

VOL. I., No. 26.

JUNE 15TH, 1918.

“



Stand Easy

Chronicles
of
Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen.

THREEPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 26.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15TH, 1918.

THREEPENCE.

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

Loving Words.

Loving words cost but little
Journeying up the hills of life,
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife.
Do not count them only trifles;
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never was one said in vain. C.C.O.

To the Somme by Air.

Orders at last! The squadron is to "proceed over-seas forthwith."

The motor transport, accompanied by the mechanics, moves off; after this everything depends on the weather; the first "flying day" is anxiously awaited.

Dawn sees the pilots taking an early breakfast; mechanics are already hard at work—perhaps they have been toiling all night—to ensure every machine being ready, down to the last nut.

The pilots, clad in leather, make their way to the aerodrome, where they see the machines ranged in one long line, ready to take the air. It is an impressive sight.

The pilots climb into their seats, and thereupon an inferno breaks out, caused by the powerful engines being tested.

From time to time the line is broken as one machine after another shoots forward and quickly climbs towards the skies.

One flight is soon circling the aerodrome, gradually getting into its prearranged formation. As soon as the leader is satisfied he makes for the south-east, the machines disappearing in the distance, with engines droning like bees. The second and third flights soon follow, leaving the aerodrome deserted except for a small party of mechanics who, with upturned faces, watch the squadron out of sight.

* * * * *

No signs of life are visible as the pilots

wing their way over sleeping villages, over quiet, winding country roads, and over ranges of green and wooded hills, between which lie valleys hidden in downy mist.

In time the irregular line of the sea shore is sighted, and the pilots keep a watch for landmarks along the coast. If the air is clear, the thin white streak which they know to be the cliffs of France can be faintly distinguished far out to sea.

At last they cross the coast and are far over the sea, making for a point on the French side. The English coast now disappears; beneath is the sea with its tiny black ships pointing in all directions, hardly appearing to move. The cliffs of France are crossed at last and the Channel quickly slips away, the sea giving place to fields spread out like a carpet of small squares of brown and green intersected by the straight white highways of France.

The depôt aerodrome for which the squadron is making comes into sight, with its rows of hangars skilfully camouflaged in many hues by mechanics with a passion for colour. Perhaps a machine can be seen performing "stunts" high in the sky and another may be "taxi-ing" slowly across the aerodrome with brown wings outstretched.

One by one the new arrivals come down to earth; spiralling, diving, spinning, as the mood takes them. A short time is spent here refilling tanks and waiting for orders. Off go the machines again, the appearance of the country now changing as they proceed towards the south, becoming more undulating as well as more open, and the fields larger.

At length, far in the distance, the winding silver Somme is seen. A few more miles bring the squadron to its journey's end and its over-seas home.

P.G.M.—*Daily Mail*.

A PATIENT was undergoing the painful operation of having a drain placed through his leg. The M.O. asked him how he liked it. The victim replied, with a sickly grin, that "It was not too bad, but he hardly liked the idea of having a lamp-wick poked through his leg with a pair of tongs."

Heroes Both.

It was during one of those pleasant omnibus rides from the Bear Hotel, Maidenhead, to Windsor that I played eavesdropper and overheard the following conversation.

I was seated in the rear of the omnibus, occupying the left-hand corner seat. Just in front were two Tommies dressed in the inevitable blue uniform and literally swathed in bandages. Both were reading copies of the "Stand Easy," and it appeared they seemed highly interested.

The 'bus was almost due to start, when in stepped a dear old lady. She made her way to the seat next to our two heroes, and I was rather a little surprised to find her open up a conversation with them.

"Wounded?" she enquired.

There was no reply.

"Wounded?" again she queried.

Still no reply was forthcoming.

"Badly hurt, my good men?" she asked again.

This remark must have evidently stirred the Tommies, for they looked up at this juncture and smiled.

"Wounded? Yus, we're wounded; aint we, Mic?" said 'Erb, and with a twinkle in his eye gave Mic a slight dig in the side.

"Yus, my good lady, 'Erb and I was wounded in Mesopotamia; and we did have some good times with Johnny Turk, didn't we, 'Erb? My! I shall never forget the time when we made that bombing raid."

"Bombing raid!" remarked the old lady, as if in surprise. She was evidently out for some blood-curdling narratives, for she wanted to know all about the raid.

"Well, it was like this, lady," began Mic; "we were told to prepare ourselves for a bombing raid on old Abdull's trenches, and it was to be carried on in the thick of the night. When night came 'Erb and I with a few others got up over the top, and, led by an officer, made our way towards the enemy trenches. After roaming about 'No Man's Land' for about half-an-hour, we came across what appeared to be trenches; anyhow, we took them for the same because there was a whole heap of wire stretching some distance in our front. The officer gave the order to keep quiet and still for a couple of minutes, and then when he gave a

grunt we were to throw all our bombs. We did as he bid, and when the time came to throw the bombs we did so with a thorough good heart; didn't we, 'Erb?"

"Yus," muttered 'Erb approvingly.

"Well," continued Mic, "to our surprise, good lady, the bombs came flying back to us."

"No! surely," stammered the old dame.

"Yus! Aint that right, 'Erb?" said he, turning to his chum.

"Yus, that's right, lady," said 'Erb dutifully.

"What happened then?" queried the now excited lady.

"You see, they came back and burst all amongst us, and that's how we got one of our wounds."

"Wounded twice then," she said.

"No! three times. I will tell you about the other wounds presently."

"Terrible!" was her tearful remark.

"Well, we discovered that the cause of them bombs coming back to us was an ingenious arrangement fitted up by Johnny Turk. You see, he put a lot of springy wire along the front of his trench, so that when we threw the bombs they bounced on the wire and back again, exploding amongst us."

"What a treacherous lot of beings," said the old lady. "I am sorry for you both."

"Oh, but that's nothing like so bad as when they used them sultana stones in their shells, is it 'Erb?"

"No! they was terrible," said 'Erb. "Tell the lady all about it, Mic."

"Well, lady," commenced Mic, "it was after 'Erb and I came away from Gallipoli, we went from there to Mesopotamia and started our rough times again with Johnny Turk. We had been back on rest and had started back for the trenches; as luck would have it, we managed to get to the trenches without a casualty. But we had not been in them long before we started to receive some of Abdull's shells. They did make a funny noise. I have never heard a noise like it before. All of a sudden—plonk! one dropped clean in our trench, and believe me, good lady, what should I see in the bottom of the trench after the explosion but a heap of sultana stones."

"Sultana stones! Fancy sultana stones," said the old lady.

"Yus, that's right, aint it, 'Erb?" said Mic.

"Yus," said 'Erb agreeably.

"Well," continued Mic, "soon after the first shell, over came another, but this time it burst in amongst us. 'Erb and I got smothered from head to foot in sultana stones, and, lady, that's how we were wounded the second time."

"Poor fellows," ejaculated the lady; "how cruel the whole thing must have been."

"But that's nothing to the 'Laughing Gas,' is it, 'Erb?"

At this moment, just as the noble heroes were about to relate their third experience, the fair conductor of the omnibus shouted, "All change for Windsor," so the conversation was finished rather abruptly. The fair old lady bid the two Tommies good-day, etc., etc., and alighted from the 'bus to proceed on her way down High Street.

I followed the two Tommies as they made their way after the old lady, and I heard them remark that their group had just been called up, and an accident which had happened whilst they were going over the final assault on the bayonet course was the cause of them being docked for repairs. Their old friend went home quite innocent in her conviction that those two "poor fellows" had suffered terribly—but men were deceivers ever.

P. J. E. & T. C.

Staff Notes.

"Heavier than water." The River Thames had a surprise visit the other evening. One of the heavies (a Sergeant) trying to test his ability to stand a "few more," overbalanced himself and his canoe, and did a graceful dive, being mistaken for a submarine chaser by nearby parties, who hurried away from him instead of going to his assistance. It was only after repeated shouts for help that they ventured near, and then would not allow him to climb in, but dragged him and his canoe up-stream, until a gallant R.E. came along with a row-boat and took charge of "Neptune." After having pulled him out and the Sergeant had regained his breath, the R.E. was gathering his belongings for him, but happened to be carrying the Sergeant's coat upside down. "Hey, there!" "Neptune" shouted, "be careful with my coat; there's six 'quid' in my pocket." It is claimed that he is Scottish by birth, and that he was looking for *fish* when he overbalanced his canoe. We hope his rescuer was amply rewarded for his timely help.

The Swans of Ypres.

The *Etang de Zillebeke*, or Zillebeke Lake, is a large artificial reservoir, triangular in shape, about 1,200 yards long and 500 yards wide at its broadest. It is situated about 100 yards south-east of Ypres. On the western side of the lake there is a dam built to contain the water in the basin. This embankment is 20-ft. high and about 100-ft. in thickness. A small outlet connects the lake with Ypres moat.

In June of 1915 the shelling of this area became very severe. Practically every battalion which has tasted the fighting in the Ypres salient—and there are few who have not—knows the place well.

But of all the strange things which those of us who know the terrible Ypres salient have ever seen there, perhaps the most surprising is the small family of swans which live in the moat below the ramparts of the stricken city. These ramparts have not only withstood the wear and tear of ages, but also the solid brick walls have turned an unbroken face to the fiercest artillery which ever assailed a city. Pitted and scarred they may be, but they will never be moved, and underneath the "protection" of the heavy walls live the swans of Ypres.

* * * * *

The birds have lived in the shrapnel-swept moat since the beginning of the war, surviving the terrible bombardments of three long years. They are still to be seen gliding peacefully on the water as if they disdained the little war of the nations of men.

All soldiers know the swans of Ypres, and when they started to build their nest last season many were the bets as to the probable length of their stay there.

On one occasion a German shell fell within a short distance of the nest, but the brave sitting bird, except that she fluttered a moment from the concussion, took no notice of the devastation.

The triumph of the feathered parents came when during the fearful fighting of the third battle for the city two cygnets were hatched.

The swans still remain in the old moat and the spring of 1918 sees them, perhaps a trifle less agile, just a trace of feebleness showing in their yellow legs. It may be they are on rations, self-imposed. But at any rate they will never surrender their moat to all the force that Krupp can fling against the battered area and town of Ypres.

M.—*Daily Mail*.

Ward Notes.

F.1.

W.A.A.C.'s desiring to learn the noble game of tennis apply to H—1, of this ward. Young W.A.A.C.'s specially catered for. Terms of endearment only used, such as "40 love."

We wonder if Taffy was feeling hungry when he wanted to enter a certain shop in Maidenhead, or was it a sweet smile that he was after?

We wish to thank the Sisters of this ward for the grand spread which they gave as a farewell to the boys who went back across the "pond."

The best of luck to the boys who "made" Canada, and we hope they will be able to "swing it," so that they will not see this side again.

We notice a great improvement in "Digger" since he quit the noble art of worm-turning for hash-slinging. After all bushesheer dinners are more fattening than worms.

We hope that a certain north country fellow will not talk in his sleep while on furlough, or else there will be trouble in the camp when his wife hears some of his Burnham experiences.

G.1.

Here we are again! It appears as if our Ward Editor has been taking a rest.

We still keep losing many familiar faces, and, except for one or two "rousing" patients about 6.30 a.m., all is very quiet.

We have lost one of our medical staff of the "poultice wallopers' waggon," and wish him luck on his way to Canada. Another loss to Cookham. You will need a fresh mate now, "George."

Anyone wishing a few rounds at the good old game are advised to come and see "Jock," our light-weight champion.

Wanted.—A good batman to groom horse and clean spurs, material supplied, apply: Trooper Armstrong, of the "Long, Lean Light Horse." He's some "Yank." Ask Bourne End "specials."

Who said Dryden had another miss? Yes, she is a "Miss," but not amiss.

What was the attraction, Mitchell, when the lady bought you that pipe? Perhaps to make you look more attractive.

It is noticeable that we see a night orderly about now since the change.

For anything lost, stolen or strayed try our new Detectives, Sh— and "Ricky." They're hot on spys.

We would advise our balcony patients to retire earlier and rise earlier instead, to the benefit of the suffering ward patients.

G.2.

We are sorry to relate that Kirkdale has claimed some of our most noted members. Oh, "Texas," we are sorry you have gone.

We also hear from a very good source that some people in Maidenhead are very pleased. Anyhow we wish you all the best of luck.

We heartily welcome Sisters Clarke and Acheson to this ward. Our Charge Sister, Sister Willman, is away on leave, which, by the way, is drawing to a close. We are wondering if she likes Scotland better than Ireland.

Oh, Jimmy! What is this we hear? Is it true that you are really going to become a serious person after all? We understand Bray Church is quite an interesting and picturesque spot for such a deed.

Your friend, "Raspberry," seems to be still out of luck. But there, he still goes about with his eyes open. So, girls, be careful!

We much regret losing our great Buss from our kitchen. His new title is now "Bugler Tom," or "The Policeman's Friend."

Things we would like to know—

When is "Gus" going to Manchester?

Why wouldn't a certain Sgt. pick up a shilling dropped by the orderly in the 'bus? And what fruit is the Sgt. so fond of?

Who said lemons?

Who lost his matches in the hold-up?
Did the bugler meet Giverny?
Who is the said Giverny?
Who got "Spud's" "wild-cats"?
What is it causes "Raspberry" and Jim to make their beds by moonlight?

Is it true that O'Donnell is thinking of changing the "O" to "Mac"?

But why be Scotchman?

What does all the talk about 1-lb. per day mean?

Who had their photo taken in a boat?

And when shall we see the proof?

How does "Gus" like his eggs cooked?

H.1.

We are all sorry to lose Sister Lilley, and hope she will make a speedy recovery and be back in H.1 before very long.

We welcome our new Dressing Sister, Sister McLean, and hope she will find the work in H.1 very pleasant.

What is all the talk on the verandah about getting married and how to keep a wife and home on 30/- a week?

Who is the man they call "Concrete," and why did he over-stay his week-end?

We welcome Sisters Burpie and McKibben, and hope their stay amongst us will be a long one.

We hear Andrews is quite an expert at bead-work, and wonder if he will be successful at the competition.

Another old-timer has left this ward for H.2. We will miss his chatter after 9.30.

Our ward clerk is looking very worried these days. Is it because he is nearing his day for discharge? He will, no doubt, cause a sensation when he gets into "civvies," and walks Princes' Street, with his "luggage" showing from his pocket. We hope the cork will "ha cam out."

H.2.

We offer you congratulations, "Biff," at being more successful than Jack in your special leave. Good times.

Best of luck Sgt. Utting in obtaining Canada. But the boys on the verandah will miss you greatly.

Congratulations to Sgt. R— on becoming O.C. of the snipers. Our ward is well represented in the squad.

We are losing two of the boys this week. Civvie clothes are the order now. Best of luck, Wells and Foreman.

Sister Nairne left to-day for 17 days leave. We hope she has a ripping time.

Any wishing to see a vicious industry, please visit H.2 verandah in the early hours of the morning, and they will see our "Brasso" Brigade at work.

J.1.

No, we have not closed down, simply making room for somebody else to get a few words in.

We take this opportunity of wishing those boys who recently left for Canada the very best of luck, a safe journey, and a happy re-union of old friends when they reach their homeland.

Oh, "Daddy," how we miss your "foghorn" at 6 a.m. Please hurry back, the troops simply wont get up in the morning.

Things we want to know—

Why a certain patient objects to cleaning forks and spoons? Is it because he is too old a soldier?

What is the reason of so many 'bus trips undertaken by a certain member of the kitchen staff lately?

Where "Kentucky" was born? And if he is really a "Sammie"?

Whether one of our orderlies can scrub a floor yet?

Have any of the verandah boys succeeded in catching a rat yet, and does P— find the grass damp when collecting the boots, etc.?

Why is it that Cuthbert and Hale can never be found in the ward on Sunday afternoons? Who said ham and eggs?

J.2.

To Sister Whitten we extend our best wishes in return for many kindnesses received during her lengthy stay in this ward. We hope that her stay in France will be attended with every good fortune.

We regret the departure from our midst of a long-time popular resident, Sgt. Mackay, with his ever-smiling countenance.

Our good wishes accompany Sgt. Thackery, Court and the above-mentioned for a safe and speedy return to Canada.

A sense of loss is felt in the departure of our Australian friends, Trevellion and Miller. The former for his *marked unobtrusiveness*, the latter for his boisterous joviality.

With all due solemnity to our dear friend, Miller "Salaam Sahib," and what about a rubber?

Things we would like to know—

Why is it that certain members of the staff show such a lamentable lack of tact whilst on their nightly tour?

And why in their accusation didn't they confront the accused and *not* his next-door neighbour?

When will "John Willie" and "Taffy" resume their nightly exhibition of the "Terpsichorean Art"?

Where did our cavalry friend obtain the amazing fund of anecdotes? Has he "Poole-d" the market?

Why does our friend, F—, persist in his unseemly display of mirth during his imitation into the mysteries of "Salaam Sahib"?

K.1.

Our last week's barrage had the desired effect, except the artillery became a little more active than usual. Who cares? We all enjoyed it.

We welcome our new patients, and hope they will soon be able to be up and around. We also extend our best wishes to those who are leaving.

Nothing of any importance is to be reported on the front except slight infantry attacks, but no progress is marked yet.

K.2.

Our best thanks are due to Sister Brenton and Sister Robinson for the magnificent spread they placed before us on Monday. Everyone had a good feed, and even Ogle had to admit he was "tight." Need we say he took the "pot."

Who put the "kibosh" on the "Fan Tan" game? Is it true the Sister got a clue?

One of our new patients has found a new diagnosis—"Financial difficulties." Can anyone suggest treatment?

Khaki bread is not bad with jam and margarine on both sides. Ask Dawson.

What is the attraction at the Skating Rink? One member of our kitchen staff is spending his meatless nights there!

Who is our friend on the verandah who goes "over the top" every morning at one o'clock?

Who said Scotchmen like their breakfast in bed? We have two that rise regular at 4 a.m.?

Things we want to know—

Who are the food hogs?

Why Dawson has got such a wonderful flow of conversation since his return from the Observation Ward?

Why our friend, "Curly," has taken to decorating his locker with a bottle of Ginger Beer? We always understood it was flowers he was so fond of.

ALEX. 1.

Does music have charms? If so, "Ma Ma" and our night orderly have little noise early in the morning to awake our peaceful sleepers.

Poor old Jock's sketch of Fraser's stout did not draw the second bottle. Put the stopper on, Jock, and then it might be luck.

To let—A nice bed on the floor of the verandah, but you cannot have bedstead, as we have a few open-air patients. Wait till next winter, then there will be a chance for a bedstead.

Some of our old patients have left us for their old country. We wish them the best of luck and a safe return.

The girl did not turn up on Sunday? Better luck next time, Wilson.

ALEX. 2.

We had the pleasure of saying good-bye to some of the old boys. We hope those going back to Canada will have a safe voyage.

We have lost our friend, Smith, of the Guards (one of the "old firm"). We wish him the best of luck.

Why is it the dressing staff are so eager to see the STAND EASY, and why is it they never buy one?

We still have a wounded Canadian soldier in our ward.

Where does "Tonsil" (the barber) get to every night, and why does he talk so when he does get back?

Why does a certain fellow always get a certain Sister to cut his dinners up? He looks well with her Hatt-on.

Why does Sewell get up so early every morning and then go back to bed after breakfast?

ONTARIO 1.

It is with great delight we welcome back Sister Donkin to our ward, and we are glad to see that she has recovered from her recent indisposition. We trust it will be a long time before she is absent again.

Who has borrowed Mac's tunic?

Is Jack specially unlucky that he has been spotted for the third time, and had he not better change his walk?

Who put the holly in the "old un's" bed?

Who's next?

What would Lord R—a say to certain people feeding the rats on cheese rinds, and did a rat faint under the kitchen floor?

YUKON WARDS.

We wish a hearty good-bye and good luck to the boys who have left us for Canada, and hope they have finished with war.

We welcome any new boys who have recently found us, and trust that their stay may be pleasant, if not long.

Anyone having any buckshoe scrubbing brushes, please send them to Bed 4, Yukon 2, as this gentleman has quite a unique use for them.

? ? ?

Say, Sam, who is Dolly?

Who is the man who was seen talking to eight different ladies in Maidenhead in the one night? Have a heart.

Who is our woman hater? We don't think it quite fair to hand over the ladies who so persistently follow you to the occupant of Bed 17. Don't you think he has enough of his own?

Why one of our famous heroes is sticking to his bed so well? We wonder if it is to arouse the sympathy of certain lady visitors so that he will catch *when* he does get up.

CAMOUFLAGE WHERE LOVE IS.

Camouflage has become more and more a domestic as well as the military rage. There is a silly story going in New York about Edwin who fervently loved Angelina, but was forbidden her house by her father because of his, Edwin's, previous too fond attachment to Veuve Clicquot. The despairing lovers forthwith put on black overcoats painted with luminous stars, and sat together on the lawn after nightfall, before her parents' very eyes, undiscovered.

The 'Bus.

We have travelled on the ocean,
 We have travelled on the train,
 Or jogged along in "La belle France,"
 Till we've "got it on the brain."
 But now we're travelling "de luxe,"
 We've no reason now to "cuss"
 When we go down to Maidenhead
 On the B.E. Company's 'bus.
 There's a lady standing by the step
 To help you on with care;
 She comes around and smiles on you,
 And takes your "tanner" fare.
 There is Emily and Olive,
 They are so nice to us,
 When we go down to Maidenhead
 On the B.E. Company's 'bus.
 The 'bus itself is something
 In its own way quite unique;
 It is liable to stop and start,
 And jolt you off your seat;
 Or if it stops on Taplow Hill
 (Which is quite a favourite trick),
 The lady hops out on the road
 And props it with a brick.
 But never let your "wind" get up,
 And never mind the noise,
 For the girls are always on the job,
 To smile, and help the boys. R.P.A.

U-Crew Captured.

STORY BY U.S.A. OFFICER.

A letter written on board a United States destroyer which rammed and sank a U-boat gives amusing details:

"Men were crawling around the conning-tower like bees on a fallen peach, save for one most curiously detached person who sat on the edge and dangled his feet in the water. Please! Please! Please! Please! they shouted.

"I've picked up all sorts of survivors, from a purple-blooded mongrel downwards, but those Germans made more ungodly squealing noises in the water than all the others put together. The grunts and groans sounded like 'Morning in the Barnyard'—on a cheap phonograph.

"Some of the Germans got into the boat, some climbed aboard the floats, but most of them did the Annette Kellerman (the woman diver) for the ship. All hands manned the

rails and hoisted them aboard with any old thing at all, three of them being redeemed with the fag-end of a deck hose. A bow-line settled over the head of the engineer officer and he was hauled aboard by the neck—evidently born neither to be drowned nor hanged, but very sore, nevertheless.

"'You cannot search me,' quoth he, '*Ich bin Offizier*' (I'm an officer)."

"'The devil I can't,' came back the burly gunner's mate who'd saved him. 'Just you watch me kid!'

"One Boche who was pretty far gone shouted, 'Save me first!' Another man who was wearing a lifebelt was pulled under by two other men clinging to him. The skipper of the U-boat came aboard from a float. As soon as he struck the deck he said: 'Well, I tried to get the big ship, but I didn't.'

"We placed the officers in the ward-room and the men in the forward compartment. We gave them all a drink of 'medical red.' The officers were an awfully gloomy crowd. A good morgue would have been an Elk's meeting (boon-companions-night) by comparison. But they could eat! A slice of toast carried an inch of butter on it. Bacon had as much chance as a fat man in Fiji.

"The crew were much better than the officers: some of them almost human at times. Every man of our ship who had studied high-school German or helped make Milwaukee famous went down and tried it out on them. I was tempted to say, 'Kellner, zwei Bier!' (Waiter, two beers) myself.

"I took the Hun bos'n aft, when he said that 'unser subs [the U-boats] dived under the British depth charges. I showed him ours. 'Ach, Gott!' he shivered.—*Daily Mail*.

GETTING RICH QUICK.

During the German push a sporting colonel told his men he would give them a sovereign for every German they killed.

A sergeant and a private were sent out to reconnoitre. They separated.

Presently the private came scrambling back through the undergrowth to the pre-arranged meeting place.

"Forty thousand of 'em to kill," he said in a tense whisper, "and only two of us to share the money."
Evening News.

A Matchless Story.

Billy had just been the recipient of his monthly pay, and was informing his pals that he was catching the 1.30 'bus to Maidenhead, and "By Golly! I'm going to get a few boxes of matches somehow," he concluded. "What hopes," murmured his bosom chum cheerfully.

However, nothing daunted, Billy proceeded on the way, ruminating as he went on the genial cussedness of things in general, especially the match problem. He finally decided that it would be as well to purchase a packet of cigarettes as a kind of inducement to the shopkeeper to let him have a box of the elusive lucifers; but Billy was born under a most unlucky star, as will be seen as the anecdote proceeds.

Alighting from the 'bus, he made a "bee line" for the nearest smoke emporium. "Packet of 'Capstan,' please" was his order. He was promptly supplied, and as an afterthought he politely asked the prepossessing girl behind the counter if she had got a box of matches to spare. "Sorry, sir, but we haven't a match in the place," was her sympathetic reply, and Billy went out of the shop very crestfallen. "Five-pence-halfpenny gone west," was his comment as he crossed the road to another tobacconist. In went our friend, determined this time to get his requirements. "Packet of 20 Will's, please," he asked the old lady attending the shop, "and have you a box of matches to spare?" "Sorry, but we cannot get them." Billy paid up and walked out cursing match manufacturers, the war, profiteers, and everything in general. "Lummy," he murmured, "Thirty blooming fags, and not a blessed match to light the d——d things with, and one-and-fourpence out of pocket. Well, of all the blessed luck." Billy was made of pretty plodding stuff, and passing up the High Street he espied a small shop where he felt certain he could obtain his needs. Going in, his heart gave a great leap of thankfulness as he espied a "real stunning bird" (as he described to his pals afterwards) behind the counter. Ordering a packet of Player's and four packets of Woodbines, he engaged the "charmer" in conversation, telling her all sorts of things that do not happen in "war-time," and the desperate engagements he had been in, etc., while she patiently listened and tried to appear interested. Suddenly clapping his hands to his pocket, he said, "By gum! I've left my matches behind; you might let us have a box,

will you?" "I wish I could," was the girl's reply, "but we haven't had a match for three weeks." "H——!" said Billy wrathfully, and had to apologise for his misbehaviour a minute afterwards. He was fully sympathised with, and after a few more words, took his departure, greater in experience and lesser in pocket. It was getting desperate. Two shillings and five-pence expended, and yet no matches. Seeing a chum across the road, he walked over, and got a light for his cigarette, and then slowly wandered up the street, wondering what to do next. Espying a pastrycook's, he decided that a feed would enable him to collect his shattered nerves, and passing in he recklessly ordered what he thought he could "put away." After satisfying himself and "footing" his bill, he found he had just four-shillings-and-eight-pence left, and Billy got the "wind up" badly. He sat down on a seat to think things over. By and by, he arose and resumed his almost (as it now seemed to him) hopeless quest. "I'll try a blooming oil shop," he murmured, and promptly made tracks for the nearest one. Walking in, he asked the old man behind the counter if he could have a couple of boxes of matches. "Couple of what!" the old fellow yelled, and it seemed to Billy that he was about to witness an apoplectic fit, but the old chap managed, with a great effort, to pull himself together and informed our friend that "matches were not to be had for love nor money, and, in fact," he continued, "they are almost an unknown thing in this shop." Billy went out quickly—his remarks being much too warm to be let loose with safety in an oil shop. He was getting desperate by now, and sought another little shop down a side street. Entering, he looked around for a minute or two, then ordered a box of 50 B.D.V.'s. While placing them leisurely in his tunic pocket, he asked, with a queer quiver in his voice, if they could oblige him with a box of matches. "No!" replied the shopkeeper. "We're sorry, but we hope to have some in next week." Billy nearly collapsed. "Seven-and-sixpence chucked away," he murmured mournfully. Catching sight of a chum who was lighting up, he made a dash across the road, and requisitioned the remainder of his match. "Where the h—— did you manage to get matches?" queried Billy enviously. "Matches," quoth his chum. "Why, they had plenty in the Canteen this morning, and I managed to 'wangle' three boxes!"

Huns' Murder Traps.

Probably the world's record for death-trap treachery was established by the Germans in their forced retreat from the Aisne, writes Mr. Forrest, United Press correspondent with the French armies. Thanks to their previous knowledge of German snares, the French troops manoeuvred with the slightest loss.

Dug-outs freshly abandoned were found literally filled with traps. A long narrow branch barring the way to an entrance would, if removed, produce an explosion in the shelter a few moments later.

An innocent-looking book on a table would detonate a charge if touched. Coal in conveniently-filled buckets proved on examination to be liberally mixed with high explosives. Stove pipes were charged to blow up if a fire was started. Telephone wires, seemingly linked up with a connecting room, were in reality wires attached to a hidden mine, which blew up if the wires were touched. Nails driven in the walls were equally dangerous if anything came in contact with them.

A shovel leaning against a wall connected wires with explosives. A chair would blow up if sat on. Various objects casually lying about—tools, pieces of metal, helmets, fragments of shells, artificial flowers and all kinds of apparently abandoned souvenirs—were murder traps.

To open the door of a dug-out or to push aside some branches or a sack placed there to obscure the doorways would detonate a carefully prepared charge. Window weights were hung so that they would fall on a box of detonators if disturbed. Nails were driven on stairways so as to be literal triggers for mines.

In the trenches abandoned pieces of clothing or equipment connected with grenades, harmless-looking telephone wire exploded buried mines, the barbed wire of barricades was on hair-trigger contact with heavy explosives.

Barbed wire entanglements in some cases were cunningly camouflaged so as to be difficult to distinguish, and when tripped over became a veritable ambushade. Roads that appeared in perfect condition concealed many traps.

One trick consisted of a chamber under a roadway with a very thin roof. A heavy shell was placed in the chamber so that the detonator was touched when a weight passed over the spot. Another trap was arranged to allow

troops to pass safely, but would blow up when an automobile, gun or transport waggon passed. Entire cases of explosives were found buried a few inches under road beds.

Experience has proved that when the Germans leave a private house or public building it is usually a danger spot. Here explosions are retarded by means of clocks which sometimes tick away for over a week before they set off fatal charge. Small mines are liberally hidden in floors, ceilings and walls. Many times a fuse is suspended in the chimney, so that it will eventually be ignited and communicate the spark to a concealed mine. Sometimes a picture is left tilted on a wall, with the Teutonic hope that some person disposed to neatness will set it straight.

Proof is not lacking that the enemy has contaminated wells on the Western front, and that he has left poison behind him in the guise of flour. The same applies to fodder, oats and bedding in stables, since an attempt to start an epidemic of glanders has been discovered. Even the stables are not immune from explosive death traps.

A complete record and study of German murder traps has been transmitted to the Headquarters of the American Army in France.

The Globe.

V.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

Chief item:—Our river picnic. It was, indeed, a perfect day, and was much enjoyed by the staff and about 40 patients. Very many thanks to Mrs. Astor and Hon. Capt. A. R. Upton for arranging the outing and lending the launch. Is it too much to ask for more?

The visit to the Tombola Prize Exhibition has created a deep interest. All patients have been presented with two tickets each thanks to Mr. Aldridge (110 tickets), Messrs. Cox, Browning, Phillips, and visitors at the Falcon Hotel. All the men vote for the motor-car, though two preferred the donkey-cart. We ought to win something with all these tickets. The draw takes place July 10th, in Aylesbury.

Matron has been spending a few days in



Plymouth with her sailor brother, who has been abroad four years. He is full of praise for the Army.

Mrs. Priestley, our housekeeper, is back in harness after her long illness. It is good to hear her laugh again. Miss Pitt is enjoying a rest, but Miss Lawrence is carrying on. One of the Quartermasters has gone. We hope the fine weather will follow her.

A regular correspondent has left. We wish him luck and hope to see his notes in another column.

The following were the Whist Drive prize-winners on May 29th:—Ladies: Miss Cleveland, Miss Dean. Gents.: Pethyjohn, Douglas, Snaith, and Maxwell. Our best thanks to the donors of the prizes, also to those who provided the prizes in the following week, when the winners were:—Ladies: Miss Nessmyth, Miss Coles. Gents.: Coleman, Cooper and Eley.

Our magician is due back with us again ere long. There is much speculation amongst the boys as regards the kind of instrument he will introduce this time.

At last we have to record an answer to our many advertisements:—Taplow has generously agreed to accept our "Spare Colonel"—for a time, at any rate.

Alas! alas! Sister, what will your "pet doves" do without you, when you are gone? We shall miss your cheery greetings at night, and your beautiful chuckle, with "Any sweets to-night?"

Several of our old hands have left us. To those we extend our very best wishes and very good luck for a pleasant future; and to each one of the new arrivals we extend a hearty greeting, and hope they will uphold the traditions of our Hospital.

Very brisk business has been done of late by the "Poverty Corner Brigade." What with "fags," "fag-ends," and "butterflies," things are beginning to look up wonderfully, but even now the demand far exceeds the supply.

Some of No. 7's blind boils have now put in an appearance in wards 3 and 4. The twin brothers have now developed the complaint, with a Yorkshireman a good third. Several others seem to be well in the running.

Things we would like to know—

Does "C.B.O." stand for Chief Battalion Observer? Ask our "M.C."

Who was the individual, whilst on the river trip, who tried to catch "tiddlers" without even a piece of string or a pin?

MAIDENHEAD.

There is nothing of special change or interest to notify this week, but quite a number of old faces left us during the week. Many of them were descendants of the "Firey Cross" clans of the Highlands. In the old times this special class were spirited to action at the sight of the "Firey Cross," and wanted to see blood, as it were. This spirit still remained in our late friends, but the "Firey Cross" was not responsible for rousing them this time. No! it was the thought of having a little fun, so they carried on with pillow fights, raiding parties, etc., until the Sister had to take serious measures to hold them. We hope for the Sister's sake that our newcomers are not "firey" spirited.

Our appeal for a "Jocks' Concert Party" has evidently been in vain, for there have not been any applications yet for giving us a turn. Remember the motto, Jocks: "A faint heart never won a fair lady." Perhaps a few "cockneys" will start the ball rolling. Now, who says?

Much appreciation was given to the usual Tuesday evening Whist Drive. All twelve tables were occupied, and, with much interest in the game, the evening passed pleasantly; in fact, it was one of the best of evenings. Everybody enjoyed it. The honours again went to the Drill Hall. We hope that the Drill Hall will not make it a rule to hold the prize every week. It looks very much as if they are going to.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Ward Jackson and Nurse Salamonson for the picnic they gave to a number of the boys on the river.

It was noticed that round the dinner table a patient was trying to give the boys a musical dinner by playing the tin whistle. Anyhow, we presume he was. We hope that he will not make this a regular occupation, because some of the patients were more inclined to leave their dinners, owing to the fearful row causing pains in the abdominal parts.

We beg that the small upper ward, although they have the most wonderful men, such as would-be surgeons, artists, poets, etc., will not keep the candle burning until midnight. The surgeons were very busy the other night per-

forming an operation between the hours of eleven and twelve. It seemed that they were interrupted by the intervention of the Night Sister. Their operation was left incomplete, and to bed they had to jump. We hope these people will have a little consideration in the near future, and will not forget that if they don't want to sleep, others do!

The latest fad is the getting out of boots from the Q.M. stores in the morning. One would think that a game of House was in progress, for as you near the stores you can hear the numbers rolling out—"29, 60, 81, etc.," and a timely intervention of a brainy youth waiting for his boots, saying, "Clickety Click," "Kelly's eye," makes the effects of a game of House very real.

Things we would like to know—

Which Ward was it which, so the M.O. said, had a "Midnight Nightmare"? It is curious, but the complaint seems to be spreading round the Hospital. What is the cause of it, we wonder?

Who is it who wants to get in touch with someone who knows about the various types of bees? Now then, some of you biologists; here's a chance to do a good turn.

Who is the Sgt., of the Guards, who thinks discipline is wanting in the Hospital? What irregular people we find amongst us nowadays. Remember, Sgt., the majority of us are not professional soldiers, and we have had our rough time. Don't you think you ought to cut out of your mind what you think and let us have some of the smooth? Take your thoughts, and put them into action on the drill square, not here!

Who is the Drill Hall patient who indulges in a cup of tea and "spoons" in the midnight? Ask Jock; he may know.

The reason why three Sgts. in the establishment are not in favour with a certain member of the night staff?

We would like to know how many patients are getting two pairs of boots now that they have to hand a pair in at 8.30 p.m., and the names of the N.C.O.'s who, we understand, are getting "windy" and hand their civilian boots in as well? Nothing like showing a good example, but the troops say, "Nothing doing!"

Has "Tweedledum" got over the effects of the operation performed by the upper small ward surgeons?

Sports, Amusements, &c.

BASEBALL

(By "HORSE-HIDE.")

OFFICERS v. ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF.

On Tuesday, June 4th, the ball diamond was the scene of great excitement, as the officers, who had a number of "dark horses," stacked up against the "Pen-pushers," and after a see-saw battle, lasting seven innings, the "Pen-pushers" came out victorious, to the tune of 8-5.

The strength of the Administrative Staff was known beforehand, as McPhail, Murphy and Green, of the Regulars, were with them; but the Officers loomed up in a dangerous light, as the rumour went the rounds that Captain McCartney had "corralled" some "dark horses" that would show some class—and they did! The Colonel led the "Knights of the 'Sam Brown'" by getting a beautiful home-run and two singles in three times to bat. Major Cock showed up well with a couple of "timely bingles," and cavorted around second like a real big leaguer. Major Nickolson, at third, also showed class, fielding his position nicely, though a little weak with the willow. Capt. Washburn, in the box, worked very smoothly, and had lots of "stuff" on the ball; while his battery mate, Capt. Diamond, gave a good account of himself behind the bat, and worked nicely until he was forced to retire in the fourth innings, on account of a split finger; and McPhail doing the receiving both ways,

Of the outfielders, not much can be said in the way of fielding, as they had very little to do, but Major Jacques "stood up to them" nicely, as did Major Dixon and Capt. Rose. Capt McCartney showed real Hal-chase "stuff," at first. Batteries—Officers: Washburn, Diamond and McPhail. Administrative Staff: Doyle and McPhail.

The Inter-Department League is now in its infancy, but, by the enthusiasm shown by the Officers, Nursing Sisters and Staff, it is sure to be a huge success.

Four teams comprise the league, namely, Officers, Administrative, Personnel and Patients, for a total number of twenty games, the last of which runs into the middle of August, so we are assured of some good fun during the summer months.

How about a team for the Sisters?

Notes on the game.—

The Colonel played nicely at S.S., but his hitting was the feature.

Capt. McCarthy showed lots of "pip" on first, and encouraged his game.

The Officers turned out a "port-sider" in Major Nickolson, and he delivered, too!

Capt. Diamond showed lots of "pip." Wanted to catch without a mask!

Missing—Colonel Mewburn's "Rooting."

The Sisters who attended thoroughly enjoyed the fun.

Major Dixon forgot to hug the third station and was caught napping.

Capt. Washburn had "Lizzie" breaking nice—far too nice for the opposition.

Major Jaques covered ground in the outfield that would put "Ty Cobb" to shame.

Major Cock worked nicely, but his elevation from second to first needs alteration.

Murphy and Green worked nicely for the "Pen-pushers," also McPhail and Holly.

Doyle pitched a good ball all the way.

ASTORIAS *v.* ORPINGTON.

In an exhibition game, played here on Thursday, June 5th, the Astorias defeated Orpington, 11—9, in a hard-hitting game.

OFFICERS (5) *v.* PATIENTS (6).

The Officers again gave a stirring exhibition of the American national pastime, Capt. McCartney's "youngsters" performing "big league" feats, Colonel Watt in particular accepting five hot ones at short and connecting for two nice clean hits in three times at bat. Capt. Washburn pitched a good ball, and was well supported by his team mates. Major Cock has improved wonderfully since last game, and pulled down some hot ones, and cracked out a nice single. Majors Nickolson and Jacques were much in the limelight. Major Dixon and Captain Diamond also showed up well, Capt. Diamond playing well in the outfield. McPhail worked behind the bat to advantage with Capt. Washburn. McNab "twirled" for the patients, and threw a nice ball throughout the game. Doyle umpired, and his decisions on many occasions were questionable. Stanley was back in the game after a lapse of a year. He played at first base for the patients. The league is certainly gaining popularity. Batteries—Officers: Washburn and McPhail. Patients: McNab and Cann. Umpire—Doyle.

WHIST DRIVE.

An enjoyable Whist Drive was held in the Gymnasium on Friday evening, June 7th, by the W.A.A.C.'s, who heartily welcomed the patients to the function. The prize-winners were as follows:—1st prize, Mrs. Parker; 2nd prize, Miss Silverton; booby prize, Miss Mable Smith. The refreshments were of the usual quality, and the guests enjoyed the ginger cakes. As usual, the ladies made the "boys" very welcome, and they soon lost their shyness under the pleasing comradeship of their "Sisters in Khaki."

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

To the following ladies and gentlemen the patients tender the most hearty thanks for their kind hospitality during the past two weeks:—Mrs. Woodlock, Lady Ramsden, Mrs. Astor, Mr. Scherster, Mrs. N. Nalder, Proprietor of Maidenhead Picture Palace, Messrs. Spindler & Sons, Lady Parsons, Mrs. Harvey du Cros, Mrs. Stevens (Eton), Mrs. Durlacher, Lady Violet Astor, Mrs. Derlacher (Stoke Poges), Proprietor of Maidenhead Skating Rink, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Wolfe Barry, Mrs. Hawker, Mr. John McNeel, Baroness de Teissier, Lady de Bunsen, Countess Temple, Mrs. Berwick, Lord and Lady Devonport, Lady Vansittart Neale, Mrs. Cunliffe Owen, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Sauer, Mrs. Parsons (Bray), Mrs. Wilding, Captain Astor, Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. Keen, Miss Mabel Mills (Boyne Hill Vicarage), Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Macdona, Mrs. Frankland. Outings to Windsor Castle and the Royal Gardens (Windsor) were very much appreciated.

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:—American Band, Mrs. Collins' Concert Party, Victor Biegel's Concert Party, Australian Infantry Concert Party; the Pictures in the Recreation Hall were also very much enjoyed.

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