

VOL. I., No. 20.

MARCH 23RD, 1918.

“

Stand & Easy”

Chronicles
of
Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -



THREEPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Above extract, from an Officer's letter,
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RICHARD HOPE,
THE Smokers' Specialist, :: Maidenhead.

Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 20.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23RD, 1918.

THREEPENCE.

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

IN the CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN for Sept. 22nd, 1917, there appeared a short "History of the Hospital." This was compiled from supposedly accurate information.

It has since transpired, however, that the remarks regarding the early history of the Hospital are incorrect.

It gives us great satisfaction, therefore, to be able to give a corrected version; our information coming from a source which may be considered as final.

The Hospital, and all who have at any time been associated with it, owe such a debt of gratitude to Major and Mrs. Astor that we feel the least we can do is to render them full justice for the very generous part which they took in the founding of the Hospital, of which we are all so proud. Their many kindnesses since then, extended both to individuals, and collectively to the staff, personnel and patients, are sufficiently fresh in all our hearts to need no reiteration. There are, however, many who are quite ignorant of the difficulties which were encountered in the founding of the Hospital, and of how these were overcome by the patience and generosity of our benefactors.

Before war was yet declared, judging it inevitable, Major and Mrs. Astor offered the War Office to immediately equip and maintain a hospital of 150 beds, either in the "tennis court" or the house, and to run it for two years after the duration of the war. Following an inspection, the War Office decided on the "tennis court" as the more suitable building. Preparations were accordingly begun, partitions were put up, water laid on, an operating theatre built, and a dining room added; the whole at a cost of nearly £2,000. When all this had been accomplished the War Office decided that they didn't need it. Fortunately, however, this decision was not long adhered to. The next considerable difficulty was the finding of a suitable staff. About this time the first Canadian Expeditionary Force began to arrive in England. Learning that they were in need of hospital accommodation, Major and Mrs. Astor

cabled to Canada offering Cliveden to the Canadian Medical Authorities. The offer was accepted, as, of course, we all know.

Regarding the establishment of the "training centre" for the re-education of the disabled soldiers, it is only rendering justice to the generosity of Capt. John Astor to state that it was he who built and equipped it, at very considerable expense. Unfortunately the scheme did not flourish here. The building has since been converted into our Chapel, through the generosity of Mrs. Spender-Clay; while the technical equipment of the training centre is being put to good use elsewhere. J.D.M.

It is with great regret that we announce the loss of Pte. W. C. Pike from the Editorial Staff of the CHRONICLES.

Only those who shared with Pte. Pike the labours of this department can realize to what extent is due to his efforts the success which the CHRONICLES have attained.

On our own behalf, and on behalf of our readers, we thank him, and all join in wishing him a safe journey to Canada, and the best of luck in the future.

June—"Tennessee."

'Way back in old B.C.,
That's where I long to be,
When Fritz is shelling me
With heavy artillery.
My one thought to-night
Will be a great big shell alight!
Napoo—fini! NAPOO—FINI!
The thought brings no delight,
The shell holes round the door
Make me love Blighty more.
I see the flare lights glow
As o'er the top we go.
O, they'll be right there to meet me,
With machine-guns they will greet me.
Take me right back: Take me right back,
To my home in old B.C.!

The Listening Post.

Should we teach German?

Since our last issue some further arguments in favour of teaching German in our schools have appeared in the Press. As the subject is of considerable practical interest we publish the following three letters:

Sir,—Mr. Hall Caine's arguments against teaching German in our schools are surely unsonnd when we consider into what errors our lack of knowledge of the Germans has led us hitherto. How can we as a nation know another people while knowledge of its language is a rare thing among us? To know the Germans you must know German.

Had we as a nation been able to trace in German literature and in the German Press the change that was going on in the Prussia-dominated German people, we should have been prepared for anything. . . . Mr. Hall Caine thinks we have nothing to gain from modern German literature, and nothing to hope from German writings in the immediate future. That may be true from the point of view of the student and the literary man, but literary profit should be subservient to national gain. There are few Englishmen to-day who, by reason of their knowledge of German and the Germans, saw and recognised the menace to the peace of Europe years ago. Had the number of such been increased, say, fifty thousand times, the Germans would at least have sprung no surprises on us.

Few Englishmen believed the Germans capable of perpetrating systematically the horrors committed in Belgium and Northern France. Those who had studied this Nietzsche-beguiled and Kaiser-befooled people first-hand predicted those very horrors from the moment that war began, for the German's method of waging war is the inevitable outcome of the absorption and adoption of Kultur.

A fluent German scholar is an exception with us; amongst business people in Germany those without a working knowledge of English are about as rare. Are we to suffer from lack of knowledge in the coming industrial war—or industrial peace—as we have suffered in the present conflict? Germany could not have been so successful in watching the development of British commerce, the tendencies of her trade, and the weakness of her system, if the ability to read English books, English technical and trade journals and newspapers had not been

general. It is certain that our own slowness to comprehend the significance of German activities in trade, as in war preparations, has been due to the complete ignorance of the vast majority of our business men—old and young—of the German language.

The German has persistently hated the English for generations. Hatred of England has been deliberately taught as a creed. Yet, side by side with this, English is a compulsory subject in all German schools, for it is a means to an end.

Let us not again play into the hands of the enemy by accepting a heavier handicap in the form of yet a deeper ignorance of German.—Yours, etc.,

C. F. PLOWMAN.

Sir,—Mr. Hall Caine's letter in your issue of to-day on the question of whether we should continue to teach German fills one with despair. He has evidently no inkling of the place which modern Germany fills in the intellectual sphere. He entirely fails to realise that, however deplorable the character of modern German literature and art, yet no student of any branch of science (whether directly applicable to commerce or not) can directly move a step forward without making use of German researches. Other nations produce a greater proportion of inventors; but in the patient collection and methodical analysis of material, on which every scientific research is founded, Germans are unrivalled. The word cannot do without both types of mind.

Now it is not sufficient to leave it to the student to learn German in order to avail himself of the results of German research in his subject. You must begin by teaching German in our schools: for how are you to know whether a boy is going to turn out a specialist or not? Let him neglect the language until the day when he suddenly discovers that it is absolutely essential to progress in his work, and it will be too late.

To depend on translations is fatal. Only books of popular tendency are likely to be accepted by publishers; and they are seldom of the greatest scientific importance. Again, and it is essential that new discoveries should be accessible without delay. Everyone engaged in scientific work will agree that he has been seriously hampered since 1914 by the difficulty of access to German periodicals.

One of our greatest handicaps in this war—as in the economic war which preceded it—has been our national neglect of German. It is humiliating to think how many advantages our troops must have lost by the scarcity of German-speaking officers. It is clear, I imagine, to right-thinking persons that we cannot resume our old friendly relations with Germans after the war. But deliberately to bury heads in the sand, and to reject the only means of knowing what they are doing for good or evil, is to ignore one of the chief lessons of the time.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

G. F. HILL.

Sir,—Although Mr. Hall Caine's letter in your last issue would seem at first sight to express the attitude which the average Englishman ought to adopt towards the study of German, his views are based in reality on a fundamental misconception of the nature of such study. . . . It is useless to blame the Germans for being what they are; we must blame ourselves for not having discovered it before; and if we abandon the study of German now that it is just beginning to be of value to us the next generation will have good reason to curse us for our persistence in ignorance.

The only way to beat the Germans is to understand them, and the only way to understand them is to study their language, their literature, and everything connected with them. *The Observer*, 10/3/18. G. WATERHOUSE.

The Soldier's Commandments.

By MAJOR W. E. P. FRENCH, U.S.A.

I. Keep your eyes at the ready, your ears at full cock, and your mouth at the safety notch; for it is your soldierly duty to see and hear clearly: but, as a rule, you should be heard mainly in the sentry challenge or the charging cheer. Obey orders first, and, if still alive, kick afterward, if you have been wronged.

II. Keep your rifle or gun and your accoutrements clean and in good order, and yourself as clean as you can; treat your animals kindly and fairly, and your motor or other machine as though it belonged to you and was the only one in the world. Do not waste your ammunition, your gas, your food, your time, nor your opportunity.

III. Never try to fire an empty gun nor

at an empty trench; but when you shoot, shoot to kill, and forget not that at close quarters a bayonet beats a bullet.

IV. Tell the truth squarely, face the music, and take your punishment like a man; for a good soldier wont lie, doesn't skulk, and is no squealer.

V. Remember Edith Cavell, Belgium, Servia, the "Lusitania," Louvain, and the U-boats of the Hun, and, remembering Teuton savagery, barbarism, and atrocities, steel your heart against the ravishers of women, the murderers and mutilators of children and non-combatants, the ruthless destroyers of homes, the Hounds-of-the-Hohenzollern, the bestial Boches.

VI. Be merciful to the women of your foe and shame them not, for you are a man, not a beast, and a woman bore you. And pity and shield the children in your captured territory, for you were once a helpless child, and only a dastard makes war on the weak.

VII. You shall kill in the name and for the sake of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, until Right shall triumph over Might and Victory crown Justice. You shall never desert your Cause, your Country, your Colours, your Comrades in Arms, or the Great Alliance of the liberators. And you shall fight shoulder to shoulder with your Brothers in the League of Liberty, to the end that Despotism, Autocracy, and Frightfulness shall perish upon the earth and that Freedom and Democracy shall become the heritage of humankind.

VIII. Fear dishonour, dread defeat, be of good cheer and high courage, and don't shirk work or danger; but fear not death, dread not wounds, suffer in silence, and die game.

IX. Bear in mind that the enemy is your enemy and the enemy of humanity until he is killed or captured; then he is your dead brother or your fellow-soldier beaten and ashamed, whom you should no further humiliate.

X. Do your best to keep your head clear and cool, your body clean and comfortable, and your feet in good shape; for you think with your head, fight with your body, stand on and march with your feet.

ORDERLY CORPL. (collecting mail): "The P.O. won't take this. There's no address on it."

RAW ONE: "Well, they ought to know it. I've written her often enough!"

Ward Notes.

A. & D.

Changes never cease! Once again we have lost our M.O., Capt. Foss, and we extend a hearty welcome to his successor in these hard and troublesome wards, in the person of Major Mayhood.

We also have to bid good-bye and the best of luck to Sister Dougerty. We extend a hearty welcome to Sister Macdonald, who, if the number of visitors she has from Ontario wards count for anything at all, must have been very popular with her old family of heroes.

By the time these notes are in print, our much-trying and hard-worked night Sister will have left us for other realms.

Things we would like to know—

What is the attraction in these wards that a once constant visitor is now a patient here?

What is wrong with a certain corner bed-patient, who is up at 4 a.m. pulling men out of bed, and yet when the M.O. makes his rounds is more often than not in bed?

Say, John, what does "shake 'em up" mean? Has it anything to do with draughts, I wonder?

What sort of a pull has a certain old gentleman with our Sister that he now regales himself with stout and biscuits at night?

C.

Our kitchen staff are getting to be quite experts at golf—but they can't "put" sugar in the porridge yet.

Overheard last Sunday morning—time: 8 a.m.—"Orderly, pay attention to orders! Service for R.E.'s in chapel at 7 a.m."

Half the population of our park is squirrels, the other half is "nuts."

The "big push" is starting—at least in these parts, for everybody is going either to convalescent camps or depots, and it is neither Waterloo nor Victoria, but the kind of depot where that tragic yell is so often heard, "Fall in, the draft!" Carry on.

Can a man be good and yet Lawless? No, but he can be careful and for the rest trust to Providence. That's what results from being given a label not of one's own choice, but we should worry. A Hun's a Hun for all that.

We have several disciples of old "Izzy" Walton in our ward, but the fish haven't noticed it, unless they notice that they've been getting more to eat lately, and that's something in these days of food scarcity.

A lady asked a patient what he was suffering from, and on receiving the answer, "P.U.O.," said: "How terrible! Oh, those devils of Germans!"

F.1.

As a general rule quietness reigns supreme in our abode nowadays, but now and again it is broken by bursts of melody. Yes, the Sergeant breaks into the song alright.

Greetings to our new Sister from Orpington! May she enjoy her Cliveden trip.

We are pleased to see our old friend, Sister Foster, back once more. Seems quite like old times in F.1.

Poor old Geordie may yet be disappointed in his week-end hopes. It's too bad, but we all have to go over the top sometime. Cheerio, Durham, old kid, you have a fairly good excuse for keeping her waiting this time!

What has happened to "Steve" lately? His role of Sergeant-Major is a great success, and verandah patients do not sleep much after six o'clock. Some word of command, believe me.

With the return of four comrades from off ten days' leave, the Maple Leaf is fairly well represented now. A notable singer is absent for a few days, but we understand he has accepted a position as organ-blower.

F.2.

Hurrah! Who said old F.2 was dead? Well, we guess not. Excuse our absence, friends, we've been getting wise to the little ways of our new ward pals.

Believe me, some of their little ways take a lot of getting wise to.

We all very much regret the loss of Peake, our bird fancier and champion grouser.

The ward doesn't seem the same without his "old bald pate" around to dazzle our eyes.

However, we all welcome his worthy successor, Mick, with his famous parrot.

Things we want to know—

Who is this Gumdrops?

Does the old man still smile? We all have an idea he does.

Lost.—A gold ring, whereabouts unknown.

Providence is a good pal, but what about Cupid?

Last, but not least, how about the Fighting Five?

G.1.

The ward is *tres triste* nowadays, especially since the departure of our postman. Clicketty click, Jeff and Billy.

The piano has gone, so the occupants of the ward are not tortured by the ragtime orchestra. It is substituted, however, by a gramophone, which has known better days. It severely annoys "Synovitus" ("Slims's" mate), especially when the night Sister uses it as "Reveille."

Things we want to know—

If our night orderly's appearance in hospital blues was the fruit of one of "Doey's" cheap introductions? (Head backward bend.)

Whether the one and only "Egbert" ever has a psychological moment in his new job, and if he is convinced still that G.1 is a haven of rest?

How often "Hammy's" name appears on the pass list these days?

If the lockers in G.1 were ever intended to hold a patient's personal kit?

Who is Dean Swift?

G.2.

Thank you, "Slim." Our verandah "erbs" have quite regained their customary health and vim.

We have to welcome Sister Croxford on night duty in this ward. Our heartiest good wishes go with Sister Mellett, who has transferred to F.1.

We have quite an excellent crop of "brickbats" and other undesirable vegetables in our flower beds, but what about some "spuds," or a cherry tree or two?

The *Daily Mail* suggests that we each keep our own pig. Who would like a few? Customers supplied at their own risk.

All patients desirous of accepting Professor Mac's startling offer of a free course of lectures on "the war, what I did, and how to lose it," are requested to hand in their names, and their last will and testament, to the box office.

Things we should like to know—

Who followed a charming young thing for three miles, only to discover that it was his aunt? Ask "Raspberry."

Whose girl fainted at Taplow Station, and was it because she saw his face for the first time in the lamp-light?

Who spent four hours burning compromising correspondence before visiting his wife?

How "Mac" proposed to his lady-love?

Is she really deaf, and did she think he was asking if she liked chocolates when she said yes?

H.1.

We are all indeed very sorry to have lost our charge Sister, Sister McCarney, who has left us to go on transport duty. She was ever good to us, and always had a cheery word for all. She carries with her our very best wishes for her future welfare.

We extend a hearty welcome to Sister Foye, who is now our charge Sister, and trust that she will find H.1 a pleasant and willing ward.

We had a very pleasant evening on Tuesday, 12th inst., when the ward was entertained to tea, smokes and concert by our Sisters and Mr. Moon, who is at present a patient in our side ward.

We must compliment our sisters and kitchen staff on the very excellent tea they prepared and which was appreciated by all. Our thanks are also due to the Short Brothers, Petherbridge, Hogue (with his drum), and the boys from J.I, who so ably entertained us with music and songs, and we hope to have them with us again soon.

Things we want to know—

How "Big Bill" can play the two drums, bells and all sorts of other instruments at one time? We guess he must be "the one-man band."

Who is the patient who goes to bed at 5 o'clock to study out chess problems, and is it true that he has been frequently heard to say in his sleep: "Check Mate"? We seldom hear him say it when he is awake.

H.2.

Welcome to Sister Galt. Hope she had a good time during her leave. Better late than never.

Operations in H.2 come like gusts of wind. All or nothing. What do you intend doing, Jimmy, when you leave here? We shall all miss you very much. However, we all wish you the best of luck.

Things looked very nice last week without Jack. Glad to see you back again. You are well worth a couple.

"All khaki" is the motto in H.2 ward, and is carried out effectually.

K.1.

The reappearance of our former M.O. was welcomed by all, but his stay was too short lived. However, Capt. Walker is proving an excellent successor.

We are pleased to note that the three end beds now contain up-patients, who do not have cause to grumble at the colour scheme of their mid-day diet.

Why was "Jim Smith" so embarrassed on Sunday, when his incognito was revealed by the Sister?

We wonder if the skin of the balcony patient's face is repaired yet, after its two hours' scrape on Sunday morning?

Does Freddy find sewing less arduous than beads, and aren't finishers off in great demand lately?

We trust that the party (or parties) who scorched our porridge on Friday have recovered. To avoid future inconvenience, we are investing in an alarm clock for our kitchen staff.

K.2.

Who is the lucky patient who receives visits from six ladies one day and two lady friends the day following? Lucky Jim! but there are some lonely soldiers here who appreciate ladies' society, you know, "old-timer."

Ed. is sure some "lady-killer." Did anyone notice the "Mr." that he was greeted with last Sunday?

Who is the Sergeant who has an idea that he is a "camouflaged civilian"? Stick it, Sergeant, you may be one day.

What is the attraction for our two "dressing experts" at Taplow?

What is it causes our friend, Williams, to rise so early these days? Is it the ever-welcome cup of tea, or is it just ordinary "wind up"?

What made our night Sister describe Proctor as the only "curley-headed" boy in the family?

ALEX. 2.

Anyone wishing to play House come over to Alex. 2. The Scotchmen will oblige you. They only stop a third of the pool!

Could anyone inform us how those two Aberdeen Jews came by their deaths that were found in front of the punching machine?

A patient returning from 9.30 pass pulled down his bed clothes and found someone had put a bottle of stout in his bed. He exclaimed: "The Angels of Mons have been here!" We should like to know if they are building a special boat to take Bill back to Canada?

Anyone desiring lessons in singing (or hair dressing) apply

to Pte. Victor Powers. Terms moderate.

ONTARIO 1.

We are very sorry to lose our M.O. Capt. Walker having taken up his new duties in K.1. Also Sister Macdonald having gone to A. ward.

Welcome to our new M.O., Major Wright, also our new Sister, Sister Millet.

Since a few of the patients have been transferred to K.1, we take notice that they are up with the birds, and are only too glad to come over and make beds and get breakfast at 6.30. A great change has come over them, as when they were patients here they wanted their breakfast in bed. What is the attraction?

When is Sgt.-Major Stone going to detail "Slim" for his sniping butts, and picking up paper?

Anyone wishing to donate sixpences or pennies can do so by notifying Cpl. Smith. Contributions for a wounded soldier's fund.

We hope you had an interesting time at Slough, "Mac." (Was it Slow—gh?)

ONTARIO 2.

Would any of the wards like to see a real acrobat? If so, visit us. He is mostly in action after tea, and there is no doubt Scotty could go through many more performances, only for that awful pain in his back.

Why did he not meet her Sunday? Poor girl, and she walked past him so many times. Has he gone broken-hearted, or has the gas affected his eyes lately? Why did he not know her?

House is one of our special games, and Roy delights in it so much that he keeps continuously roaring: "Is forty-two out?"

We all like holly, it is so pretty, and the Sergeant says it is great company. Is that why he had it in his bed the other night?

Where have our records gone? Some light-fingered chaps in Ontario 1 should know something about it.

When the three cricketers put in for a pass, why did Sister turn them down?

We are all certainly glad that B. and C. wards are quiet now since the gas cases have gone.

Doctor: "Tell me, Sharpe, what makes you so thin?" Sharpe: "Worry." Doctor: "What are you worrying about?" Sharpe: "Because I am so thin!"

YUKON 4.

Who is the man who cannot understand why the boys at the front don't get huts to sleep in? Now this same man is back from Scotland, where he has been doing his bit. He certainly must have worked hard while he was there in the C.F.C., because every morning, when the work has to be done, he has got the "stand at ease" down pat. Now we find out that he is a master tailor, and wonder what he would do, if he got in the tailor shop? We hope somebody will give him a trial. What the poor C.F.C. must have suffered in bygone days. I am only a Jew.

On Friday evening, March 15th, a splendid tea and entertainment was provided by Mrs. W. L. Watt to the patients of Yukon ward. The men were greatly pleased with the reception. After tea Sergeant Wm. J. Bell, C.F.C., on behalf of the men, thanked Mrs. Watt for the splendid "spread" provided, and the men responded in the usual manner with three hearty cheers.

A whist drive was held also, and prizes were given and distributed by Mrs. Watt.

ONE of the snipers tells us that our new aeroplane is so fast that the aviator has to sid-slip every time he uses his machine gun for fear of running into his own bullets.

Staff Notes.

The Police-Corpl. is awfully bucked these days, after receiving such a "lovely" post card from Elsie. "Sweet Remembrances" indeed! Why don't you marry the girl, Corp.? It's cheaper in the long run. Elsie must be a "giddy puss." Cheer up, Mc.! it's the Scotch cap that's taken her fancy.

Poor old Jerry looks worried these days. Cheer up, Jerry! It's a poor worm that never turns over.

We understand that Sgt. McLaren is going in for the baking business. He's good at handing out "buns," anyway!

The M.T. section are going in for gardening. Why not go in for feeding that hungry hound?

The "Hindenburg line" is still doing its bit (*at the table*).

Your arm is all right "Barney," but, oh, your size! Try running before 7 a.m. parade, that will take it off. You get it, we said, before 7 a.m.

Everything is in readiness for the big dance at the "Hipp.," next Monday, the 25th. It will be worth going miles to see some of our knock-kneed brethren perform.

Signs of Spring—R.S.M. Jones rounding the ball players into shape.

Some of the officers were noticed to be out "loosening up."

Ask Johnny McGraw, in No. 1 hut, what he thinks of the ball team. He knows some "stuff." Eh! Pat?

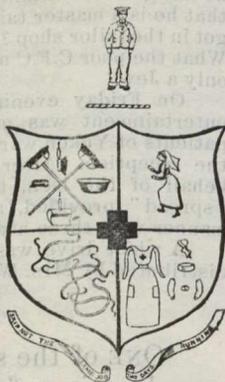
High Wycombe Y.A.D.

Through unavoidable circumstances our notes for last week were not forthcoming.

The boys gave Miss Skull, one of our pantry heads, a fine send off on her marriage to Lieut. D. Fleck last Saturday.

Our needlework has much improved, thanks to the interest Lady Alexandra Palmer has taken in it. We can now quite hold our own with Taplow; no small thing.

We very much wish our head hospital would send us new blue suits. The poor



Quarter-Masters are distracted trying to turn the men out fairly decent.

Our thanks to Lady Lincolnshire, Daws Hill (for tea and entertaining), Lieut. West and party, R.F.A. (concert), Soldiers' Club, Crendon St. and Frogmore (concerts), Miss Bayly and party (music); also for cheque, £20 (football match—Bucks Home Defence v. R.F.A.), and cheque, £8 1s. 6d. (Railway Clerks' Association Whist Drive).

The Whist Drives run as keenly as ever. Bdr. Jaques and Pte. Morrish have acted as M.C.'s.

The gift of cigarettes by Colonel the Hon. Rupert Carrington should have been 10,000, not 1,000 as stated.

The V.A.D. still thrives, notwithstanding the necessary economy in these hard times. 'Tis indeed coming to something when one of the "old hands" has to "dig" for his meat.

The "Boss" Ward—naturally No. 5—is going great guns just now. What with gastritis and "lead," not to mention the "knees."

"Bill," the one and only, has unfortunately lost his pain, but we feel sure, 'ere this is in print, he will have recovered the lost treasure.

The "old crocks" in 4 and 5 have had a lively time during the past two weeks, and wake up quite cross. They have our sympathy.

Things we would like to know—

Who stitches the beds, and what "Wood" have happened if he had been found out?

What "Church" some of the "b'hoys" go to on Sunday evening?

Whether a late Taplow stalwart will get his ticket?

Who was the man who came in with dysentery, and had to take Beecham's to keep it up?

Which is the best shop in Wycombe, and why? Ask Curry!

Where some of the occupants of No. 6 got to the other evening?

Whether Taplow will play footer? We have four excellent men in the making. Nuff said.

Who is the individual in No. 4 who entertains the members every night with recitations from the gramophone the previous evening, and what did he say when requested to take the offending instrument away?

Charlie's Letter.

Charlie had just arrived somewhere in the United States, and in a letter to his father he gave an account of his first day's experience. The letter read as follows:—

Dear Dad,

I have arrived in this new country. It seems a wicked country. No matter what you say, they catch you, and everyone thinks you are a thief. I don't mean you, dad, I mean myself. My first night here I stayed in a hotel. The hotels here are not like ours. We usually have a large number of beds and a small "pub," but here they have all "pub" and a few beds. At the entrance of the hotel, on the left, I noticed a big black man shining shoes. I had often heard of Jack Johnson, so I asked a fellow if that was him. "No," he said, "that's Sam Coon, or Sam the Coon," whoever he is. On the right of the entrance I noticed a tobacco shop, where you can also buy shoes. I didn't see any of the shoes he had for sale, but a notice on the wall read: "Peg-tops, five cents," so apparently shoes out here are cheap enough. There was also a barber's shop in the same entrance, but the workmen were doing some repairs, and, as far as I could see, the barber had moved to the back of the building. At any rate, a notice was nailed up on the door, which read: "During alterations customers will be shaved in the back." I entered the hotel, went up to the desk, and asked the proprietor if he had any rooms. He said: "Well, I guess so" (he didn't seem sure whether he had or not), so I said: "What are your rates?" He said: "One dollar up." I told him I would take a room for a night; then he asked my occupation. I had just arrived from the old country, but intended going in to the "Real Estate" business. "Oh," he said, "then it will be one dollar down." I asked him then what the hotel was like. He said it was a new hotel, and that they were "doing it" on the cheap to advertise. "After opening the 'joint,'" he said, "we advertised that we would give a month's free board to anyone who could beat the house for a dollar a day. Since then," he continued, "we are being beaten right and left for two or three dollars a day." Next he told me that there was running water in every room, so I asked him if it was drinking water. "Oh, no," he said, "don't drink that water. If you are

thirsty during the night you will find a 'spring' in the bed." I asked him if there was a bell in the room. "No," he said, "we haven't got the bell system installed yet, but if you should want anything when you are in your room 'wring' the towel." I then went into the bar room, and asked the man behind the counter for a "pint." He stared at me, and then said: "You're 'canned' already. Beat it, no hobooing in this joint, take a tumble to yourself." Then he pushed me out through what he said was the swing door—an ugly looking thing on hinges—and I found myself outside in a dirty lane at the back of the hotel. But I was not the only one out there, there were a dozen or more fellows who had apparently met the same fate. I hurried away to look for my room, and after walking ten or twelve flights of stairs I got to the landing where my room was. A man in blue, with bright buttons, was standing in the hallway, and, noticing I was all out of breath, he said: "Didn't you take the lift?" I said: "You're a liar, I didn't take anything. Do you think I am a thief?" He laughed then, and told me to go and sleep on it. Next morning I went out for something to eat. I went into a place called "The Quick Lunch." The girl behind the counter asked me what I would have. I noticed some nice-looking tart on a dish, so I asked her how much for a slice. She said: "Ten cents, a cut." I put a twenty-five cent. coin on the counter, and she served me with a slice. I waited a few minutes, and then asked her if there was any change for me. "No," she said, "there won't be any change till after you have eaten the pie." I ate the pie as she called it, and then I felt the change coming. I felt faint, but a band outside was playing a new tune, so I hurried out to get the "air."

After recovering I started to look for work. I went up to where a large building was under construction. I asked the man in charge for a job. He looked at me for a while, and then said: "Oh, you're a carpenter, aren't you?" I said: "How do you think I am a carpenter?" "Because," he said, "you are a 'plane' man, with a 'square' jaw and 'chisel' teeth. If you just keep 'hammering' away you might 'nail' on to something, and 'build' up a name for yourself." I could see he didn't want me, so I hurried away and boarded a street car, not knowing where to go. I rode a few miles, and then attempted to get off when the car was in

motion. I slipped off the step, and was thrown head first into a ditch by the side of the track. My clothes were torn, and my hands and face were bleeding. Two big fat policemen came up to where I was lying, and I heard one of them say to the other: "Who threw this 'bum' off the car?" I expected to hear an explosion, but nothing happened, and I couldn't see a bomb anywhere. I managed to get up, and started to walk in the direction of my hotel. I turned into a street, and was walking slowly along, when another policeman stopped me, and asked if I was from Milwaukee? Of course I said, "No, why do you ask?" "Because," he said, "I see 'Schlitz' in your coat." I don't know what he meant, but I suppose he was referring to the condition of my clothes from the accident.

When I got back to the hotel, the proprietor asked me if I would like a job. I said I would, then he said it was "slinging hash" in the grill. I didn't understand, but when he explained I found he was offering me a job as waiter in the hotel dining room, so of course I accepted. He said, "the old 'bunch' had been 'fired,'" so I discovered further that I was one of an entirely new staff. I waited on a cranky sort of fellow that evening. I didn't happen to notice him for some little time after he had been seated, so when I went over to him to take his order, he asked if I was the waiter or he. Then he asked what we had done with all our tea cups. I said the cups were here. "Oh," he said, I thought you wouldn't use them now you have so many mugs around." I asked him if he would like anything off the "Bill of Fare." "Yes," he said, "he would like the 'fly specks,' if I didn't mind." Then he told me to get wise, and I took his tip. I could feel I was losing my temper, so I braced up, assumed a Yankee air, and told him to give his order. He ordered two boiled eggs, and I served him at the double. I had only left his table a few minutes, when he hollered for me to come back. I went back, and he was white with rage. He said: "Those two eggs are rotten." I said: "Two bad." Then he said: "Why didn't you open them before you brought them in?" "Oh," I said "that's up to you." I opened the window. He said: "I shan't pay for rotten eggs," so I told him to see the cashier, and he did so. I heard him say his name was Bird, and she must have noticed the perspiration drops on his nose because I heard her say (after he told

her his name): "Yes, I can see your 'bill' is 'due.'" I guess he fixed up the matter "O.K."; I didn't wait to see. But don't worry about me, dad, I shall be 'jake.' Don't send any money till you hear from me again, as if you send it to the "dump" they'll "swipe" it, and then I shall have to "bum."

Your affectionate son,

CHARLIE.

Pessimistic Gratitude.

I don't see much that pleases me,
 No matter where I turn,
 The world is full of discontent,
 And lessons none can learn.
 The weather's always too intense,
 Too hot or else too cold.
 One day they tell you you're too young,
 And next you are too old.
 Dame Fortune is to me unkind,
 For even when I score,
 I know that by a different plan
 I might have gained much more.
 I've known the pangs of hunger keen,
 I've felt dyspepsia's clutch—
 I've either not enough to eat,
 Or else I eat too much.
 Though punishment is often swift,
 Reward is very slow.
 An enemy is always true,
 Though friends are seldom so.
 With these sentiments devout,
 I'm thankful for so many things,
 That I can kick about.

LEN WEINBERG (late Alex. 1).

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

Knowing your love of fun (writes a correspondent to the *Yorkshire Post*), I send you the following amusing letter, written in reply to a circular sent out by a head master who favoured flogging backward children:—

"Der Sir,—i hav got ur floggin sirkular, and u hav my sanekshun to thrash my son Jhon ass mutch as u like. I no Jhon is a bad skolar, his spaling is simply atrochs. i hav tried to tech him maself, but he will not lern nothing, so i hop u will put it into him as mutch as u can. P.S.—Jhon is not my son, he is by ma wife's first husband."

A Woman's Impressions.

By Mrs. ARCHER BAKER.

It seems a little like self-glorification to praise up one's own belongings, for, with regard to things Canadian Pacific, I am like the small boy, who said: "Daddy this is my house; yes, and everything in it," and likewise I feel that I have a proprietary right in steamships and railways, hotels and mountains, claiming a share in them all, counting them second to none.

"I leave it to my partner," but as this isn't bridge, to passengers on that gallant ship sailing August 24th, to say if she is not the most delightful thing in the world, and if every memory left from that charming trip is not a happy one. Dining in Liverpool on August 24th, the passengers for the Far East breakfasted in Vancouver on Tuesday morning, September 4th. I am only sorry we could not have continued with the other passengers right through to the coast, but we had to spend ten days in Montreal, and this time we only got as far as Laggan.

It's four years since our last trip, and the growth of the country is simply marvellous, "Verner," my own little namesake, is a flourishing little village, Regina is like a small continental town, and Moose Jaw a perfect little city, and Saskatoon—have any of you ever been to Saskatoon? well, take it from me, it's like Niko, in Japan. The Japanese say Lu Niko before you die; well, that's what you want to do about Saskatoon. Then there is Medicine Hat, with its lovely shops and residences, and one of the finest and best organised hospitals imaginable, and as for Winnipeg, why New York isn't in it! But it is really the development of smaller places that in a way impressed me the most; the charming little villages that a few years ago were nothing. Lord Shaughnessy, with his usual kindness, lent us his private car, and it was a perfect delight to me hour after hour to sit and gaze at the the scenery, the grandeur of the mountains, the fascination of the prairies, and to dream of calling all the little slum children out there, and spreading them over that beautiful undulating country—God's country—where they would have life, and freedom, and ambition to live. The run up the Valley of the Bow, past beautiful Banff, with its merry throng of summer guests, and the huge mountains, Sulphur

Mountain, Cascade Stoney Squaw Tunnel and Rundle Peak, that hem the valley on either side was most entrancing, and in the most glorious weather we arrived at Laggan, and drove along the mountainside up to Lake Louise. How I wish I could describe it to you, nestling at the foot of the glacier, the water blue as a sapphire and cold as ice, the dark mountains on either side. The charming manageress at the Chalet lent me a divided habit, and for the first time in my life I rode astride, up to the Mirror Lake, away up in the clouds 1,000 feet higher, and on to Lake Agnes, higher still. It would be impossible for me to find words to describe the beauty to you. If you could just sit on the verandah of Lake Louise, and gaze at the beauty of the mountains you would want to stay there for ever. What a country it is! you will none of you here know anything about it until you go and see it for yourselves. Home! What does it mean to a man with a wife and family, and nothing but starvation wages to keep them on? Just look at it over there. Your own homestead, not working for a landlord or anyone except yourself and your own family, and watching the homestead grow every year. Land is the thing there, and they are all crazy about it; and the Government give you 160 acres free.

Reluctantly we said good-bye to Lake Louise; its beauty is photographed in my heart never to be forgotten. Just a few delightful days we spent at Banff on our way going East, had a ride around Tunnel Mountain and through the Mountain Park, the largest in the world (5,732 square miles). I had the most delightful swim in the natural sulphur swimming bath. There is splendid trout fishing and lots of other sport. We reached Winnipeg September 20th, and stayed at the New Canadian Pacific Hotel, which is a perfect dream of luxury and comfort.

In conclusion, I can only say:

"Could you see the western prairies
Waving with golden grain,
The clustering grapes and golden corn
Wafting summer back again,
You would sing not as one who is dreaming,
But one who surely knows
That our dear Lady of Plenty
Is no Lady of the Snows.

NEVER look a gift sock in the sole!

"My Son, beware of Woman!"

THE SAD SONG OF A MODERN SOLOMON.

In the multitude of things, who shall compare with woman? She toils not, neither has she any fixed principles; and man she keeps in a state of strange servitude.

Man was the first, saith the singer; he came fresh from Heaven; but woman was the finished product.

She knoweth all the dodges; the birds, the beasts, the fishes yield to her valuable hints, whereby she profiteth to man's discomfiture. I said in mine haste, "All women are to be avoided," not knowing the difficulty.

Woman declareth an eternal warfare. She will not let man rest; all his peace is gone when she casteth upon him.

Woe unto him that sitteth in quiet places with his cigar! He has no wish to be married; his life is complete.

Yet suddenly a woman espies him—yea, looks covetously at him; at first he may not tremble, but verily his number is up.

She waiteth for him in unexpected corners of the earth; though he avoid her, yet she waylayeth him.

In the country lanes where he would wander, there she is—yea, dark country lanes, leafy and tempting, especially after dusk.

He is tempted, he loseth his head; she looketh at him, verily from laughing eyes, and his balance has gone.

He holdeth her hand and thinketh it Heaven; he looks into her eyes, and sees therein what he thinketh none other man hath ever beheld. He kisseth her lips—at first nervously, after the manner of men.

In his heart he believeth he loveth her; to his bosom companions he boasteth of it. Peradventure, saith he, I have subdued her.

Thou fool, not knowing a woman!

Some day he will take her to a dance, that he may astonish his friends. He waltzeth with her lovingly; he sitteth out seventy times seven.

He fetcheth her ices; and, yea, when other men oppose him, like unto stricken and blinded fools, he useth the words that leadeth not unto salvation.

Chastisement he inflicteth blindly, for he thinketh himself the only man in love, not knowing woman.

And the woman, she sitteth demurely, a maiden blush bespreadeth her face. She doth

meeily and humbly acknowledge his master-ship, but the while she laugheth in her sleeve.

In her heart doth she greatly rejoice, and her demeanour to other women is overbearing.

For, saith she in gesture, I am the salt of the earth; ye virgins, that are but amateurs at the business, look at me and be ye consciously envious. I am a superior person, for lo, I have caught a man.

I have humbled a man to his discomfiture; I have beguiled another of our primal enemies. My slightest whim is a command; my gentlest hint an order. I twist him round my little finger—yea, with the pinky nails I leadest him by the nose.

Yet withal he does not know it, for he is ignorant, as with men.

He loveth her. To his home he bringeth her and showeth her to his people.

In his introduction there is much vaunting, and some pride; he wisheth to impress his mother and his sisters with his love, not knowing that his mother and sisters are, too, women.

And that one generation of women is like unto the next and the next.

Towards his sisters he is gentle, where formerly he was rough; he listeneth to their songs—yea, the songs of violets and so forth—with the air of a connoisseur, for he believeth that he has mastered one woman.

Therefore doth he understand and tolerate the rest.

Thou fool! Are not thy sisters women? And do not they, too, despise thee in their hearts?

He goeth to her house on Sabbaths in his best clothes; his frock coat donneth he then—the which he never weareth; on his head he shoveth a pot-hat, and the perspiration runneth down his forehead and his back.

His collar choketh him.

Peradventure he is presentable; he meeteth her mother and her sisters, and they, too, despise him, though outwardly they are charming.

For her mother and sisters, are they not women also, that delighteth in man's humiliation?

And he meeteth her father, giving him cigars. Him doth her father like, singing the praises of his dear beloved daughter, for her must her father get from off his hands; but inwardly doth her father sympathise with the man, for he, too, hath been through the mill.

And the lover taketh her to theatres,

spending his wages ahead—yea, months ahead. She dresseth in strange confections, and her bosom heaveth under lace.

Presently cometh the quarrel, inevitable in its painfulness: For a week all the light is gone from his eyes.

Every morn he weigheth himself, for his frame thinneth; cigars lose their flavour and pipes their delectableness. He fetcheth sighs of ineffable sadness: His life is over.

With his lips he curseth her, but in his heart who can tell?

She chuckleth all the time. Behold it is only a ruse, a part of her trickery, for well knoweth she how to strengthen his bond. She trieth him by fire, knowing that he cometh out like unto molten lead.

After a week she calleth him to her side, with tears and plaintiveness; she was wrong, for she saith it.

But he insisteth that his was the sin, and soon she alloweth it was, leaving him no time to ponder it over. He maketh amends for his crime, fiercely kissing her and asking the day.

Like unto a bursting bud is her eagerness, but to all appearances she is shy, she is reluctant, only yielding at length.

O woman that cumbereth the earth! O man's sempiternal foe!

In the garden of old time thou wert there. Thou enticest him, thou ledst him astray! Art thou not the same, thou only unalterable thing, world without end?

The stars die, the sun fades, soon rots the earth; the flowers wither, but still thou fiddlest on the ancient strings.

The grass fadest, empires falleth, but still doth thou lay thy bait.

To a woman all cometh naturally; she needeth no academy; her brain is stocked with devices.

She hath no ambition save one: Verily doth she sometimes pretend to intellect, but gladly abandoneth it shouldst she espy a man. Votes would she essay; but truly a woman's place is by the fireside; and well she realizeth it.

Though she be clever, kiss her on her nose-tip.

Her costumes she planneth fearfully, her face she powdereth or painteth.

She lieth still in wait; she hungereth for thee; in the devious ways where thou wouldst escape her there are her toils. She hath been there before. My son, trust not woman!

Sports, Amusements, &c.

FOOTBALL.

On Saturday, March 16th, the home team were booked to play a team calling themselves the "Bourne End Swifts." No mention was made in their correspondence regarding what opposition they had for us, it was, therefore, with surprise that we witnessed the arrival of a team of lads. The game started at 3.15, and proved a farce throughout, which was most disappointing after looking forward to a keen game. This in all probability will be the last match of the season, owing to the difficulty in getting fixtures.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

Very hearty thanks is tendered to the following ladies and gentlemen for the generous hospitality extended to the patients during the past fortnight:—Proprietor of Maidenhead Skating Rink, Mr. Pascoe (schoolmaster), Mrs. Dykes, Mrs. Astor, Proprietor of Maidenhead Picture Palace, Messrs. Spindler & Sons, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Wilding, Mrs. Fuller, Miss Barry, Mrs. Gordon LeReve, Mrs. Woodlock, Mr. J. McNeel, Mrs. MacDona, Baroness de Teissier, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Shackles, Mrs. de Loan, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Mrs. Bird Aurncroft, Mrs. Rogers, Miss Stephenson, and Mrs. McLellan. Visits to Windsor Castle and Bisham Abbey were also greatly enjoyed.

CONCERTS, &c.

The appreciation of everyone is due to the following ladies and gentlemen who have provided such high-class entertainment during the past fortnight:—Victor Beigel's Concert Party, Secretary of War Committee (lecture), Edward Terry's Dramatic Co., Professor Candy (lecture), Miss Morley Peel's Dramatic Co., Chocolates Concert Party.

PRIVATE (overheard reading newspaper): "Wolff's News Brewery. Owing to a terrific and consecrated artillery preparation the trench and wire were obligated. With hardly a single mishap the tanks succeeded in making their objection."

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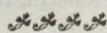
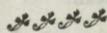
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Cliveden H.	1 25	2 25	3 25	4 25	5 25	6 25	8 25	...	9 20
Cliveden H.	1 30	2 30	3 30	4 30	5 30	6 30	8 30	...	9 30
Taplow Ct.	1 37	2 37	3 37	4 37	5 37	6 37	8 37	...	9 37
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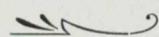
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