

VOL. I., No. 10. NOVEMBER 3RD, 1917.

“

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& Easy”

Chronicles
of

Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

TWOPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties— Give me a cigar!"

Byron.

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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 10.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3RD, 1917.

TWOPENCE.

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

This Magazine

has been in existence for nearly five months. Its inception was due to the calculation that it would prove an excellent medium for bringing together, on paper, the various expressions of ideas among the boys, and would prove both interesting and amusing to them, and to all those remotely connected with the Hospital; that, in many respects, it would form a permanent record of our life at Cliveden, and perhaps even become the means of uncovering a little hitherto undiscovered literary or artistic talent. The Colonel Commanding, in granting permission for the magazine to be published, made this aim his chief consideration, and was even desirous that the magazine would furnish an opportunity to provide the means for some of the crippled men to learn at least the rudiments of a trade. Owing to abnormal conditions it has been found impossible at the present moment to fulfil these latter good intentions, the necessary equipment not being for the time procurable, but it is hoped that the plan may yet see fulfilment. As a Hospital Magazine, the CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN has been a success. It compares favourably with most productions of its kind, and has been staunchly supported by the patients, staff, the visiting ladies and the V. A. D. Hospitals. In short, it has entirely justified its existence. Its pages have been kept clean of anything questionable in any form, and the chief aim of the Editorial Staff has been to please all and offend none. They claim to have succeeded in this, and that the tone of the magazine has been admirably maintained, we venture to say, no one will deny. We hope that their efforts to secure better and still better literary contributions will be aided by all those who take any sort of interest in the maintenance and continued success of the publication. Nursing Sisters and Medical Officers should be particularly capable of assisting in this way, and we would welcome the appearance of contributions over their signatures more often than has been

the case hitherto. This would not merely be an aid to the success of the magazine itself, but would tend to stimulate the boys into further attempts to outdo them, if possible, in literary talent.

Financially the magazine is in a fairly safe position; a result due to the splendid backing of the advertisers in Maidenhead and Slough, and the hearty support previously acknowledged. To maintain this position, and to make the CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN worthy of the support it has received, is surely the duty of everyone connected with Cliveden, whether patient or member of the personnel.

The Comforts Fund.

This fund derives its revenue from three sources: the sale of needlework (under the Lady Boston's supervision and her staff of lady visitors); the profits from the Ladies' Canteen (under the control of Mrs. Langmuir Watt and Mrs. Christie Miller with their willing assistants); and the officers' wives and lady visitors.

The following are a few of the ways in which the monies received have been expended: Numerous ward extras such as fruit, salmon, sardines, pineapple, eau de Cologne, pickles and sweets, have been issued by the Matron to the various Ward Sisters as required for their patients. The covered walk in front of the ladies' canteen has been erected out of this fund. Special oil stoves have been bought for each ward, in order that the Nursing Sisters may be able to serve hot extras to their patients. Blinds have been bought for Alexandra and Ontario wards. Wheel chairs and spinal chairs are now on order, one half the expense to be borne by this fund.

Too much credit cannot be given to these ladies for giving up so much of their valuable time, as well as incidental expenses, in order to benefit the patients of the Hospital generally. They have done it without thought of personal mention or praise, and we feel it is not only our duty, but also our privilege to show a little of our appreciation for their efforts on behalf of the Hospital and its patients. W.L.W.

A Healer of Wounds.

"Feeling better?"

"Yes, thanks, I'm beginning to lose that awful 'gone outness' in my bones."

"Sometime, when you are feeling equal to it, I should like to hear just how you did escape. I always thought it was impossible from Rhuleben."

"I will tell you with pleasure sometime, but at present I have something on my mind. Can I write and telegraph?"

"Certainly," answered Dr. Richards, "I'll tell Sister to get you the things."

Dr. Richards went quietly out of the room. He was much interested in his new case—these "remnants of a man" he had discovered on the edge of the small French town where he was working, and had half carried him to a farm near by and driven him to the hospital. Now he was beginning to show signs of life, and his experiences should prove interesting.

Christopher Black lay back amongst his pillows with a sigh of comfort. How good people were here. He was unshaven, ill, and without a penny, yet everybody was as kind and considerate as if he were their best paying guest. He would remember it later on. The Sister brought him his paper and a telegraph form.

"Tell me, Sister, how long it will be before I'm able to travel, and also how long before I can get money from England? You know I've had two years cut out, and do not know many things. Transit and money arrangements are some of them."

"Capt. Richards said you weren't to talk, but I know he will do all he can for you, so write your letters."

For a while Christopher lay thinking—thinking quietly how he could best let his people know he was alive and safe; how best to break it to them. For two years they must have mourned him as dead, otherwise they would have sent him parcels like the other prisoners got, but when he remembered the brutal way he'd been dragged in from "no man's land" to help swell the prisoners of war, the long, long illness and loss of memory, the shock he had received six months afterwards when a small fire in his "stable" woke him to reality and his own identity, his attempts at proper name registration and communication with his own people, and the callous behaviour of his guard

—all this came back and made him wonder how to begin; how to break it to his mother. He would leave it to her too to break it to the woman, the memory of whom kept him sane these latter days. He pulled himself together; the writing must be done.

Capt. Richards sat down at his writing desk while he conned the details of his "new case," and noted his remissness in not getting the man's name now that he'd "come round." That, however, was easily adjusted. He would not disturb him now. His patient was obviously a gentleman, and when he was shaved would be almost handsome. Richards idly fingered the pens and things on his writing table, finally picking up the photograph of a charming girl, and casually he apostrophised it. "My dear, how I love you; how I love each little curly eyelash and the tip of your nose. Little Jill, how glad I am to be able to call you mine! Do you remember, little Jill, when your lover was missing how I suffered? No, of course you don't. That was nothing to you then; it was only afterwards, after long months, that you even saw me. You didn't know my temptations; my raw craving to comfort you. Even after a year, when no news came and you began to despair—even then you didn't see me, your humble adorer, waiting for a crumb of affection, and then when that soldier came and told you of your lover's death you shrank back even more into your shell, and my presence was as nothing. But it's six months, dear, to a day that you said you would help me with such love as you had left, and they have been spent in this lonely spot, but I've the memory of your kiss to live on, little one, the kiss you gave me to say "Yes," and "God speed!"

Capt. Richards laid the photograph down—there was work still to be done. He stretched his long loose limbs, and looked down at them ruefully: I wonder what the other chap was like—Oh well, anyway, he was not afraid of dead men.

He shrugged the feeling of depression off, and continued his rounds.

At twelve he returned to see how his "prisoner" patient was. Christopher, shaven and clean, was sitting up in bed with an air of contentment and well-being. They exchanged a few commonplaces.

"By the way," said Richards, "I did not ask you your name."
"I'd almost forgotten it myself, I've been

called 'Bill Smith' so long. It's only recently that the other fellows got into the way of calling me by my right name. I'd lost my memory, you know, until quite recently. Then it all came back through a fire that started in our stable. It's Black, really."

"Black! Good God!" he said to himself, "Why that name?" Quietly he heard himself saying, "Black, what Black?"

"Christopher Black!"

The blow had fallen. He sat quite quiet. "Christopher Black of Freemantle?" he at last exclaimed.

"Why, yes; how did you know?"

"I-got-to-know-the-girl-you-are-engaged-to," he got out.

"Jill Steer?"

"M'yes," he nodded, "Miss Steer."

"Then you can tell me all about her," burst out Black. "How is she? Where is she? Do they think I'm dead?"

"I think they were anxious about you, but they will soon know you are alive now. Shall I send off these first, and then come back and tell you all I know?"

"Oh, do, like a good chap."

The Doctor gathered up the letters and telegrams, and carried them to his little room. There he laid them down. Once more he picked up the photograph and took it slowly out of the frame. "Good bye, little Jill. You were not for me after all. I must find another little Jill—or go without" he added slowly, and tore the picture into a thousand little pieces, and on the envelopes of Black's letters he wrote, "Censored by Captain Richards," and Jill understood—and knew.

Buck Up!

When you're down on your luck, and feeling
And life seems terribly hard, [darned crock,
When God reads your soul like an open book,
Take a grip of yourself old pard.

Think of the good times coming along!

When you're sturdy in health once again
You'll be thrilling along with a merry old song,
So to hell with the gouching and pain!

A.S.B.

"THERE are far more ideals in England than there is knowlege."—Mr. Zimmer at a lecture recently.

The Ration Party.

What is it makes us curse and swear,
Our Non. Coms. madly to declare
That we're a grousing, no good lot;
Always behind, ne'er on the spot,
Ever intent on filling their life
With every kind of bitter strife
That comes from a Sergeant-Major grand,
The terror and chief of the Non. Com. band?
The Ration Party.

What makes us groan and freely sweat,
Our clothes and rifles dirty get,
Our backs to nearly break in two,
Our shins to bruise all black and blue
By falling down by rough, tough luck,
In holes all full of filthy muck?
Is it a wonder that we frown,
When they shout out, "Your name is down
For Ration Party?"

Why do they always turn us out
At nine p.m., or thereabout,
To wait till midnight at the dump,
In terror of shells and things that jump
Like bullets; or rain that soaks you through
and through,
When you might have kept dry and in safety, too;
Had two hours sleep or a quiet smoke?
To leave a warm dug-out is hardly a joke,
For Ration Party.

Why is it the guy with the strongest back
Insists on taking the smallest sack,
And rushes in front to make the pace,
While to keep in touch your limbs you race?
In falling over the rugged tracks,
Is it a wonder your language lacks
The polish it has in Society's light?
Oh, I tell you it's hard to be merry and bright,
On Ration Party.

When do we curse the bright star-shell,
And wish we were home, away from this hell,
Where a move in the light might be our last,
And one more identity disc to be classed
Amongst the wounded, missing or slain?
If that much the Huns allowed to remain
Of your wrecked frame, if hit by a shell,
'Twould be for other lips the tale to tell
Of the Ration party. W.H.L.

Of those who fought in the American Civil War, over 40% were under 19 years of age.

Ward Notes.

F.1.

Great changes have taken place in the ward since our last notes, both in the staff and patients. In fact someone was heard to remark, "It's not the same old ward!" But, nevertheless, we still continue to keep up our reputation, and, better still, the Shield of Honour.

We wish the two night owls would kindly take off their boots before coming down the ward at night. We don't mind them pushing their beds together to keep warm, but we do object to their screeching, after lights-out. (What's all this frivolity?)

Among the new changes in the ward is that of the dressing carriage staff. Owing to "Nimmy" having an operation, we promoted the Ward Secretary to the Dakin King, and made our old friend, Gardner, the Sticking-Plasterer and General Run-about. We wonder how "Nim." likes the taste of plaster? We are sorry to lose Sister MacLean off the carriage.

We are all more than pleased to welcome back Lady Boston. We are glad to see her looking so fresh and well after her well-earned rest. Although a number of needleworkers have left, we feel sure she will soon enrol more to her Guild.

We were sorry to lose Sisters Hare and Wilkinson. But in their stead we offer a hearty welcome to Sisters Kay and Foster. We hope there will be no more changes for some time to come.

Things we would like to know—

Who took a fancy to Fletcher's cigarette issue?

Why Bombardier G— got his "hair off" the other night, and why did he call Sister? "NIMROD."

F.2.

Anyone (in this ward only) desiring information *re* home-steads should apply to Messrs. Church-hill or Bob-Hill. Satisfaction is guaranteed, as these are experts.

Likewise, anyone desiring information *re* bedsteads should apply to our three Sergeant Macs.

Sister, how do you like Brother Davis's patch-work imitation of a maple leaf? Perhaps you are like us and don't see it!

One of our patients asked the Sister very earnestly, "If she had read of Fabiola—the first (Roman) Nurse?" "No," replied the Sister, "is she in the V.A.D.?" Our conclusion is:—Was the Sister thinking that "V.A.D." stood for "Very Ancient Dames" or "Days?"

Who took to his bed after a week-end pass? And was he setting a precedent for others?

"And the old man smiles again"—at Hitcham House!

We wonder why the Dining Hall patients come back with a smile of satisfaction on their countenances, much to the envy of the bed-patients? "WEEK-ENDERS."

G.1.

What a pleasant night the verandah patients had on Wednesday, October 24th. Fortunately, they are all strong swimmers—one "did" the length in 20 secs. on the "overarm"—and then woke up.

"Tom-tit" is still going strong. It is rumoured that he wears a string from his foot round his neck to prevent further growth.

Bynames are common with us—"Hoppy," "Tabby," "Kirky," are frequently heard. We wonder if our "couple" say "Florrie" and "Jacky"—oh, the dears!

"Orderly!" What a dismal cry to hear in the night. But "Joey" woke him!

It has been said that there are mountains in Canada, ponies in pits, maggots in cheese, and some fellows have had pickled cabbage. All these appear to be doubtful, but we have had them proved!

Two of our old boys have departed to "fresh fields and pastures new." Good luck to you "Jock" and "Rush," wherever you may go.

There was an exciting race in our ward a few days since between a well-known lady and a prominent "lead-swinger." The latter, with two short feet, won by a short head.

By this time we shall have lost our Night Sister, Sister

Bennett, and soon she will be cheering the boys in Hospital in France. Our very best wishes go with her, whenever she goes; for a better Sister there could not be.

H.1.

More changes with our Sisters. Our Night Sister, Sister Hunter, has gone on duty in another ward. We miss her cheery smile. We extend a hearty welcome to Sister Montgomery, our new Night Sister, and trust she will make a long stay with us.

We know F.1 will sympathise with us in the loss of our Baby. Our Sisters are heart-broken. (We expect the Sisters at Liverpool will soon be in the same state.)

Why did one of the patients come back a day before his week-end leave was up, and was there a woman in the case?

Oh, Harry! Oh, Cecil! how can you be so cruel?

We overheard one of our patients asking where St. Patrick's Needle was in London? Can anyone tell him?

Has anyone noticed how stout "Pete" is getting?

Ask Randall how he likes being on the verandah?

We have a patient in this ward who can eat nine porridges any morning. This takes some beating! We have heard it whispered that one of our orderlies can do it, too!

H.2.

Our heartiest thanks are tendered to Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Watt for the magnificent spreads they gave us, and we assure them that the boys enjoyed them immensely.

That Prince of Orderlies, "Andy," has left us, and we wish him good luck, wherever he may be.

Who is the patient who was unceremoniously "dumped" on the lawn by a certain N.C.O., in the small and witching hours of the night? Poor old B—. Nuff said!

What is the matter with our gramophone? Has somebody put another sock in it?

One of our "old-timers" has come back to us again, and he is as cheeky as ever. Good old Griff!

Who is the patient who took a fancy to Sister Miller's soap one bright morning, and incidentally took possession of it at the same time?

Our tin-whistle nuisance has at last ceased operations! His time is now occupied in knitting a belt for (whisper it softly) "a lady friend." Oh, Lucky Jim!

J.1.

Can anyone spell what "Gaddy" yelled the other night when he got into bed and jammed his feet on to a hedgehog?

How many stitches did "Shooey" have to take out of his riding pants before he could get them over the calf of his leg? A case for the Food Controller!

"Music hath charms," but sleep hath better—especially when the gramophone sounds the long reveille at five every morning! From then until breakfast we get "all the latest comic songs; one penny" for nothing.

Is it an understood thing that only overseas troops are allowed to visit Windsor Castle?

What we wish.—That our M.O. would perform operations every day as he did on two of our patients last Saturday. What did you administer, Captain? Musical gas? They gave us a performance that beat all the concerts. S.B.V.

J.2.

Words cannot express our regret at the loss of Sister Skillin, who for the past six weeks was on night duty with us. We wish her the best of times whilst on her vacation, and trust that at some future date we may have the pleasure of having her in our midst. At the same time, we wish to extend a hearty welcome to Sister McCarney. May her stay be a long and pleasant one.

The patients of this ward will miss the presence of our very much esteemed lady visitors, who are taking a well-earned rest. Needless to say, their return will be eagerly looked forward to.

"Taffy," of kitchen fame, is sorry for any jealousy he may have caused to "Taffy," of carriage fame, but would like to remind him "That all's fair in love and war."

Things we would like to know—

Why our ward is so popular with certain members of the staff? Is it because of a certain—well one never knows, does one?

Who were the objects who interrupted the concert the other evening in the would-be disguise of Red Indians, and did they imagine that the concert party were not sufficiently entertaining without their presence.

K.1.

The merry sound of laughter, unrestrained, rang through our ward on Wednesday of last week, and the two score patient sufferers forgot their weariness, their aches and pains, and even the Hospital regulations, and joined full-heartily in the delights of the party given by that most zealous of lady visitors, Mrs. Hitchcock.

It was an inspiring sight, and one to gladden the sympathetic heart, to see these men, careworn and broken in the stress and strain of battle, endeavouring, with an amazing earnestness, to fish for buttons with a bent pin on a piece of string, or to pick up beans between the ends of two pencils!

It must be the pleasant recollections of these pastimes which cause some of the patients to go through the same movements in their sleep; they again live those joyous hours which they were privileged to spend.

The tea was a huge success. Nothing was spared, and it was pitiable to see the anxious look on the face of the M.O. as he gazed upon the array of good things which the table bore.

After tea, the masqueraders appeared. Such masqueraders! The C.S.M. was a picture—as an Irish colleen he was superb! Charlie Chaplin was also there, with all his idiosyncracies, and pierrots and gentle ladies mixed with the throng.

The dresses were good, but the musical programme later was productive of funny situations. Imagine a black-eyed, white-faced pierrot elocutionising "Gunga Din," or a sweet lady of quality (attired in a kimona and rouged face) singing in a "bass" voice, "Friend o' Mine."

Yes, it was a wonderful ward party, and it is difficult to express our gratitude to Mrs. Hitchcock, the Misses Hitchcock and the ladies who sang and played so delightfully for us. To them and to the Sisters for their co-operation, yet all we can offer them are our hearty thanks.

We were extremely sorry to hear of the fire in our Sister's quarters. What about the "Missing Lynx?" She must have been pleased they were missing.

K.2.

We are glad to welcome our little corporal back after his marriage, and hope the union will be a happy and prosperous one.

Our M.O. is having a rest, so we shall not see his charming smile for a few days, but we will keep well-behaved.

Having seen our Sister in a charming (but not regulation) cardigan, we now feel justified in securing our ruddy cravats with 2½d. "gold" pins.

"Smiffy" has been "catching it" lately, but he is still as "friendly" as ever.

You really must take your massage like a good lad, "Latics." Don't forget Sir Douglas is waiting for you.

"Danny" asked me to put in some sort of "grouch" about being kept waiting so long for his pass, while the 1.30 bus went without him. Guess it can't be the fault of our M.P.'s—must be that Eastern Command again.

Does anybody want to borrow a very long fellow with a fog-horn voice? We've got one to spare.

What did Sister MacD. do with the circumstantial evidence? We've only one bed-patient now. He must remain in bed because his dropped foot has dropped Solo.

So long, Blackie! Hope you make home for Xmas.

H.J.B.

ALEX. 1.

We wish through these notes to convey our heartiest

thanks to our lady visitor, Miss Serocold, for her many acts of kindness to the patients in this ward.

Our best wishes to Sister Graham. May she have a most enjoyable holiday, and return to this ward when her leave is ended.

We are, indeed, sorry to lose Captain Washburn—a gentleman and a sportsman.

Welcome back, Sister Crampton! We are glad to see you around this ward again. We also extend a hearty welcome to our new M.O., Captain Johnson.

Things we want to know—

When "von Hindenburg" is going on the offensive instead of calling on the Sisters for defence?

If certain members of the old brigade were sorry they had moved on to the verandah during the gale a week ago?

How many blue patients make French beds, and when they will learn a better trick than making them for bed-patients during the bed-patients' trips to the Recreation Hall?

Time and place—at lights out, and afterwards, in the kitchen.—"Has anyone seen our celebrated patient?"

Things we do know—

That the gallant 16th has at last had his hair cut.

That this is the best-behaved ward in the hospital.

That there are some "lads frae Lancashire" in this ward. And that they let everybody know it.

Why did a certain patient's uniform cause comment! Was there a masquerade carnival in progress?

ALEX. 2.

Good Nelson, boy, you really did stop your full share of lead, but still you are made of the right stuff, and you'll soon be all right.

Good for you, Captain Munroe. We are proud to have such a good M.O. If anything is wrong you are the right one to settle it. We think a more appropriate name for you would be Mon-knows.

Anyone wishing to see Tobin in the mornings must call at Tobin's Retreat (between 8 and 12), The Medicine Cupboard.

Who is the Scotchman (from C.) in this ward trying for a situation on the staff? Will he succeed? (Yes, Sister, if I have five minutes to spare.)

Who was the man who went to bed with his tie on, the other night? We should like to know his favourite drink?

Who is the man from Lancashire (R.E.) who talks of the time when he was in bombing raids, bayonet charges, etc. *Dream on Fair One!*

Well, "Slim," boy, now is your chance to make good as Head Orderly! You are certainly an unsurpassable man on the floor. Don't neglect the boys, and you'll be all right.

The new addition to our ward is another M.O. Good old George! Go easy with the ozone. Any patient under your treatment has no hopes of getting away from you until he has the full twenty minutes.

ONTARIO 1.

Things we want to know—

Who was the N.C.O. who gave his section the command "Halt!" whilst they were resting on the side of the road, and what the Brigadier thought?

Also, if the same N.C.O. found his pipe when he went down to the river?

When does Bill think he will have a man's "Tash?"

Is our dressing Sergeant up to perfection?

BASEBALL.—The team of "all stars" from the C.E.F. in England, representing Canada, defeated the United States, at Dublin, before a large and enthusiastic crowd, on Saturday, October 27th.

Evening Classes.

The evening classes which are to commence on Monday and continue weekly through the Winter are to be heartily commended to those patients and staff who are anxious to "get on." The excellent course of studies include elementary commercial book-keeping, business methods or commercial practice and correspondence, and the services of Mr. Charles Pascoe, A.C.S., F.R.G.S., Headmaster of the Victoria Street School, Windsor, have been secured as instructor. If the number of students warrant it, Mr. Charles J. Farrow, B.A., will also assist. Books and all the necessary writing material will be provided, and the classes will be from 6.30 till 8.30. Already over a score of men have signified their intention of taking part in these classes, and it is hoped that this admirable educational scheme will be as successful as it deserves.

The Only Life.

A life on the land! Is there room for all?
 Yes, room in the woodlands free.
 Room on the hills, where the wild flowers call
 And the creeks wind down to the sea.
 There is elbow room on the open plain,
 A field on the broad plateau,
 Where the fallow thrills with the autumn rain
 And the upland breezes blow.
 There is breathing space where the rivers glide
 Through the deep alluvial loam;
 A footing left on the mountain side
 For a vine-enclustered home.
 The waste lands wait for the men who dare
 To trust to themselves alone,
 Who long for a life in the bracing air,
 And a freehold all their own!

THE HOSPITAL ORCHESTRA (under Sergt. R. Sinclair), which has been augmented by additional instruments, will give afternoon Ward concerts on Tuesdays and Thursdays, commencing next week. These will, doubtless, be thoroughly appreciated.

MINSTREL TROUPE.—The effort to form a minstrel troupe has been most successful, and Sergt. R. Sinclair promises a concert for the latter end of this month.

Come to our home on Father Thames' shores;
 Live in the country; forget about wars.
 If you've been wounded, just settle down here;
 Very nice Sisters will nurse you, and cheer
 Each "fragment" from France or any old place.
 Departed are troubles; a smile on each face.
 Even "the top" is a thing of the past.
 Nights of peace and a good bed at last.

Here we have plenty of "bacca" and "fags";
 Outings galore; and we don't dress in rags!
 Sisters and Doctors. You don't pay the cost.
 Policemen who "guide" you when you are "lost."
 In fact it's just perfect, at least, almost so.
 The following, however, you really should know:—
 All of you then take heed of my warning,
 Look to your lockers on each Friday morning! H.J.B.

The Song of the Engineers.

(With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling).

Oh, the line is a man with a gun in his hand,
 Cavalry's only what horses can stand,
 Artillery moves by the leave of the ground;
 But we are the boys who do something all-round,
 And they call us the blooming Sappers.

CHORUS:—

Engineers, Engineers;
 The Lord He created the Engineers
 With the rank and pay of a Sapper.

When the Earth was in flood in the big typhoon,
 'Twas old Noah who built the first pontoon,
 But after fatigue in the wet and the sun
 Old Noah got "stewed," which he couldn't have done
 On the rank and pay of a Sapper. [Chorus]

When Moses taught Jews to make bricks without straw
 He infringed on the regular work of our corps,
 And to help win a fight for the crest of a hill,
 Joshua ordered the sun to stand still,
 With the unflinching nerve of a Sapper. [Chorus]

Oh, we build 'em bridges, and wells, and huts;
 Blow up the duds and fill up the ruts;
 Lay down the cable and lay out the trench;
 Dig their old dug-outs and clean up the stench,
 And live like lords, do we Sappers! [Chorus]

R.E.

It is said of Henry Ford, head of the well-known firm of motor manufacturers, that when he was 17 years old he earned three dollars a week. When he was 52, he owned 276 acres of manufacturing plant, with 6,000 machines operating in one room. Every one of his 20,000 odd employees received more each day than he received each week 35 years before. His staff of employees now numbers 41,000, and there are turned out from his factory each day 3,000 aeroplane motors. He pays Income Tax on \$7,000,000 per year.

"There once was a Sergeant named Perkins
 Who was partial to pickles and gherkins;
 He said 'twas the numbers
 Of unripe cucumbers
 That pickled his interior workin's!"

HOSPITAL SPORTS.

Some antics for the "Movie" man.



"LOCKERITIS"

(Or, "The Friday morning feeling".)



Staff Notes.

Our hearty congratulations and good wishes to S.-Sgt. J. B. Macdonald (late Sgt. Steward at Cliveden), who has been granted a Commission in the R.F.C. and has proceeded to Egypt; also to Corpl. E. Bishop, who has also received a Lieutenancy in the R.F.C. May good luck fly with them!

The Orderly Room Staff-Sergeant is to be congratulated that he was able to attend the Sergeants' Ball the other evening, regardless of the fact that he was indisposed. One young lady (a stranger) remarked how ill he looked, and was quite concerned about him. However, he managed to navigate au-right, au-right, but was reported missing from parade the following morning (with many other Sgts. The youthful Mac. came to his assistance during the day, and, although he did not quite fill the chair, managed to surpass even the Staff himself in an air of authority.

Pte.: "I hope you will have a good time to-night, Sergeant. I should like very much to have a dance myself." Sgt.: "Well, of course, we will likely have a dance for the Staff some-time later on; but I would not like to be seen at this dance with some of the people the Privates walk the street with." We hope that this opinion, overheard in a tea shop, is not shared by the Sergeants in general.

Which of our N.C.O.'s was it who became so embarrassed the other day on getting into the 'bus going to Maidenhead that he saluted the conductress and offered an astonished M.O. a sixpence? And is it true that it is only another instance of *cherchez la femme*?

Poor old "Shy's" pedals went back on him after the big dance. "Tripping the light fantastic" isn't the best kind of treatment for poor "pins," and he certainly retains that "all in" look quite a while, don't you think?

That was a great trade that the S.-Sgt. and the Private made in bikes, but, on the level now, *did* the S.-Sgt. really get a square deal?

There's nothing like having lots of nerve! A private away on leave sent this message to the Adjutant's Office: "Having good time, lots of money, no one dead. Wire extension. Will pay for same when I return!"

We should like to know—

Which really suffered the most damage, the Sergeant's dignity or the fern which was

broken by him in his energetic attempts to dance, and who was the charmer who caused his downfall?

Who the officer was who commandeered a bicycle belonging to one of the privates and forgot to pay the compliment of asking the owner's permission to use it?

What did the Sanitary Sergt. say when the "man on the box" landed him at Slough, instead of Cliveden, "after the ball was over"?

Who it was at the Sergeants' Dance who exclaimed with fervour, "I'll learn to dance before Xmas, or 'bust'"! and if there are not others quite as anxious? Why not start a dance kindergarten?

Did anyone notice Sergt. Bradley tripping the one-step so divinely?

Why the Mayoress of Cookham was not present at the dance?

Who is the Night Orderly who dreamed he was married in an officer's uniform, and told the tale so often that he came to believe that it actually had happened? In handing round the cigars to celebrate the happy event he went farther than most dreamers do, and we are anxious to know what will happen when he "wakes up"?

Who is the member of the Orderly Room Staff who so successfully combines ability to secure the necessary capital with the mania to "buy a bicycle"? We have never heard of a drink called a bicycle before! Is there one?

"I shan't come home, 'Slim,' if you don't ring-a-the-bell!" Who was the young man, returning from a birthday party, who would not walk home unless his friend continued ringing the bell? Why did he imagine that he needed an "all clear" signal?

RUMBLINGS FROM THE Q.M.'S DEPT.

It is rumoured that the Co. Officer is going to ask for a multiplying and dividing machine to assist in figuring out the average consumption of beer in the wet canteen. Why not get the M.C. from G.2? He ought to know!

Our Steward is "up in the air." Owing to the non supply of good things for the troops he is turning grey, and contemplates a long vacation in Scotland! Hurrah!!

One of the Ramsgate Sergeants—"Irish" they call him—certainly amuses the Mess, but we could do with a little of his presence at the office! They say he suffered a defeat at the "Shootcut Ridge." Ask Germain!

The Sergeants' "Xop."

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

Tuesday, October 23rd, was an auspicious date in Maidenhead. The Warrant Officers, Staff-Sergeants and Sergeants comprising the Sergeants' Mess at Cliveden gave an invitation Whist Drive and Dance (by kind permission of the Colonel commanding) at the Hippodrome, which was voted to be the most brilliant and successful social event held by any military organisation in Maidenhead since the commencement of the war. The Hall was tastefully decorated; flags and bunting on the ceilings, the floor and stage bloomed with palms, plants and flowers, while floral decorations constituted a dividing line between the dancing floor and the conservatory. The eighty-foot-long buffet, set-off with cut flowers, proved easily accessible and competent to dispense, without discomfort to any, the refreshments lavishly provided for their guests by the hosts. Overhead coloured lights shone on the festive scene, and the whole formed a pleasing setting for one of the most enjoyable gatherings in the history of the Hospital at Cliveden. The entire arrangements were completely successful; not a hitch occurred to mar the pleasure of the evening, and the Dance Committee are to be heartily congratulated upon the result of their efforts, which exceeded all expectations. The Committee comprised:— Q.M.S. Goddard, Chairman; Sergts. R. Eldridge, Dan McLaren, "Barney" McPhail, G. Hayes, R. Walker, F. White, R. Sinclair, J. Bradley, and A. Henderson. That the success of the event was due to the untiring efforts of this committee all concerned are in agreement, and it is hoped that they will use their efforts to inaugurate a series of monthly dances for the coming Winter.

Among those present who were taking advantage of the opportunity for enjoyment were: Col. W. Langmuir Watt, O.C., and Mrs. Watt, Lady Clifford Sifton, Mrs. Waldorf Astor, Mrs. Phipps, Mrs. Mewburn, Miss Farquhar, Capt. and Mrs. Lewis, Capt. and Mrs. George, Capt. and Mrs. Foss, Mr. and Mrs. Randall, Mr. and Mrs. Farr, Capt. Johnson, Capt. Washburn, Capt. Rehill, Capt. Fleming, Capt. Hartt, Capt. Janes, Capt. Jamieson, Capt. Morrison, Capt. Endacott and many others. R.S.M. Jones and every member of the Sergeants' Mess at Cliveden were present, and the Sergeants' Mess of the R.E., Maidenhead; R.E., Marlow; R.E., High

Wycombe; R.E. Bourne End; Canadian Hospital, Uxbridge; Canadian Hospital, Bushey Park; Canadian Hospital, Bearwood; Canadian Hospital, Basingstoke; Canadian Forestry Battalion, Windsor; Canadian Ordnance Corps and Canadian Audits were all strongly represented, and highly appreciated a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

The Hospital Orchestra earned the thanks of all concerned for the delightful manner in which the musical programme was rendered, and which contributed largely to the success of the whole affair.

Q.M.S. Goddard officiated as Master of Ceremonies "as to the manner born."

The Pessimist.

Nothing to do but work,
 Nothing to eat but food,
 Nothing to wear but clothes
 To keep one from being nude.
 Nothing to breath but air,
 Quick as a flash 'tis gone.
 Nowhere to fall but off,
 Nowhere to stand but on.
 Nothing to sing but songs,
 Ah! well! alas! alack!
 Nowhere to go but out,
 Nowhere to come but back.
 Nothing to read but words,
 Nothing to cast but votes,
 Nothing to hear but sounds,
 Nothing to sail but boats.
 Nothing to comb but hair,
 Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
 Nothing to weep but tears,
 Nothing to bury but dead.
 Nothing to see but sights,
 Nothing to quench but thirst,
 Nothing to have but what we've got.
 Thus through life we're cursed.
 Nothing to strike but a gait,
 Everything moves that goes.
 Nothing at all but common sense
 Can ever withstand these woes.

LEN WEINBERG, Alex. 1.

VERY few people, probably, are aware that Mr. Bonar Law was born in Canada.

Postal Notes.

By "POSTIE."

We start off with a denial; an emphatic denial! We did not divulge the fact *re* Maud and the "Quarter Bloke"; besides we were under the impression "that her name was Jane"!

Sorry, folks, but after to-day our stamp sales will be conducted on a strictly cash basis, owing to the fact that our credit man is missing. When last seen, he was wandering, scantily clad, with straw in his hair, muttering, "Two and fourpence, two and fourpence!!"

Next door has been very quiet lately. Not a song has been heard; not even the musical rattle of the "bones."

"Slim" has been acting in a very peculiar manner of late. While pouring over official documents he is heard to mutter, "De Ida, de Ta." What these mystic words mean we know not!

Some folks around here have acquired considerable added dignity lately, with their good conduct stripes! Did one receive his for being so "Noickey"?

In answer to repeated enquiries on the matter of stamp language, we desire to say that we think the matter too complicated for these columns, and beg to refer the anxious ones to the Hospital Debating Club now forming. There is too much language around a Post Office at the best of times, without adding to our burdens!

We have been told that "one of the most blinding things on earth is extreme riches." We would be perfectly willing to take one chance at it, even if we had to wear green glasses!!

We expect to see lots of shamrock when the boys come back from the ould Sod. Good luck to them!

We want to know—

Why Gertie stopped writing those threatening post cards?

Why the goat's batman does not come round for his post card? Be a sport "Shorty!"

EDISON, the world-famous inventor, is said to have commenced his activities at a very early age. When he was seven he induced a small companion to swallow a number of dry Seidlitz powders, and then to drink a glass of water. Edison, it is reported, was very disappointed because the gas thus generated in the lad's inside did not enable him to rise like a balloon!

"Rats."

We haven't very much to do at night when we have kissed all the patients "good night," except shoulder responsibility. Have you noticed how round-shouldered we are? One would think that we were like Atlas. He was the "gink" who offended Jove, you remember, and as a punishment was made to carry the World on his shoulders. I often wondered where he placed his feet, and I tried to illustrate it to the corporal last night, with the result that I stepped on my left ear, causing partial deafness, and now a person who whispers in my right ear (which is left—joke) "Have a drink!" meets with a disappointing acquiescence.

Anyhow, to get back to where we have nothing to do at night—which is often. We have decided to cultivate the acquaintance of a large family of rats, who reside near here, and are glad to say that we are very successful, and note that their intelligence is, like our own, almost human.

The father of the family is a fine fellow whom we name "Archie," because his voice is sweet and low, but he has a nasty habit which he persists in. For instance, after we have paid him a social call and have returned to work (on the top of the desk with a bundle of Diet Sheets for a pillow, whiskey requisitions on top—they send us to sleep quickly) he will take a bracing walk through the grease traps, then return our visit and awaken us by rubbing against our faces, and purring contentedly. We strenuously object to this procedure because the Quarter-Master is so fussy about the disposal of fats (see Q.M. order, No. 5555). Anyhow, he has a wife and nineteen children to support, and we haven't that many, thank the Lord!

The mother is a dear thing. We call her "Cyclops" because she only has one eye. She lost the other through looking too strenuously after her conjugal rights. I only have one fault to find with her. She, like the working people, is either christening babies or searching novels for names for future use.

HEARD IN ALEX. 2.—Night Sister (to member of new convoy): "Are you medical?"

New Member (seriously): "No, I'm a Scotchman!"

V.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

A month has gone since the last notes. We welcome many fresh men from Cliveden, who all speak highly of the treatment and kindness they received whilst there.

We have been inspected by our C.O., Lady Lincolnshire, who was accompanied by the Marquis of Lincolnshire and his brother, Colonel Carrington.

Our thanks to Mr. R. Birch and Mr. C. W. Raffety for concert tickets, also to the C.O. for tea at Dawes Hill, and Mrs. Hastings for the Sunday evening music. Many thanks to Mr. Rowland Green for the supply of stationery, which he has given ever since the Hospital started.

The Whist Drives are even more popular than ever, and we mustered 16 tables this week.

A penny competition caused considerable amusement, and some 40 odd articles, varied and well worth the penny, were on show.

I am sure the up-patients enjoyed very much the concert promoted by the Mayoress, Miss Birch, at the Town Hall, High Wycombe, on Wednesday, October 24th. I can assure you the bed-patients envied them very much indeed.

We shall all be very sorry to lose the Mayor (Alderman W. Birch). His speech was very much appreciated by all present at the concert, especially the "broken and bent."

We have great pleasure in informing the patients of H.1 Ward that "Old Bill" (L-Cpl. Moore) still holds his reputation at Wycombe V.A.D. He is the terror of No. 3 Ward—especially with his X-rays.

The "Demon Dancer" is still "going the pace." He was seen the other day with two school-girls hanging around him. He is known here as the "Baby-Hunter."

We are very pleased to say the Whist Drives have started again, thanks to Miss Thurlow, who has returned from a well-earned holiday. We are very pleased to say No. 3 carried off a prize again this week.

"Old Bill" sincerely hopes that old "Fagan" is behaving himself whilst in the spinal chair, and making less work for "Shortie," the orderly in H.1.



An incident of the South African War.—During the South African War, a certain Irish Regiment was one day told off as a skirmishing party. All went well for a time. Suddenly, they came upon a number of Boers. Seeing that they were out-numbered, one of them immediately held up his hands, exclaiming, "Don't shoot, Rooinek! I am a Veldt Cornet" (meaning an officer). Here the ready, quick wit of one Irishman came into play. Rushing at the Veldt Cornet with fixed bayonet, he exclaimed, "Be Jabers, I don't care if you are a blooming brass band; you have got to have it," and immediately carried his threat into execution.

*** W.T., No. 5 Ward.

Heard in No. 4 Ward.—Enthusiastic V.A. Nurse (lately promoted to do simple dressings) to Doctor on his morning round: "Now, Doctor, come and look at my legs!!"

A wounded Tommy who was recuperating at this Hospital was once asked by a "skeg" (his own particular term for a flapper), "How he was wounded?" The reply was "That he was wheeling daylight into a dark cellar, when the roof fell in." Was he serious?

R. L. TENNANT, Ward No. 9.

IN MEMORY OF MY COMRADES

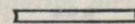
IN THE EAST.

Silent they sleep in that desert land,
Gathered like pearls in an alien grave,
Scattered like shells on the ocean's sand,
My comrades, who fought so brave.

IN THE WEST.

The deeds of those who sleep in death must
honoured be
By all humanity; their deathless fame the fields
of France
Proclaim, for wondering worlds to hear and see
How great they were, our martyred sons of
chance!

CPL. T. SCOTT, High Wycombe.



A FEW years ago, it will be remembered, some ladies affected the bloomer costume for cycling. One such lady got lost on one of her trips, and, seeing a gentleman approach, asked: "Will you tell me, please, if this is the way to Wareham?" "Well," was the reply, "I don't know. I aint never seen any before!"

Sports & Amusements.

BASEBALL.

The baseball season came to an end on Saturday, October 20th, when Epsom, the self-styled champions of the Canadian Overseas Forces in England (although only second in the Pennant Race) flatly refused to play the disputed game with the "Astorias."

The "Millionaires" were very confident that they were quite able to administer one more "trimming" to the "Bear-Cats" from Epsom, and both the team and their followers were keenly disappointed at their refusal to play.

The "Astorias" had won two games from them previously, but the third game was ordered to be replayed, and Epsom's refusal to take part clearly indicates an attack of cold feet. However, the League honours go to the "Astorias," and the members of the team will be the recipients, individually, of beautiful silver cups donated by Mrs. Waldorf Astor.

The team has had a most successful season, winning 31 out of the 35 games played, and great credit is due to those who worked so hard and manfully in the interests of the team from the commencement of the season. It is highly creditable for them to have achieved so large a measure of success as they have done. Colonel Watt and Mrs. Waldorf Astor have been a tower of strength to them, and the able management of R.S.M. Jones has done much towards bringing out the qualities of game-winning.

The members of the team were Capt. Rehill, centre field; R.S.M. Jones, manager; Sergt. McPhail, catcher; Pte. Stanley, pitcher; Pte. Rogers, pitcher; L.-Cpl. Bishop, 1st base; Cpl. Macklin, 2nd base; Pte. Maddox, short-stop; Pte. Latimer, 3rd base; Cpl. Conway, 2nd field; Pte. Peacock, centre-field; Pte. Reid, long-field; Pte. Edmonston, 3rd base.

It is expected that the cups will be presented when those members of the team now absent on leave return to duty.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The movement to form a Hospital Debating Society has operated very promisingly, and on Monday evening, in the Gymnasium, the question "Is it worth while to attend a Debating Society?" was thoroughly discussed. The affirmative was taken by Corporal Paul, J.1, who

tackled his subject exceedingly well. His main arguments settled around the educational aspect. Corpl. Morling (C) in speaking for the negative, had the more difficult task, and he spoke more on the conduct of debating societies, and failed to establish any real grounds why such institutions were not productive of good. Moreover, his sympathies were overwhelmingly with and not against such organisations. However, he was witty and critical, though after the discussion, and a criticism by Lt.-Col. J. C. Meakins, the favours of the vote rested with the affirmative. It is safe to predict that these debates will become extremely popular. The next is to take place at the Gymnasium on Friday.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

Our cordial thanks are due and heartily given to the following for their kind hospitality to the boys: Countess of Annesley, Lady Boston, Lady Vansittart Neale, the Hon. Cecil Irby, Mrs. Astor, Mr. Elliott, Mrs. Bradish-Ellames, Mrs. L. Clarke, Mrs. Skimming, Mrs. Archie Baker, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Mrs. Buckeley, Mrs. Serocold, Mrs. Fuller, Miss Barry, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. de Lothbiniere, Miss Coleman, Mr. Wagg, Mrs. Wilding (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Fortune (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Hawke (Farnham Royal), and Messrs. Spindler and Son.

The visits of the following concert parties have given great pleasure to large audiences, and we voice our gratitude to the entertainers: "High Jinks" Concert Party, Victor Biegel's Concert Party, Miss d'Egville's Dramatic Party, Miss Bowden and Master Sydney Bennett Boulting (the child coster impersonator), the Rowland Ramblers' Concert Party, Mrs. Collins' London Party and Mr. Lewis Hill's Concert Party.

A party of patients were privileged to see "Within the Lines" at the Apollo Theatre recently. They were entertained to lunch by Lady Essex, and partook of tea at the Y.M.C.A. headquarters. They also visited Madame Tus-saud's waxworks. The day was certainly a memorable one.

The lectures by Mr. Santiago and Mr. Edgar Billingham were thoroughly interesting, and very greatly enjoyed by a large number of men.

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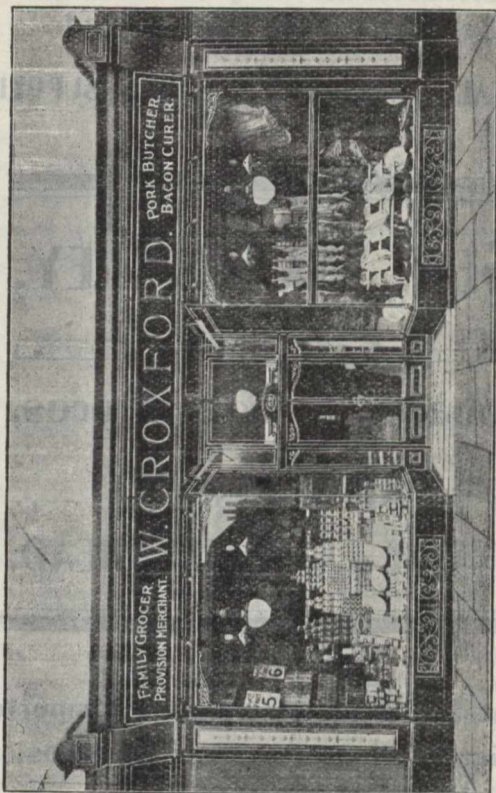
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Taplow Ct.	1 18	2 18	3 18	4 18	5 18	6 18	7 18	8 18	9 13
Cliveden H.	1 25	2 25	3 25	4 25	5 25	6 25	7 25	8 25	9 20
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Cliveden H.	1 30	2 30	3 30	4 30	5 30	6 30	7 30	8 30	9 30
Taplow Ct.	1 37	2 37	3 37	4 37	5 37	6 37	7 37	8 37	9 37
Maidenhead	1 50	2 50	3 50	4 50	5 50	6 50	7 50	8 50	9 45

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