze-fighting," and lay in a stock of lemonade, else you will be on your uppers.

Cook.—If you do not know the difference between a swill tub and a soup tureen you must be a rotten cook.

Inquisitive.—No! "Cook's Soldiers' Tooth Soap" we do not recommend for polishing buttons. We should advise the investment of a box of "Soldiers' Worry" (1½d per box).

"Snippy."

"Snippy" had just finished work. He was the Orderly Room runner, and was at the present moment enjoying a few moments' relaxation in his tent prior to resuming his duties.

"I wonder what we shall get for tea," asked "Snippy" suddenly. "Fish hash, I guess," answered his bosom pal. "Now what I should like," said "Snippy," gloating over the words, "would be three eggs on toast, coffee and cake." His chum kept a frosty silence, and proceeded vigorously to lick his lips in anticipation of the immortal delicacies that "Snippy" mentioned. "Go and fry your face, you silly goat," he said crossly, and "Snippy" grinned.

When the time came for him to resume duty he walked leisurely to the Orderly Room, pausing on his way to ask one of the Dining Hall staff "what the tea was going to be like?" "Wait and see," was the reply, and "Snippy" went away, still speculating on the "cussedness"

of things in general. Four o'clock came, and still he wondered what tea-time would bring. He simply lived to eat did "Snippy," and his friends most unkindly suggested that they would prefer to keep him for a day than a month, and knowing "Snippy's" eating abilities, we fully agreed with their views.

At last the hour came round that "Snippy" was looking forward to, and, needless to say, he was the first outside the Dining Hall door, and he was seen passing the anxious moments by peering in and sniffing up the odour through the cracks. "Snippy" had the intuition of a Baltimore hobo, believe me.

As the other fellows began to congregate, "Snippy" engaged them in pleasant conversation, discussing the palatableness of ham and eggs, etc., till they felt as if they could "beat the can off him," as it was delicately put by one of the waiting crowd. But "Snippy" didn't "give a d—," as he politely put it, and proceeded more vigorously than ever to make their mouths water.

At last "Snippy" opened the door, and gazed around with longing eyes, only to find a most appalling array of emptiness. No plates out, nothing to suggest the fulfilling of his desires.

"What's up, Corp.?" he asked, with tears in his eyes. "Nothing much, son," answered Corporal, "only tea went be up for about an hour-and-a-half yet!"

"Why, what's wrong?" asked "Snippy" curiously.

"Don't know and don't care," was the Corporal's disheartening reply, and "Snippy" and the rest stole quietly away, concealing their language, out of respect for the W.A.A.C.'s who were in the vicinity.

But when "Snippy" was by himself he "let himself go." No wonder the Police Hut required a new coat of paint!

A.S.B.

THE Bishop was addressing the Sunday school. In his most expressive tones he was saying, "And now, children, let me tell you a very sad fact. In Africa there are 10,000,000 square miles of territory without a single Sunday school where little boys and girls can spend their Sundays. Now, what should we all try and save up our money and do?" And the class, as one voice, replied in ecstatic unison, "Go to Africa!"

Guns and Sons o' Guns.

Be it known that an author without a thing to write about is like unto a minstrel man with a dose of quinsey. So, I ambled down to the wet canteen in search of a story.

Temperance cranks try to tell us differently, but we all know that the wet canteen is the social centre of that great crowd of men in Sam Hughes' Circus, known in daily orders as "Other ranks." True, the stuff served there is not strong these days, but it takes more than Government Ale to dampen the spirit of men. In the wet canteen one can hear a discussion on the relative merits of "Silvo" over "Soldiers' Friend," or the most modern methods of getting a "buckshee" issue of rum.

But things were slack that night, for next day was pay day, but the Debating Club were in session around the red-hot stove.

A "rookie" had just bought a round of drinks, and on the strength of it was asking the usual questions that only a "rookie" would ask. The question that started the ball rolling, however, was just this: "What was the biggest gun you ever saw in France?"

"Well," said a grey-haired veteran, "we had one up with us that was a dandy. Its noise was so loud that it had our paymaster scared stiff. He didn't dare come up to pay us, so when we needed a franc or two we had to ask for a four-day leave to go down to Havre and get him. The infantry lads used to tell us that Heine had been using the "duds." Yes, sir, hollowing 'em out and using 'em for pill-boxes!"

The "rookie" was so interested that the man at the counter short-changed him for sixpence.

Another "old stager" took the floor, and said, "That was a very big one, no doubt, but I'll tell you of one we had up at Mount St. Eloi. It was a good gun all right, but they could only fire it once a week. Why? 'Cause the recoil was so great that when they fired it the gun was kicked thirty feet down in the ground, and it took the Engineers a week to dig it out! The War Office kept complaining about it because the detonation was heard in Blighty, and the people would kill themselves getting under cover when they heard it; they thought there was an air-raid on!"

The "rookie" bought another round of drinks on the strength of this, when the Battery cook arose, and said, in a tone of disgust, "You blokes make me tired of your talk about your

small guns. Let me tell you about a *real* one we had. I wont tell you where it is, as the Hun might do some bombing! Well, this gun was mounted on a heavy railway, about forty miles long in the direction of Fritz. They would get the gun on the end of the railway, lay it, put an engine behind and shove it the forty miles up the line. After uncoupling, the train crew would hitch on the lanyard—which was, by the way, thirty feet thick—and start home again, unreeling the lanyard as they went along. When they got to the end of the trip, they would give the cable a pull with the engine, and, boo-o-o-m!!! the gun would fire. Great idea that, of having the gun on a railway. Why? Because the recoil would kick the gun back the whole forty miles, and all they had to do was stop it, load and lay again!!! Once in a while, of course, there would be an accident. I remember once, an officer was near the gun just as they started to take it forward; he hurried his men into the bottom of an old coal mine; when the gun went off it killed him and his men with its concussion."

Just then the canteen N.C.O. yelled out "Time, gentlemen!" and the "rookie" murmured, as he passed out, into the night, "What a d——d lie!"

GUNNER LLOYD KING, C.F.A.

Romance

(We don't think).

There's a little cigar store in — Street,
 And the girl who serves there is so sweet,
 She sells cigarettes,
 And she's some girl, you bet.
 When Tommies and her chance to meet,
 She laughs and sings all the day long,
 And this is the lilt of her song:
 "We've no matches to-day,
 I'm so sorry to say,"
 So you leave with your face very long.
 Her smile's quite bewitching, you bet,
 Makes your brain feel as if it's to let,
 So you bask in her smile,
 And you stay quite a while,
 Till on matches your heart becomes set.
 Then she twigs your cute little game,
 Her answer is always the same:
 "We're expecting some soon,
 You saucy old coon,
 So call in on Monday again."

A.S.B.

To the Q.M.A.A.C.'s.

Some—and everywhere they come! from vale
and down, from peaceful country place,
Where year by year smile dear familiar faces,
Where swallows circle 'neath o'erhanging eaves,
And rooks caw hoarsely 'mid the sheltering
leaves,

Where gallant forbears—dainty ladies' peer
From pannelled walls, brave in their silken gear,
They come! they come!!

They come! from crowded street and smoke-
grimmed riverside,
From factory and from shop—an endless tide
Pours forth—from hall and vicarage and quiet
home,

From distant lands, from other climes they come;
'Tis England's call; her daughters, unafraid,
Arise and hasten instant to her aid.

They come! they come!!

They come! to face stern duty—perchance
sterner death

(At their gay courage we draw a quickened
breath).

At home—in France, prepared to play their
part;

No craven fears lurk in their steadfast heart,
Their clear eyes shine, and their glad voices
cry, "'Tis well!

And if—and if—we die, our epitaph be this—
'For England's life we fell!'

Thank God! they come!! c.

Britannia! All!

Boys! our flag is still a-flying, our ships ride
on the sea,

Our royal, gallant Navy is the pledge to you
and me

That when the war is over, as we hope some
day 'twill be,

Our home will be the same old spot, as ever
Free!

Old England!

There's no touch of brag or bluster in the work
that's going on,

No need to be downhearted, for our men are
going strong

In our ships upon the ocean, and on land in
every clime

The flag that cheers the lads along is over yours
and mine

Of England!

But our flag, just like our people, is a composite
design,

There's a lion in one corner, a royal emblem fine.
'Tis the lion of old Scotland and her gallant,
dauntless sons,

Ah! when he sees the Kilties, it is then the
Boche runs!

Bonnie Scotland!

There's a harp, the soul of sweetness, as of
harmony divine,

It nerves the hearts of Erin's sons, your brothers,
sure, and mine,

It nerves their hearts to gallant deeds, and
leaves no room for fear.

Och! when the boys are charging home! that's
the time to cheer

Old Oireland!

You may call them Taffies, Welshies, or any-
thing you will,

But hark! "The men of Harlech" will make
the heart stand still,

As thousands march, all singing, fine, gallant
little Wales.

"Land of my Fathers" is the song, which every-
where prevails.

Gallant Cambria!

And many more are fighting, too, for Freedom
and for Right,

Descendants of the Homelands, who have risen
in their might,

They know the stuff they're made of, as they
know the day from night,

No matter what be Fate's decree, they'll keep
the Right in sight!

Britannia! All!

England! Scotland! Ireland! and Wales!

And all their gallant sons from over-sea,

Touch one of this family and you touch the
mighty lot,

And to-day? Oh! very many quite agree!

H. T. TAMPLIN, Lieut.-Colonel.

THE following inscription is copied from a
tombstone in an old Churchyard in N. Wales:

"Born in America; in Europe bred;

In Africa travelled and in Asia wed,

Where long to live and thrive; in London dead.

Much good, some ill, he did; so hope all's even

And that his soul through mercy's gone to heaven.

You who survive and read this tale, take care,

For this most certain exit to prepare.

Where, blest in peace, the actions of the just

Smell sweet, and blossom in the silent dust."

Y.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

"Top o' the morning,"
Matron! Congratulations on
having the R.R.C.

We are getting quite gay.
On Wednesday Mrs. R. Birch
treated our men to the Al-
fresco Concert on the Cricket
Ground. It, fortunately, was
fine and warm, and was much
enjoyed.

On Saturday most of the boys went to see
"The Better 'Ole." It had a very quietening
effect on them. A bit too realistic perhaps!

Five lucky boys have had a trip up the
river to Reading, the guests of some munition
girls.

The Beaconsfield Fete is our next excite-
ment. Our stall is growing, and we hope to
realize a good sum towards our needlework
fund. We wish there had been more of the
men's work.

The Hospital is to be represented in the
procession to Buckingham Palace. Our Com-
mandant is in charge of the Bucks detachment.

Some of our oldest patients have gone
back to Cliveden. We miss them and hope
they are getting on well.

Sister Brookhouse is away for her holiday.
Sister Bishop is back again on night duty.

At the last Whist Drive the ladies out-
numbered the men.

Our new "retailer of sweets" has not, so
far, met with the best of success. But, cheer
up, Sister! Use a little more persuasion, or
try a box of chocolates; they would sell well.

Draughts have been quite a craze of late,
and a competition recently arranged has proved
that several players far exceed the others in this
noble art. Spence proved a fine winner, but
Watts, Walker and Edwards made him go all
the way.

There isn't much to report on the Wycombe
front at present, but judging by the Camp
Convoys that arrive here for treatment, there
must be *something doing* on our left flank.

The following were the prize winners at
the Whist Drive held on June 11th: Ladies—
Miss Coles and Miss Milner; gents—Calkin,
Strong, Knott and Ely. The winners on the



20th were: Ladies—Miss Fox and Miss Keen;
gents—Collier, Middleton, Barrett and Mollo.
Our very best thanks to Mrs. Broom, Mrs.
Gotch and Sister Jacobs for kindly providing
the prizes.

Once again we have to record the departure
of some of our old hands, the famous "Raffles"
amongst them. We wonder whether he will be
able to "swing the lead" better at his Depôt
than he did here.

Hurry up, Gray, and come back. Your
services are greatly needed to help our needle-
work recruits along.

Mellins has resigned the post of flower
collector for his Ward and has undertaken a
more serious job, i.e., butterfly hunter for some
of his chums.

Our "tenderfoot brigade" has broken up
for want of recruits. Alas! alas! What will
its Headquarter Staff do now we wonder? Find
another job we presume.

Come, Charlie, how many hearts have you
broken this time? If you break young ladies'
hearts as often as you break your chums' things,
well—there wont be many sound hearts left in
Wycombe ere long.

Now that No. 4's famous pair of Jocks
have taken up their abode in the tents perhaps
things will liven up out there, but, by the way,
how is it that they are nearly always late for
breakfast?

Things we would like to know—

Who the patient was who went back to bed
instead of going to an outing, and what was the
cause of it all?

Why a great percentage of the boys were
so dull the other afternoon? Did the play
("The Better 'Ole") recall too many unpleasant
memories?

Who will undertake the job of fag-end
collector now our Sergt. has gone? Perhaps
his late pal will act.

Are rubber heels dear these days? Ask
some of the Sisters. If so, perhaps the Quar-
termaster might be able to supply them to
deserving feet at half-price.

What sort of weather does one require for
a river trip? Ask one in the know.

Where does all our sugar go to these days?

MAIDENHEAD.

We have to announce this week that the
Kidwell's Park Trustees, through the kind

offices of Mr. Frank Curtis, have allowed a portion of their grounds in the rear of the Hospital to be enclosed for the purpose of outdoor games for the boys. To make the thing complete Mr. Curtis conceived the happy idea of adding a recreation tent, in which various indoor games could be conducted and concerts held. The boys have something to look forward to now on wet evenings.

The band of the Canadian Forestry Corps, from Sunningdale, played popular selections before and after the opening ceremony by the Mayor. All this helped to make things seem bright and happy in these arduous times. Mr. C. was also responsible for a continual smile all through the piece.

The tea was a great treat. Plenty of good things for the tea table.

The hat-trimming competition was very amusing.

The boys of the Hospital have to thank all those friends who have so kindly thought of their welfare and pleasure. They very highly appreciate all they have done to make the stay in hospital a pleasant and happy one.

The Whist Drive was at its best again on Tuesday, the game being played in the marquee. Eight tables were occupied and the refreshments were of the usual high quality. The "honours" again found their way to the Drill Hall.

A few of the boys had an enjoyable trip to London, for which they tender their thanks to Nurse Salamanson and friend, who were responsible for the day's outing.

Another treat, given to about fifty of the boys, was a trip to Windsor by motor launch, and their hearty thanks are offered to Nurse Salamanson, who was again responsible for making the afternoon and evening of Thursday, June 20th, a most enjoyable one.

The Drill Hall patients thank their H.A.C. patient for the gift of a second gramophone. All they require now are a few more records. Can anyone oblige?

Things we would like to know—

Do the two Sergts. in the Drill Hall ever think of the poor patients when they are supping at 10.30 every night?

Does not the R.E. Sergt. think that the occupation of hat-trimming would suit him better than the job he has now?

Has the Nurse found a biologist to suit her purpose, or has our advt. been in vain?

Whether our would-be pathologist is still hunting for germs in his new home?

What was the cause of the jug of cocoa being upset in the Dining Hall the other evening? Was it because a certain Sgt. was present at supper for the first time? Things look highly suspicious, Sarg.

Who is the patient who seems everlastingly worrying? Is it because he is the recipient of two weeks' C.B.? You should not break the laws, old chap! You went to town to get a watch, did you? But you "clicked."

Can any suggest to a Nurse what she can do with drowned rats when they put in an appearance?

Massage.

When you're seized with rapid twinges

Of the great sciatic nerve,

Or your back assumes the aspect

Of a (lateral) spinal curve,

When a roaring conflagration

Rages through your tortured frame,

And you're wrecked with pains so numerous

No mortal pen can name—

It is then you sigh for something

That will make you feel at ease,

You have tried all sorts of treatment,

But nothing will appease;

Cheer up! you're not a "waster" yet,

You will find—to make it brief—

That a little gentle "rubbing"

Is a mighty big relief.

A.B.

THE ART OF GETTING ON.

WHEN you have got ahead of your competitor, don't rest: take a long breath and go on again.

ANXIETY is no baker and bakes no bread; worry is no tailor and makes no clothes.

THE man who does only as much as he is paid for only gets paid for as much as he does.

WHILE we stop to think we often miss our opportunities.

THE man of many irons usually bears the marks of many burns. Sooner or later he takes hold of something at the wrong end.

FAILURE is the only high road to success.

BY perseverance the snail reached the ark.

Sports, Amusements, &c.

BASEBALL

(By "HORSE-HIDE.")

OFFICERS *v.* PATIENTS.

On Friday, June 21st, the Patients handed out a decisive defeat to Captain McCartney's "colts," to the tune of 10—0. Bob Stanley was back in the box, and the Patients were strengthened wonderfully with Bob doing the twirling, he allowing only three scratch hits during the game.

The schedule has now been revised, and calls for two games a week, namely, on Mondays and Thursdays, at 3 o'clock. A copy of the schedule has been posted up on the notice boards of each ward. Some of the personnel of the teams have been changed, so as to ensure keener competition, so the spectators should be treated to some real good inter-dept. games.

On Monday, July 1st, the American Navy's team will play here against the "Astorias," and the "Fans" will have a chance to size up the class of ball that is being played in the Anglo-American League, as the Navy are right near the top of their league. The game should be real fast and full of thrills.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

To the following ladies and gentlemen the patients tender the most hearty thanks for their kind hospitality during the past two weeks:—Hon. Cecil Irby, Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Scheuster, Mr. Olivier, Mrs. Adams, Proprietor of Maidenhead Picture Palace, Messrs. E. Spindler & Sons, Mrs. Baker, Lady Parsons, Mrs. Barnett (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Purnell (Slough), Mrs. Halsey, Lady Violet Astor, Mrs. Harvey du Cros, Mrs. Burton (Slough), Miss Mills (Maidenhead), Mrs. Clarke, Proprietor of Maidenhead Skating Rink, Mr. Basil Johnson (Eton), Proprietors of Prince of Wales' Theatre, Baroness de Teissier, Countess Temple, Mrs. Cunliffe Owen, Mrs. Webb, Lord Devonport, Lady Boston, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Wolfe Barry, Mrs. Stevens (Eton), Mrs. Inglefield, Mrs. Sauer, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Hawkes, Mrs. Macdona, Lady de Bunsen, Mr. Wagg. The following were also much enjoyed:—Outings to State Apartments (Windsor Castle) and Garden Fete (Maidenhead).

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:—Madame Gabrille Harris' Concert Party, Pipe Band, Delphic Dramatic Society, American Band. Pictures in Recreation Hall were also greatly appreciated.

If there's bacon, call me early, call me early,
Mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the scrappiest time of all the
sad new year;
Of all the mad New Year, Mother, believe me,
Mother, do,
That I must be first in the Queue, Mother, I
must be first in the Queue.

There'll be many a black, black eye, they say,
but none so black as mine;
For Margaret and Mary, and Kate and Caroline,
Are hefty girls with ham-bone fists, and ready
to use them, too;
Oh! I *must* be first in the Queue, Mother, I
must be first in the Queue.

I sleep so sound all night, Mother, that I shall
never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins
to break;
So let us pray for a Raid, Mother, 'midst the
dawn and early dew,
Then I *shall* be first in the Queue—or p'r'aps—
the only one in the Queue!

C. H. Collings in Pearson's Magazine.

A Curate who lived at West Ham
Descended one day from a tram,
He slipped in the gutter,
And all he could utter
On gaining his feet was—"Good gracious!"

HE reached home to find that a soldier
and his lady love were conducting amorous
duties in his porch.
"Do you mind making love a little lower
down the road," he said, "so that I can get to
my keyhole?"

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