

VOL. I., No. 25.

JUNE 1ST, 1918.

“

Stand

& Easy”

Chronicles
of

Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

THREEPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

FOR

MOTORS

AT

MAIDENHEAD.

Phone: 289 & 194.

Sports. Games.

Croquet. Bowls. Golf. Tennis.

Cutlery & Tools. Flash Lamps.



J. BUDGEN & Co.,

Furnishing Ironmongers,

49 & 51, High Street, ...

MAIDENHEAD.

Established 1866.

Phone: 223, Maidenhead.

E. T. Biggs & Sons,

32, HIGH STREET

(Under the Clock),

MAIDENHEAD, ::

Silversmiths, Jewellers & Watchmakers,



Every class of Gold, Silver and Electro-plated Goods,
Clocks & Watches, which we are at all times pleased
to send on approval, at Moderate Prices.

All kinds of Repairs & Mountings done at the lowest
possible prices, consistent with good workmanship.

Wrist Watches a Speciality.

Established 1723.

Telegrams: "Fuller Davies, Maidenhead."

Telephone: No. 80.



FULLER & DAVIES,

:: Family Grocers, ::

Wine & Spirit Merchants,

:: Provision Importers, ::

126 & 126a, High Street,
MAIDENHEAD.

STORE PRICES.

Telephone: No. 312.

Telegrams: "Webber, Maidenhead."

J. C. Webber & Sons, Ltd.,

MAIDENHEAD,

Silk Mercers and Drapers.

Everything for Ladies' Wear, including—COSTUMES, DAINTY FROCKS, BLOUSES, NECK WEAR, SILKS and DRESS FABRICS.

Household Linens & House Furnishing a Speciality.



Post Orders carefully attended to
and all Parcels Carriage Paid. ::

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW
AND SMART TO BE SEEN.

ESTIMATES AND PATTERNS FREE ON APPLICATION.

COMPLETE FUNERAL FURNISHERS.

THE BRITISH AUTOMOBILE

TRACTION Co., Limited.

SERVICE between MAIDENHEAD (Bear Hotel),
TAPLOW COURT and CLIVEDEN HOSPITAL,
Week-Days and Sundays:—

Maidenhead	12 5	1 52	2 53	3 54	4 55	5 56	6 58	7 59	8 0
Taplow Ct.	12 18	1 182	2 183	3 184	4 185	5 186	6 188	7 189	8 13
Cliveden H.	12 25	1 252	2 253	3 254	4 255	5 256	6 258	7 259	8 20
Cliveden H.	12 30	1 302	2 303	3 304	4 305	5 306	6 308	7 309	8 30
Taplow Ct.	12 37	1 372	2 373	3 374	4 375	5 376	6 378	7 379	8 37
Maidenhead	12 50	1 502	2 503	3 504	4 505	5 506	6 508	7 509	8 45

FARES—Maidenhead & Taplow Court, 3d.; Maidenhead & Cliveden Hospital, 6d.; Taplow Court and Cliveden Hospital, 3d.; Bear Hotel and "Dumb Bell" Corner, 2d.

G. W. CODDINGTON,

Saddler & Harness Maker,

TRUNKS and .. The Best Shop for
LEATHER GOODS. Travelling Requisites.

LEATHER and FIBRE
SUIT CASES.

CABIN and IMPERIAL
TRUNKS, &c.

NILGIRI CANES. ..
WALKING STICKS
(Mounted and Unmounted).



LETTER CASES.

CASH BELTS.

A LARGE STOCK OF

FANCY
LEATHER GOOD,
&c., &c.

Telephone: 504.

Established 1765.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:

7 & 53, Queen Street, ..
MAIDENHEAD.

SKINDLES,

Principal and Largest Hotel.

Special inclusive Terms for Winter Season:
16/6 per day.

Telephones: 268, 269, 270.

MAIDENHEAD.

T. J. Lovegrove,

HOUSE FURNISHER,



CHINA, GLASS & EARTHENWARE,
HARDWARE, BROOMS, BRUSHES,
And all HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES.



13 & 15, KING STREET,
MAIDENHEAD.

MONTAGUE C. ROCK, M.P.S.,

Dispensing & Photographic Chemist.

FILMS AND PLATES DEVELOPED
within 24 hours.

PRINTING & ENLARGING at Short Notice.

Orders by Post & Telephone (466) receive prompt attention.

38, KING ST., MAIDENHEAD.

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY.

RICHARD HOPE,

"Ye Olde Smokeries,"

High Street, Maidenhead.

Next to the Town Hall.

Maidenhead

(BRIDGE STREET)

Picture Theatre.

Telephone: 277.



Continuous Performance daily from
2.30 to 10.30. :: Sundays at 7.30.

The Pick of the World's Latest,
Greatest and Best Photo-Plays
are screened at this Theatre.

CHARMING MUSIC.
COSY, COMFORTABLE & CONVENIENT.

Popular Prices.

de la Hay,

Civil & Military Tailor,

89, QUEEN STREET,
MAIDENHEAD.

Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 25.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1st, 1918.

THREEPENCE.

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

On Camouflage.

Not for the first time has the French language furnished us with a word to fill an aching void in our vocabulary. The word camouflage is not merely expressive; it is tactful, and what better combination could be desired? It has irrevocably joined hands with the other unique "thin ice" words we have acquired from the same source. It can be witty, forceful, eloquent and elegant at the same time. No wonder it is a popular word, and that, like all popular things, it has found its way into the very hurdy-gurdies of democracy. Everyone uses it. It is a pronounced—and often mispronounced—descriptive, not to say discreet.

Human nature is full of deep-rooted camouflage. Should we jam our finger in the door in the presence of friends, why do we smile and say brightly, "Oh, it's nothing," although our finger-nail turns black as the result? Camouflage. We long to swear—we *do* swear behind that twisted camouflage of a smile—but outwardly, "Oh, it's nothing!" That smile is very symbolic—especially of to-day. But, alas! our camouflage is not always so stoical; on the contrary, it can be quite ignoble. Perhaps the commonest form, and the most transparent, is the one which expresses itself in the words, "So sorry—must you go?" Another, which follows it closely is, "I'm really no good, you know, but I don't mind making a fourth." This particular brand of camouflage has been known to reduce people not only to indignant pulp, but also financially.

But we should be thankful for this bright, piquant word. It can be made to express truths that heretofore have sounded harsh and uncouth. If we see a woman coming towards us with an unnatural complexion, hair which reminds us (painfully) of coins that used to be worth twenty shillings, and a hat whose cumulative effect is disaster, not youth, are we vulgar, unfortunate, or even unkind in our observations? Thanks to the French—and to the War—we

are not. Camouflage is our one and only, yet significant utterance. If we notice a pretty girl gazing intently into the window of a man's hatshop, furtively busying herself—well, anyhow, do we think brutal thoughts of "red noses" and their corollaries, "powder-puffs"? Certainly not. "Camouflage!" we murmur, conscious of the elasticity of the latest word, and pass on.

Wherever men and women congregate, the student of humanity will be continually aware of the absolute necessity of a word like camouflage. How many club bores have been utterly frustrated by the—what?—camouflage, that's it!—of an ordinary newspaper held up like a wall between them and their otherwise helpless victims? How many men would slumber in a public place without a camouflage in the shape of that same newspaper to mask the terrible lapse from dignity of their faces in repose? As for the more frequent sex, their every action almost is a camouflage. Moreover, they are past-mistresses at camouflaging their camouflages. They make a man seem a prize bungler at the game for which, at last, we have a real, live label. From the time woman gets up to the time she retires she has run the whole gamut of camouflage. She is only beaten when she becomes engaged. (I will not go into the psychology of her defeat.) For anything more camouflaged than the average man when he is in that blissful, unbalanced state of about-to-be-married-to-the-only-girl-in-the-world would be harder to find than the extinct dodo.

Camouflage is either the strategic cheese in the mouse-trap or the natural hide of the chyderm. Broadly speaking, men camouflage their vulnerability (*i.e.*, their ignorance) and women camouflage their motives. Camouflage may conceal a whole armoury of whit-sharpened weapons or it may conceal nothing but a large empty barn where bats do duty for thoughts. It has also other and more pleasant vocations. It can make margarine sound appetising and war bread seem better bred.

C. G. TAYLOR in *Books of To-day*.

PRIDE goeth before and the bill cometh after.

The Coward.

He had always been a weakling, and he dreamed such dreams that, as people remarked, "to say the least, he is peculiar!" The story is told that once when he cut his finger by accident and saw the blood he fainted; who else but a weakling would do that?

He didn't "join up" when war was declared, and on many occasions he was presented with white feathers by thoughtless young ladies, who constantly regretted that they were not men, etc., but he always took them with a thoughtful air, and looked at them as if he didn't understand why they should be given to him. On one occasion, when a young lady a bit bolder than the rest asked him why he didn't join the Army, he replied that he would never make a soldier because he would never be able to kill a man in cold blood, the thought was too horrible. She turned up her nose as she left him, and muttered something about cowardice.

The words stung him like a blow. Was he really a coward? Did he really refrain from joining the Army because he was afraid for his own personal safety? Such thoughts chased each other across his mind. There was no doubt he was afraid of many things; for instance, he was afraid of being alone in the dark, not from fear of anything material, but a supernatural fear of the unknown that the darkness portended, but he was quite sure that he was not afraid of anything that could hurt his physical being.

The more he pondered on the question the more sure he was of himself. He could not deliberately kill, say to him and do to him what they would, he knew that the cause which they asked him to fight for was a just one, but he could not bring himself to the point of view which would enable him to offer himself as an instrument to shed blood—the blood of men of thought and feelings similar to his own, despite the fact that the system they fought under was a wrong one.

Events moved rapidly, and his country decided that if he would not offer his services they would avail themselves of them by force, so they sent him a curt notice to the effect that he must report himself for service at a certain date, failing which, etc., etc.

At last the crisis had arrived! What should he do? He was positive that he could not be a soldier! Should he do as other men

were doing, and refuse to serve even under the penalty of being put in prison, or should he don the uniform and be a traitor to it? Such thoughts whirled through his brain until he thought that his head must burst. He decided to take a walk in the cool night air, perhaps he would be able to think a little more clearly.

Suddenly, as he walked along in the darkness, there came a "boom!" followed by another and another in quick succession; the "Take Cover" had sounded! There was a hurried rush of feet, and in a very short time he found himself standing in a deserted street. A crash and a blinding flash brought him to his senses, and, turning quickly, he saw a house collapse as if it were made of cards. Further up the street came another "boom" and another flash, and the front of a house was cut clean as if by a gigantic knife. He dashed up the street! Could he be of any assistance? At the back of the house he could dimly see, through the dust and smoke, that the stairway still stood, and that he would be able to reach the upper rooms if he wished. Was it possible that there could be someone up the stairs who needed help? Climbing over the debris, he reached the stairs, and, climbing carefully, he reached the room above. There on a bed lay a silent form. He crept towards it, but just as he reached it there was a mighty crash—then silence. The falling wall had answered the great question for him.

J. B. M.

Our Holidays.

We chillingly rise ere daylight's approach,
And blinkingly breakfast in comfortless gloom,
To catch a damp steamer to see a new place,
To visit a relic, or gaze at a tomb.

For we'd never be happy—no none of us would
If we didn't see all of the world that we could,
So up mountains we clamber, they have to be
done,

Knee-deep in the mud and dead beat with the
sun.

And this is our holiday, oh, what a treat!
The wonders we see and the people we meet,
And the money it costs
Would buy up the street.

But soon it is over, so hip, hip, hurray,
We're back in the old home with nothing to pay,
To stay and to rest, please God,
Many a day.

M. I. B.

A Summer Spell.

A load of hay in the street to-day,
 I close my eyes and the old dreams throng
 Back to the time when the world was May,
 And I hear the rush of the robin's song,
 And my heart, with its rue and asphodel,
 Grows mute with love, in the old sweet way,
 At the mystic tones of summer's spell.

A load of hay in the street to-day,
 A hint of rain in the sun-sweet air,
 A clover scent in the flash of spray,
 And the face of one who waited there,
 And the mirrored fields that autumn brings,
 Oh, life and love, how far away
 From the heart that longs for thy whisperings.

A load of hay in the street to-day,
 And the tears fall fast in the dark to-night,
 For the summer spell has gone away,
 Making sorrow and breathing blight,
 Bringing winter instead of the light of blossoming
 may and voice of God,
 For I lie alone in the shadows grey,
 And dream of one in the fields of God.

MARY BAKER, Ranworth, Cookam.

Answers to Correspondents.

The Editor wishes it to be quite understood that all correspondence dealt with in this column is strictly confidential.

Meeting.—Quite a good idea if it had been successful, but it is the first time we have known anyone to wear an American flag (or any other) for identification purposes. Sorry to hear the girl passed you by.

Wireman.—What made you think they kept three-inch spanners in the Police Office? Did you imagine spanners were part of their equipment for knock-out purposes or just plain rough-housing? Have a heart, Serg., else you will be putting the "breeze up" our champions of Law and order.

Mac.—Sorry to hear you are feeling down these days, Corp. The suspense must be heart-breaking, but perhaps Elsie will write soon. If its only a post-card it's something tangible, anyway. Quite right. The Scotch caps are liable to attract the opposite sex immensely.

PEOPLE who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds.

The 'Specials' Garden of Yerses.

(With apologies to R.L.S.)

BED!

In winter I go out at night
 And go on duty by moonlight.
 In summer quite the other way,
 I start sometimes by light of day.

I have to go because, you see,
 My Chief Inspector orders me;
 He thinks that I enjoy the treat
 Of going round and round my beat.

And does it not seem hard to you,
 When there is nothing much to do,
 And I should like to be in bed,
 To have to tramp the streets instead?

GOOD AND BAD SPECIALS.

Specials, you are very willing,
 And the work you do is grilling;
 If you think the duty hateful,
 Don't forget the public's grateful.

You must not, where'er you're stationed,
 Get disheartened or impatient,
 But remain until there's peace, men,
 Dutiful and loyal policemen.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
 Duty done in nasty places;
 That is how our brave protectors
 Reach the ranks of Chief inspectors.

But the kind that are untidy,
 And the sort who're always sidey,
They will never get promotion,
 They can put away that notion.

Haughty sergeants, sidey coppers,
 Always come most awful coppers,
 Hated with immoderation
 On their beats and at the station.

Cats' Meat for Dogs.

If ninety *groats for twenty cats
 Will furnish three weeks' fare,
 How many hounds for forty pounds,
 Less one, may winter there?

Just ninety days and one assume,
 The winter space to be;
 And note that what five cats consume
 Will serve for dogs but three.

*A Groat equals 4d.

Ward Notes.

F.1.

If any reader of the CHRONICLES has a few spare bottles of whiskey, brandy or rum, will he be so kind as to send them to F.1 on the double? A very thirsty patient persists in using a certain gramophone record umpteen times a day, and if it is true that another little drink wouldn't do him any harm—well, the sooner he's supplied the better for everybody else!

We notice that a recent routine order deals with "unserviceable patients' clothing," &c. Of course we cannot answer for other wards, but there are no unserviceable patients in our happy home.

Sir Sam shows a marked improvement since he started the noble art of hash-slinging. Where does he get all the sugar for our tea?

Our orderlies do not have to indent for mustard nowadays, as there is a good supply on hand. Ask Keen or Coleman.

The two Charlies are issuing a challenge to all comers for a three-legged race. They are a little undecided whether to connect the two good limbs and run the others or *vice versa*, but apart from this everything is "O.K."

A close contest is now going on between Foreman and Craig for the singing championship of F.1. Three to two on Foreman! One or two others are practising, but they can only be regarded as "also rans."

G.2.

We very much regret the loss of Sister Stewart, who has left for Buxton.

We have also had a change in our night staff.

Sorry you have left us, Sister McKibben! Anyhow, you have our best wishes wherever you go.

To console our sorrows we have Sister Murray to spread her sheltering wing over us while we sleep.

Oh, Browning! we welcome you back most heartily, but at the same time we know you are not exactly pleased to return.

We would like to point out to you and B—ne that there was no need for either of you to get another complaint, as you had been boarded. All right, we'll say no more.

Things we would like to know—

Who is Baker?

Who had his issue of castor oil?

Why is Buss so anxious for a certain Friday?

Who are the bed-patients who were seen on the river?

Why is it "Spud" never goes out these days?

Who said C.B.?

Who heard the nightingale?

And who sat up to hear it?

What made the Irishman take his flag down?

Was it because of the Dublin arrests?

H.1.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. Gordon, our Sisters and kitchen staff for the very enjoyable Whist Drive we had on Wednesday night.

We regret losing Sisters Hay and Gagne, who have now gone on night duty in other wards.

We hope they have a good gramophone in Sister Gagne's new ward.

How do eggs taste that are boiled for a week? Ask Scott and Grant.

We can see the kitchen staff having a desperate counter-attack soon.

Who said Dymond couldn't win?

What is all the talk going on on the verandah about kidnapping?

Where did "Peggy" get the perfumed handkerchief, and why did one of the Sisters think it was hers?

What about those pies, and who won the bet?

H.2.

These are indeed great days in the "nerve" ward. Board papers and furlough are the chief topics of conversation, and such things as the prairie and the old homestead seem so close now that several of us can feel the rocking of the boat. In the meantime, the less fortunate ones must stick around, and smile and smoke Player's at 5^d. for 10, because they are not "on the staff." We are not downhearted, but one can't keep a good grouch bottled up for ever.

Thanks chiefly to "Slim" and Lance-Corporal Sinclair, we carried off several prizes at the Empire Day Sports. They both work in the kitchen, so perhaps it's the merits of a full stomach. We must not, however, forget the brilliant dash put up by our Jack. The police will have you before long, Jack. Welcome back to H.2, Sister Nairn!

J.2.

We deeply regret losing our Charge Sister, Sister Wilkinson, who has gone to France. She carries with her our sincere good wishes.

Things we want to know—

Who was the Canadian found to be concealing three dinners inside his locker and a buckshee on top? Wake up, Rhondda! No wonder the troops are starving. We will have him up in "Court."

Whose foot-prints were found in the flower garden the night after coming from isolation? Was he watering the flowers?

Who is the man in K.2 who is learning to play the violin? Does he belong to the Navy, as he is certainly good on the high "C.s."?

Who is the Colonial who persistently "Non compos hyenthis"?

Who is the patient who takes three No. 9's nightly and shouts for more in the morning? Why not try a roll of Smith's barbed wire?

K.1.

Well, H——, you thought that you could swank on the boys of K.1, but you can't tell old soldiers tales. They have "had some" before you came up, mate. We would be delighted to see you go over the top with the boys, but we are afraid that your weak heart—but we hope and trust that you are not "swinging the lead."

Well, we are pleased to notice that the R.F.A. is in action at last. We are all delighted to see the fine barrage that they can put up when it is dark. Keep it up, H——, you will soon get a stock of shells (egg shells), and a very accurate aim. We would all like to know what time is the next barrage. We would rather you give us notice, so that it won't upset the patients' nerves; but keep a sharp eye on the gentlemen of the Infantry, the boys who know how to do it.

We are sorry to lose most of our old boys, who are leaving us for Canada in a short time. Best of luck to you, old boys, and we wish you a pleasant journey and trust that you will land there safely; but keep a sharp eye on Fritz.

Well, we are sorry to lose our Sister, and we welcome our new Sister-in-Charge, and we hope that her stay will be a long one.

We also welcome the new patients. We see that they are good Canadian boys. Well, we wish them every success.

K.2.

We heartily welcome our new M.O., Major Dixon, and trust his stay with us will be a long one.

Good old "Frank"! First prize man, eh! What did the attractive partner say, and is it right she made you run like one possessed?

We take this opportunity of thanking our Sisters most heartily for the buckshee week-end spreads, which everyone appreciates (the Sub-Editor included).

Did the girl turn you down, Bobby? Have we "guest" right? What price T.B. now?

Things we want to know—

- Why "Moore's" has left the kitchen?
- Why "Curly" is polishing his buttons these days?
- How much it cost S— last Tuesday?
- Who is the "Cribbage" champion?

ALEX. 1.

Who is the patient who, when there was a river trip on and a tea, he put aside his crutches and walked with a stick, and another patient brought his crutches to the Isolation Hospital and he refused them? Does the M.O. know of it? If so—poor old Castle. And the pipe did not go well when it got burned down to the green leaves and matches were scarce.

Why is Alex. 1 alive so early in the morning at 5.30?

What did Paddy think when he awoke from his peaceful sleep and found his bed upside down on the floor? Did he think there was an air raid?

Does our Night Sister hold with open-air treatment? If so, it's a good thing we have a little sunshine instead of snow.

Did Castle and Deaken think their beds were going for a walk when they found them on the road to the Post Office?

Poor old Wilson did not fire a shot.

One of our old patients is back again from the tent section, having a rest on the verandah; he could not sleep much in the wards. Never mind, Jock, the Sister will call you if you have to rise early, but do not go to a tea party as beer is scarce now.

Does Jock still get toothache in his hand when the band is playing and when the Sister is *dressing it*, but he does not like his hair cut by a *kind lady*.

ALEX. 2.

Welcome back again, Watson (our kitchen C.O.) We trust you enjoyed your honeymoon, and hope that in future all your troubles will be little ones.

Watson wishes to kindly thank all the boys, Sisters and M.O. of the ward for the lovely present with which they presented him. It came as a pleasant surprise to him, and he greatly appreciated same.

L./Cpl. "Slim" Warburton, of clinical fame, is much worried over the high price of face cream. He continually gazes into the mirror, worrying over his complexion, much to the detriment of the said mirror.

"Tonsil," our orderly, is developing a new complaint. The boys are in sympathy with him. He *boils* with rage on "wind-up" morning if you make a move around the ward. Now he shows the real article. Motto: "A boil in the kettle is worth two on the neck."

"Ink-Ink" Fraser has got his khaki once again. Now you Maidenhead flappers, look out!

"Red" Walsh was down to London for a couple of days. He's come back with a new song:—"I asked her where she was going and she said yes." He seems pretty good on it. By one who knows.

Macauley didn't enter the bowling tournament. He's going in for a lot of billiards lately. He was seen reading a book on billiards. Why this change? Is he a dark horse for the billiard tournament, I wonder?

ONTARIO 1.

The appearance of certain patients' boots in this ward has made us wonder very often if we couldn't get into the good graces of the M.O., and have him prescribe a teaspoonful of rendered "Ronuk" for those who insist upon keeping dirty boots under their lockers.

What took ——— down to the river just before bed-time the other evening? Was it really to get his pipe—left there in the morning and not missed until then.

Why is it that the same gentleman always decides to walk up and down the ward just when the sweepers are getting ready for Mack and polishers?

Who are the boys who are anxious for hair cuts now they have learned there is a lady barber?

Why is "Slim" looking so worried lately? Cheer up, old man. Even if you aren't making headway, Canada is getting nearer.

Will someone tell us what sort of animal Jack met in London when on a week-end? Poor fellow, he looked rather tired and frightened on his return.

Will Mr. Artful get his ticket after all? We hope so.

The Burnham Wayfarer.

The "Crispin" is my home (I shall not
I seek it when I'm dry, ——— [want),
My troubled mind it eases,
My thirst doth satisfy.

My nerves it doth retone again,
And me to walk doth make
Oft times "zig-zag" within its walls,
When I too much partake.

Yea, though I walk there every night,
Yet will I never fear,
For, whether I have cash or not,
I shall not want for beer.

My table there is always spread,
And jealous are my foes,
For when their drinks are rationed,
Yet my glass overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And when the war is over, this house
My dwelling-place shall be. A.B.

!!!

It was in a military hospital,
On a hot and tiresome day,
A "Sammie," sick and wounded, there
A helpless patient lay.

He cried aloud, "If I could hear
Our American Band again,
I'd rise and walk this very day,
In spite of all my pain."

The band was fetched, they played to him,
And "Sammie" soon revived—
Regained his strength and walked about,
But the other patients died. A.B.

A BABY is the prince of wails, a dweller
of lapland, the morning caller, noonday crawler,
and midnight brawler.

Staff Notes.

On the arrival of the last convoy, it was necessary for one of the newly-made N.C.O.'s to dust his stripes with a little extra overtime, and, with this purpose in view, he burst into the Registrar's Office with the request for the latest list of wounded, which arrived that day. He was told that said list was not ready, but his eagle eye caught sight of a list pinned together in the basket, and he exclaimed, "You are a d— l—, here's a list right here." He took same away from the basket and went away prepared for a night's work.

Next morning he rushed into the Office again and complained that the list was nine men short (he having made out pack slips for the rest). He was informed that he had no business taking any list from the Office until same was completed. Upon the Intelligence Dept. looking into the matter, it was found that he took the list of a convoy which arrived April 9th, just a month previous. Of course he received the sympathy of the Office for the error he made, and for the enormous amount of work and skill expended needlessly. It is suggested that he spend more time in future on his allotment, as it is thought he will do better growing cabbage than handling convoy lists.

On Friday morning Sister — gave an exhibition of rat killing before a delighted audience. We are glad to say that none of the rats escaped (from their cages).

Early the other morning the Staff on night duty were awakened by a crash which shook the old hospital building and almost smashed a number of the windows. Thinking that something terrible had happened, the Staff rushed out, only to find that it was one of the Night Sisters who was learning to ride a bicycle, and who had attained so much speed that she was unable to steer clear of the building, and so had crashed into it. We are glad to be able to state that the machine is now repaired.

We are asked to announce that the clairvoyance meetings have been discontinued at the Night Sisters' supper table, but it has been arranged that one on the Staff will read tea cups for a nominal sum.

During the thunderstorm the other evening one of the Sisters was so terrified that she threw her arms around the nearest innocent bystander. We are going to "stick around" some during the next storm!

Some people say that they haven't had a sight of spirits for ages, but we are asked to state that two of the Sisters saw some while listening to the guns during the air raid the other night.

With a view to congratulating our latest addition to "A.4" class of N.C.O.'s the following story is given, just as it was told to the writer, who believes that there is more truth than fiction in same:—

"I, Pte. —, was walking leisurely through the Hospital grounds the other Sunday afternoon, when a gentleman stopped me, and shook me heartily by the hand, at the same time saying how pleased he was to have met me, as I was the only one of my kind he had seen that day; and further, requesting me to kindly pose for him to take a snapshot. I was astonished and at the same time puzzled at his interestedness in me, and asked why my new-found admirer made so much of me. He said: 'The explanation is very simple, my good man. I have walked through the Hospital and grounds all day and you are the first full Private among the whole staff that I have come across.' He was just going to take my picture, when along comes the other Private and spoilt the show. However, he has since received promotion, and I am now enjoying the distinction of being 'The Lonely Soldier.'"

To The Corpulent.

Don't earn the contempt of the community. Don't be suspected of Food Hoarding and private gorging! Corpulency is really a disease, but in these days it is deemed a CRIME! Nineteen corpulent men were savagely ill-treated last week by indignant mobs of thin men. Four died. Do *you* want to be beaten? Do *you* want to die?

We do not claim to cure corpulency, but we do claim that our Patent Camouflage Corpulency Concealer will make the fullest stomach look empty. You will be judged by what you seem to be and not by what you really are. Our Patent C.C.C. is wonderful! It leaves you with frame, but no appearance of fat. You dare not look fat nowadays. *It is not safe!*
Cassell's Saturday Journal.

WHERE there's a will there's a lawsuit.

Those Signallers.

Corporal Andrews, of a "Signal Station" situated "Somewhere in France," was lolling at ease against his desk, which consisted of about half-a-dozen ammunition boxes cut to the best advantage. All at once the doorway darkened and Captain Edwards, in charge of the "Signal Station," came through the opening of the dug-out, evidently in the best of humours. "I say, Corporal," he remarked, "I want this Esses Beer message—got that?" "Beer," and the Corporal licked his mouth reminiscently over the fluidity of the word, and proceeded to the buzzing process inevitable to this branch of the Service. "Everything 'O.K.'?" asked the Captain. "Yes, sir," was the Corporal's reply, "except the message requires your monogram." This was immediately written, and the Captain took his departure, also two "Bystanders," four "Sketches" and two candles, much to the signaller's dismay.

Carey, the operator, commenced to strafe his luck in general, and the air became positively blue after quite a short time, and even the hard-bitten Corporal was obliged to place his fingers in his ears, which was eloquent of Carey's command of language.

Yet another message, and the Corporal turned to Carey with the order, "Just put this through, old kid, and look — sharp about it, the old man's got the tantrums to-day, he's carrying on like a one-man volcano." Carey, with a muttered something, got the message through, then sat down on his box and lit a cigarette.

All at once Carey pulled himself together with a start, and, turning to the Corporal, asked, "What the h—s that, Corp.?" "Oh, just old Jerry getting busy," was the Corporal's reply, in a chastened tone, as a distant "whoof" spoke of a spent shell dropping unpleasantly near the dug-out.

A few minutes elapsed, and the buzzer started, keeping Carey breathlessly busy for about fifteen minutes. "Wire broke on three connections," was his report. His subsequent remarks about the ungentlemanly Boche are unprintable, and were heartily endorsed by all his companions, for it meant a pretty job at 2 o'clock in the morning somewhere in the darkness out yonder.

"About time that relief was along, isn't it?" asked the Corporal peevishly. "You bet," was

Carey's pithy response. He was getting badly fed up.

Carey's relief, Hudson, a freckled-faced man of some uncertain age and nasty temper, appeared on the scene, and took Carey's ear-pieces over with a rather playful remark that "Carey had ears like a cauliflower," which was resented by Carey most heartily, and he showed his disapproval by smiting the unhappy Hudson over the head with a "dud" 15-in. shell. Carey then laid down for his two hours rest before the section relief came on.

Carey awoke with a start, as a chuckle came from the corner where Hudson was installed. "What are you laughing at, you silly goat!" asked Carey playfully, and Hudson replied that "the remarks coming through regarding the previous operator were enough to make a cat laugh." A wicked crash near by brought their remarks to an abrupt close, and Carey rushed outside to see "where that one had dropped," and found it had "dropped" a bit too close for comfort.

The Captain put in an appearance at this juncture, and required several messages sent through to Brigade H.Q. Hudson "got busy" for several minutes, and again all was still in the dug-out, save for the distant "whoofs" of Fritz's "presents for good boys."

Carey remarked eventually that "that relief seemed a devil of a long time coming." "What relief?" remarked Hudson. "Why, our relief of course, you fathead," was Carey's impolite rejoinder. "But it's not due before noon to-morrow," remarked Hudson, and Carey found out that he was correct, which did not tend to improve his temper.

The dug-out again shook under the impact of a "5.9," and Hudson hung on to his instrument, cursing fluently, while Carey asked him pointedly "if he had the 'wind up'?"

Again there was an ominous roar, this time a bit nearer, and Carey began to look white about the gills.

All at once the buzzer buzzed (as the saying goes) and Hudson "got busy." Carey listened intently to some of his disjointed replies. "What's that?—yes, this is K. Don. 25—yes, you say you are the Supply Column, Don. umpteen six? yes—how many what?" Crash! Hudson, with a leap that almost tore his ear-pieces away, jumped at that burst just outside the dug-out, then, pulling himself together, resumed his conversation with the

distant caller. "What did you say?—Damn?—Oh, jam! sorry, sir—Yes—You want to know how many pots of strawberry jam was delivered to Batt. 25 this morning? Did you say *Strawberry, sir?*" He turned to his register book to find his best means of getting the desired information, when another crash sounded outside, and a minute later the Corporal, Carey and Hudson were revealed in a struggling heap under the corrugated iron, Carey asking "where that one busted," as if it was not fairly obvious. "Where did Hudson go to in the end?" "Hudson? Oh, Hudson, he's in No. — General Field Hospital—still babbling of whizz-bangs and strawberry jam, but he's going to Blighty next week, lucky beggar." P.J.E.

In the Barber's Chair.

"CAMERAD."

Wot the blazes is this wot's blown in? 'Ere, you're a German prisoner o' wore, aint yer? . . . Then 'oo let you loose to come into a respectable Englishman's establishment? Were's yer guard? . . . *In the pub round the Johnny Orner?* Well, if that aint the limit! An' 'e's let you loose to come in 'ere on yore lonesome? . . . Oh, 'e knows you wont run away, does 'e? Corse 'e does. You're too fly fur that, I dessay. Know w'en you're well orf, I reckon. Well, enny'ow, wotjer want? . . . *An' air cut?* Not in them trousers, me gentle 'Un. You don't reckon a free Britisher will soil 'is 'ands by cuttin' a German's 'air, do yer? . . . Then you've yot more face then I reckoned even a German 'ad. If you 'Uns 'ad fought a decent, clean fight p'raps I might 'ave stretched a point an' obliged yer. But arfter wot you lot 'ave done I couldn't look a reg'lar customer in the face again if I used me tools on you . . . Oh, I tork foolish, do I? . . . You've bin a barber in the city yorself 'ave you? . . . Your money is as good as anybody else's, is it? Don't chew believe it. Not in this saloon it aint. If you've bin a barber, do yer own 'air-cuttin' . . . Oh, we shell 'ave to accept you again after the wore, shell we? Don't chew kid yerself to *thet* extent. You'll find thet the Britisher wont forget quite so easy as thet. There's lots o' things wot'll stick in our gizzard as long as our memory larsts. There was thet "scrap o' paper" to begin with. Then there was the use of poison gas . . . Oh, we

started that stunt, did we? Then 'ow was it as we 'adn't got no marsks? Don't you know thet w'en your lot started thet dirty game an' choked our pore chaps in the trenches we 'ad to work night an' day to provide 'em with make-shift respirators? You'll tell me we started bombing women an' children next, in open towns, an' try to make me believe that we began the submarine campaign an' wos the first to sink 'orspital ships without warning! I tell yer, w'en I calls to mind all the low down tricks you've played on us I feels more inclined to take yore scalp then to cut yore 'air. An' yet you tells me we shell 'ave to accept you as usual arfter the wore! You Germans 'ave made a few mistakes, but you'll find thet is the biggest. Don't chew know thet British seamen 'ave swore to 'ave nuthink to do with Germany or Germans fur five years arfter the wore? You've killed fifteen thousand of our defenceless merchant seamen. Thet's one o' the things you've gotter pay for. . . . Woot's thet?—*The individual German soldier an' sailor aint responsible fur the various atrocities you're sed to 'ave committed!* Git out! Wot are you then? Blinkin' slaves without minds or wills of yore own? Do you think thet if a British sailor was ordered to sink a German 'orspital ship 'e would do it? Not 'im! 'E'd be more likely to chuck the officer overboard wot give the order. You carn't 'ide be'ind yore officers. You're a bad lot, from top to bottom, an' I've swore never to take the 'and of a German again as long as I live, or speak a civil word to one. As fur you, git out! Yore guard oughter be court-martialed an' shot at dawn fur lettin' you loose to come into a patriotic Englishman's shop and insult 'im under 'is own roof. . . . There's too much o' this sorter thing allowed as it is. If our pore chaps wot are prisoners in Germany wos treated like 'uman bein's, it ud be diff'rent. . . . Damn yer money, I tell yer! I'd rawther starve in the gutter then soil me 'ands with wot you've earned fur playin' the devil! . . . Git out! If you wosn't a 'elpless prisoner o' wore, I'd show yer!

John Bull.

WIFE OF ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR: "Do you know, darling, you haven't kissed me for a fortnight?"

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR: "Great Zeus! Whom have I been kissing then?"
Pearson's Weekly.

Y.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

The new sun hats were just in time for the lovely spell of summer weather, and were the envy of all the nurses.

Mrs. Astor has kindly lent us her steam launch for a river picnic, and we are all looking forward to the day. Many thanks to her and Hon. Capt. A. R. Upton for arranging this treat.

The other night, at the Local Soldiers' Club, I came across a man who had returned to this training school after two years. He was a late patient of Cliveden, and said he always looked forward for the Wycombe Notes in **STAND EASY**.

Our whist party was held on the lawn this week—a welcome change.

Our men have all been invited to view the Tombola prizes at the Town Hall, when Mr. Aldridge is presenting each one with a Tombola ticket. May there be many winners among them.

Many thanks to the Marchioness of Lincolnshire for the Daws Hill tea party, which was, as usual, much appreciated.

Our thanks also to Mrs. Holt Thomas for croquet set, &c. She is always ready to help in every way.

Many new faces have appeared among the Nurses of late; nevertheless, we hope our older and much-esteemed members will still remain with us.

Anyone wanting a special entertainment should come in and see our famous Scotchmen "massaging each other." Show daily between the hours of 9 and 12. Admission free. Walk right in, and enjoy the fun.

Who was the Scotchman who, after receiving a second helping of pudding, brought it back to his ward with the remark—"See here, here's a fine piece of concrete! A good souvenir of Flanders, eh?"

A large supply of "fag-ends" for sale; also best tips on how to obtain them. Apply to Sergt. of the tents.

The following were the winners at the whist drive held on May 14th: Ladies—Miss Line and Miss W. E. Chapman; gents—Wye,



Hilton, Cuthbertson and Wright. Our thanks to the Matron, Miss Lanham and Miss Keen for the prizes, also to Mrs. Gardner for the prizes in the following week, when the winners of hard-fought and enjoyable games proved to be: Ladies—Mrs. Peace and Miss Keen; gents—Coleman, Clewes, Sgt. Cowley and Thompson.

Another visit has been paid to Daws Hill, by kind invitation of Lord and Lady Lincolnshire, who were, as usual, in their most cheery mood, and gave the boys a very hearty reception. The time to return came all too soon, but one and all expressed the opinion that they had spent a very pleasant and enjoyable time.

What is the cure for duck-board feet? Is it country walks with the fair sex? Ask "Raffles."

As a lot of the camp Sergeants have to come into hospital for a few days rest, we presume they are overworked, or is it another case of "draft-itus"?

Who is the "old soldier" who is continually shouting "Ja-ack"? Does he think that will fetch him his ticket? Try another dodge, old man, that one has got stale.

Who were the three valiant boys who left a fine party early in order to return in time to welcome some of our lady whist players.

Where have all our singing friends gone to? It is a pity we can't get a little fresh seed to encourage them a little.

MAIDENHEAD.

The open-air ward on the Drill Hall roof has reached completion, and is now occupied. All the wards throughout the hospital are more or less full. Those who have departed, whether for their discharge or otherwise, we wish the very best of luck.

We tender our thanks to Mr. Rutherford and friends, of "The Bungalow," for providing the boys with an excellent tea, and a most enjoyable afternoon and evening on Whit Monday. There was a fair amount of talent amongst the party, so singing and joking was not wanting.

Thanks are again due to Nurse Salamonsen for the treat she had in store for the boys in the way of an open-air whist drive. It was most thoroughly enjoyed, with a nice sunny evening to help the game along. The "honours" are gradually travelling round the hospital; this time they went to the Drill Hall, in the care of a Jock.

Speaking about Jocks, we are reminded that the hospital is almost overflowing with them. Might we seriously suggest a "Jock Concert Party"? It would be appreciated by all, and we would not mind in the least if they did sing and recite in Gaelic. No. 3 Ward can provide a piano accompanist. Now, Jocks, will you take it on?

"All is quiet on the Western Front," is the official communique whispered by one another of the patients in the small upper ward at night time. The large upper ward has evidently changed its tactics, and is carrying its attacks down to the Eastern Front of the lower wards. These pillow fights are getting on the nerves of the Nurses and Sisters, so perhaps the upper ward has got some feeling, and has abandoned any thoughts of further attacks.

Baby is once more happy now that his Nurse is here again. Poor Bumpkins must have had a miserable time while she was away.

You have found your better in billiards, Odell. We hope this will not cause a feud between you and your successful opponent.

Things we would like to know—

Who was the patient who knocked over a couple of fire buckets in the recent pillow scrap? Evidently he was "afire" with passion to get at the enemy and thought he would cool himself.

Who is the patient who has given up buying cigarettes and only smokes buckshees? We hope he will not apply the same rule to stamps when the prices increase.

Why has there been no answer to our recent advt., have the young ladies got nervous at the news of a boat capsizing? Come, girls! don't let this give you a faint heart. The offer is still open!

Who was the patient of the lower wards who had to jump out of his bath and chase another patient in order to put a stop to his tormenting ways? How he would have blessed the process of camouflage if only its powers of invisibility could be made to act in a moment, for he must have felt "out of place" when the Sister came into the ward!

Who is the patient who has been having buckshee eggs for tea lately? Unfortunately they have now stopped, and his face is a pitiful sight when tea time comes round and the eggs are missing. Never mind, old man, cheer up! That look of dismay on your face haunts us.

Curfew—With a But(t)!

[At first it was proposed in order to save coal to close all theatres, restaurants, &c., at 9.30 p.m., but on the representations of Mr. Alfred Butt, the President of the Board of Trade has announced a concession to 10.30 p.m., which leaves things pretty much as they were.]

The Coal Controller—careful soul—
Declares that we are short of coal,
And thinks the best thing on the whole
Is closing theatres early.

No one objects; the Northcliffe Press
Consents with an emphatic "Yes!"
The public takes it more or less
With resignation surly.

Our minds are all made up to dine
And reach our homes by half-past-nine,
The theatre supper we resign,
Although it seems quixotic.

The Curfew, we are told, has come
Again, and though 'tis cursed by some,
We welcome it with faces glum,
Because it's patriotic.

When up starts Mr. Alfred Butt,
And says "Good heavens! What! Tut-tut!
My theatres will have to shut!
I call this pretty dirty!

"Here, where's the 'phone? That Board of
I say, Sir Albert! I'm afraid [Trade?
A slight mistake you must have made,
You surely mean *ten*-thirty.

"The Coal Controller did you say?
O tell the chap to run and play!
I've got to make my business pay,
And what of *the* profession?

"You quite agree? Then that's all right!
Nine-thirty was absurd. Oh, *quite*!
You'll cut out theatres then? Good night!
And thanks for the concession."

* * * * *

And those who know were not surprised
That Curfew (so well advertised)
Was after all deemed ill-advised,
And even looked on coldly.

For though, of course, the Powers that be
Will not be squeezed by you or me,
They very quickly bow the knee
If one But(t) meets them boldly!
Sporting Times.

Sports, Amusements, &c.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

To the following ladies and gentlemen the patients tender the most hearty thanks for their kind hospitality during the past two weeks:—Messrs. Spindler and Sons, Mrs. Baker, Lady Parsons, Proprietor of Maidenhead Picture Palace, Mrs. Stevenson, Lady Violet Astor, Mrs. Astor, Manager of Apollo Theatre, Proprietor of Maidenhead Skating Rink, Hon. Cecil Irby, Mrs. Webster, Lady St. Leonard's, Mrs. Hornsby Lewis, Mrs. Baker, Lady de Bunsen, Baroness de Teissier, Mr. Cunliffe Owen, Hon. Mrs. Allington, Mrs. Howard Vyse, Manager of Kingsway Theatre. The following were also greatly appreciated:—A River Trip, Party to The Royal Farm (Windsor), Party to Windsor Castle, American Trip to Savoy Hotel (London), and Party to Bisham Abbey.

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:—Professor Vincent (Pictures in Recreation Hall), Miss Ewart's Canadian Concert Party, "The Elves" Concert Party, The American Band, and "Madcaps" Concert Party.

EMPIRE DAY SPORTS.

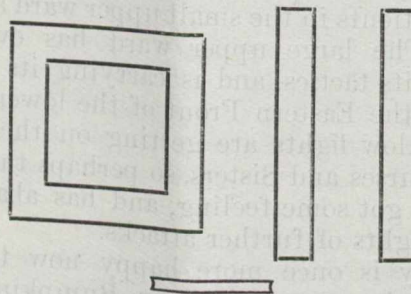
Empire Day Sports this year were successfully held on the Hospital grounds on Friday last. The morning was dull and cold, but in spite of weather a goodly number turned out, and each of the different events was keenly contested. In the afternoon the weather was more kindly, and a large crowd of contestants and spectators assembled. The obstacle race, mop contests, 100 yards flat race, 440 yards relay race, push barrel contest, and the different events, in which the W.A.A.C.'s participated, were all good and much appreciated by the onlookers. Owing to the arrival of a convoy in the afternoon, two of the events had to be cancelled. The baseball match, at 3.30, attracted a large crowd, and was won by the Astorias. The Athletic Association hopes to be able to repeat a successful programme on future occasions during the summer months.

Mention should be made of the large number of suitable and useful prizes given to

the successful contestants in the different events. The efforts of the Association to foster sport in connection with the Hospital is very commendable, and should be heartily responded to.

Can you apply the two oblongs drawn below to the two concentric squares, so as to produce thirty-one perfect squares?

It is quite possible.



Try Our Patent 'Rhondda Belt.'

NO BUCKLE TO BOTHER YOU! NO HOLES TO ANNOY YOU!! AUTOMATIC ADJUSTMENT.—At the sight of food our belt instantly expands to one-eighth of an inch. When food (if any) is consumed the expansion is scientifically graded to accommodate the food, whatever its quality or quantity. You have, for example, but to turn the hand of the Patent Pointer on the right side of the belt to, say, "Sprats" (all obtainable foods are noted on the Pointer), and then to turn the hand of Pointer No. 2 to the price of sprats for the belt to expand the exact fraction required. On foodless days (or weeks) the belt, with the Pointer set at zero, contracts to the limits defined by the Belt-tightening Order D.B. 537863298. The price of our belt is 3d., post free. Send at once!

NOTE.—As it is extremely possible that our belts will be taken over by the Food Ministry and "controlled," and will therefore be unobtainable at any price, we urge you to buy one now!
Cassell's Saturday Journal.

She dined on bullock's heart and kidney pie,
A bit of liver, and a juicy slice
Of tongue; and then she murmured with a sigh
Of satisfaction: "That was offally nice."
Sporting Times.

Printed for the Proprietors by THE ARGUS PRESS (Maidenhead), LIMITED, 98, QUEEN STREET, MAIDENHEAD, Berks.
Saturday, June 1st, 1918.

Telephone: No. 51x.

Arthur Upson,
Photographic Chemist,

35 & 37, HIGH STREET,
(Next to Town Hall) MAIDENHEAD.

Kodaks. Photographic Materials.
Films. :: Plates. :: Paper.

Complete Department for Developing, Printing and
Enlarging.

Films Developed and Printed in 48 hours.

Telephone: No. 87.

H. WILDER & SON,
Boat Builders,
Ray Park Boathouses,
Ray Mead Road,
:: AND ::
Ivy Cottage, Bridge Road, MAIDENHEAD.

Electric Launches, Pleasure Boats, Punts & Canoes
TO LET ON HIRE
by the Day, Week, Month, or Season.

Charging Station for Electric Launches.

Gents' Dressing Room.

Ladies' Cloak Room.

Standing Room for Motors.

Telephone: 156, Maidenhead.

HOSPITALS, CANTEENS & SHOPS SUPPLIED.

GEO. MATTINGLEY,
East Berks
Tobacco & Cigar Stores,
55, KING STREET .. .
Next door to
Corn & Coal Stores, MAIDENHEAD.

Agent for the best makes of Imported
Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobaccos.

Telephone:
131, Maidenhead.

Telegrams:
"Randall, Maidenhead."

GEO. RANDALL,
Sports & General Caterer,
THE NEW
Swan Hotel & Restaurant,
44, HIGH STREET
(Opposite Town Hall),
:: MAIDENHEAD. ::

Spacious Room and every accommodation
for PRIVATE DANCES & PARTIES.

Prompt Personal Attention.

Telegrams: Brown, Florist, Maidenhead.
Telephone: No. 409, Maidenhead.

Awarded four Gold Medals for Floral Designs.

Herbert Brown

(F.R.H.S.)

& Co.

Wreaths, Crosses and Bouquets
made to order at shortest notice.

Address—THE FLORAL STORES,
61, HIGH ST., Maidenhead,

—ALSO—

SUCH & SON,

Growers of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs,
Fruit Trees, Climbers, Roses, &c.,

The Nurseries, Braywick Road.

PROPRIETOR: HERBERT BROWN.

For High-Class Laundry

send to

Maidenhead District Laundry Co., Ltd., Furze Platt, Maidenhead.

F. ROGERS, Managing Director.

Awarded Gold & Silver Medals for excellence:
Laundry Exhibition, London, 1910;

Also

Silver Medal, London, 1913,

and

Diploma, Manchester, 1913.

Telephone: 41.

Established 1840.

WHY SUFFER MISERY?

when a bottle of

Walden's Neuralgic AND Toothache Mixture

Cures Neuralgia, Faceache, Earache,
and Nervous Headache.

It gives a SPEEDY relief. It is a TONIC.
It STRENGTHENS the NERVES.
It creates an APETITE. It invigorates the SYSTEM.
It removes the PAIN. It gives REST & SLEEP at night.
It cures where all other Medicines fail.
It is good for NERVOUS HEADACHE.
It improves the quality of the BLOOD.
It gives tone to the DIGESTIVE ORGANS.
It has a steadily increasing Sale.
It is THE CURE for Neuralgia, no matter how violent.

In bottles, 1/9.

Prepared only by—

GRIFFITH & WALDEN,

Dispensing Chemists, SLOUGH.

Wholesale & Retail. One Quality Only—THE BEST.

DEVONSHIRE CLOTTED CREAM & CREAM CHEESE
made on the Premises daily.

Telephone: 290.

Established 1875.

.. THE ..

Hygienic Dairies

(Proprietor: E. A. WHITE),

107, HIGH STREET,

AND

St. MARK'S ROAD,

Maidenhead.

Farms & Dairy under Strict Veterinary & Medical Supervision.

MONTAGUE C. ROCK, M.P.S.,

Dispensing & Photographic Chemist.

A large assortment of Toilet & Surgical Requisites
always in stock.

Bring your best Negatives to us to be printed and
enlarged. We have a fully-equipped Department
for this work, and our charges are moderate.

38, KING STREET, Maidenhead.

Telephone: 466.

L. Gironimo

'Phone: 439.

CONFECTIONER.

Finest Selection of Cakes & Biscuits obtainable
under the present food restrictions.

Delicious Chocolates.

78, HIGH ST., MAIDENHEAD.

NEVE BROS.

(Established 1847),

*Hatters, Hosiers, Glovers, . . .
Shirt Makers & General Outfitters.*

Summer Underclothing.

UNION SUITS (B.D.V. Style).

White and Grey

Fancy Half-Hose.

Flannel Trousers.

Khaki Shirts, &c.

'Phone: 539.



74, HIGH STREET,
MAIDENHEAD. ::

Red Cross Uniforms for Nurses & Staff.

THE HOUSE FOR WELL-MADE
AND GOOD-FITTING DRESSES.

R. MARTIN,

DRAPER,

47, High Street, Maidenhead.

*Specialists for—*Millinery, Gowns, Underwear.

'Phone: No. 174, Slough.

The Slough and Langley Laundries

(Slough Laundry Co., Ltd.).

Shirt & Collar Dressers,
Dyers, Cleaners, &c.



BUCKINGHAM GARDENS,

Slough. ..

Thames Hotel

MAIDENHEAD.

Beautifully situated on River Bank,
:: overlooking Cliveden Reach. ::

GARAGE.

Boats, Punts & Tariff and inclusive terms
Cars for Hire. from Manager.

Telegrams: "Thames, Maidenhead." Phone: 109.

We hold IMMENSE STOCKS of
General Drapery
□□□□ which were *□□□□*
PURCHASED BEFORE THE
GREAT ADVANCE in Prices
and are giving our Customers
the benefit of our **FORESIGHT**

A visit will convince you.



ANDREWS & SON,
General Drapers, Milliners, &c.,
101, 103, 104, High Street,
SLOUGH.

Telephone:
40, Slough.

Telegrams:
"Andrews, Slough."

W. F. HAYCOCK,

Market Gardener,
Wholesale & Retail Fruiterer,
Greengrocer, &c.,

Lent Rise, Burnham,
BUCKS.

Poultry, Eggs.  Cut Flowers.

Every description of High-class Fruit in Season
a speciality.

Canteens, Officers' & N.C.O.'s Messes
supplied on reasonable terms.

Families catered for.

China. Glass. Earthenware.



A. W. & R. E. BACON,
The Household Stores,
85-87, High St., Slough.



Gas Burners and Mantles.

Telephone: No. 78.