

VOL. I., No. 7. SEPTEMBER 22ND, 1917.

“

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& Easy”

”

Chronicles
of

Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

TWOPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Byron.

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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 7.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22ND, 1917.

TWOPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF LT.-COLONEL MEAKINS.

EDITORIAL STAFF { L.-CPL. W. C. PIKE.
PTE. F. HEASELL.
PTE. BAKER.

The History of the Hospital.

In our last issue we were privileged to publish a short and extremely interesting résumé of the history of Cliveden, and we are now able to give some further notes on the establishment of the Hospital.

The idea of a Hospital at Cliveden was first broached on August 1st, 1914, when Major Astor wrote to the War Office offering in the event of war, which seemed inevitable, to prepare a Hospital in the Tennis Court at Cliveden. This offer was referred by the War Office to the British Red Cross Society, with whom negotiations were conducted during the following few months. The second definite step was taken on November 11th, when the Director-General of the Army Medical Services asked the Medical Services of the Canadian Contingent, then on Salisbury Plain, to take over the proposed Hospital at Cliveden.

A joint arrangement was decided upon, and the Hospital came into being under the following system of quadruple control:—

- I. Staff supplied by the Canadian Army Medical Corps.
- II. Building supplied by Major and Mrs. Astor.
- III. Maintenance supplied by the War Office.
- IV. Equipment supplied by the Canadian Red Cross Society.

The original staff consisted of 83 of all ranks, including eight officers. The first buildings were adapted from the Cliveden tennis court which formed the main building, the racquets court became an operating room, while the bowling alley made both a side ward and a dispensary. The total accommodation was to be about 130 beds. The buildings were to be free of rent, and Major Astor provided for the necessary structural alterations. These were considerable, as the buildings formed only the shell of a potential Hospital. Equipment

was to be provided by the Canadian Red Cross Society, £2,000 collected in Canada being devoted to this purpose with the stipulation that once established they were not to be responsible for maintenance. This was to be provided by the War Office at the rate of 3/- per day for each bed occupied by an Imperial patient and 2/- if occupied by a Canadian.

The first Commanding Officer was Lt.-Col. Ford, of No. 1 Clearing Hospital of the first contingent, who took charge on Dec. 16th, 1914. The personnel, numbering 80 odd, were put under canvass, and the work of preparation went forward. In six weeks Lt.-Col. Ford left for France, and later became A.D.M.S. of the 1st Canadian Division, holding that position until wounded in 1917.

The first patients were received from overseas during March, 1915, Major (later Colonel) Gorrell, of Ottawa, having taken command on Feb. 3rd, 1915, with Matron E. Campbell and four Nursing Sisters.

No sooner had the Hospital become established than the first of several extensions was made. The need was felt for an Isolation Hospital, to meet which several marquees and bell tents were erected. At this time several consultants were appointed to the different departments—Sir William Osler, Bart., Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford; Mr. Donald Armour, with Mr. Charters Symonds, Senior Surgeon at Guy's Hospital, consultants in surgery; Mr. G. W. Badgerow (now Hon. Major) ear, nose and throat; and Hon. Capt. Cameron Stewart, dental services.

In April, 1915, the Hospital received the first patients from the Canadian Division in France. These men were wounded or gassed in the second battle of Ypres.

In June, 1915, the Administration Building was completed and the offices moved thence from the Tennis Court. During the same month Matron R. E. Campbell received the Royal Red Cross for her services in France. At this time the Ontario Government offered to build an addition of 1,000 beds, but it was not considered that the facilities for water supply and sewage disposal could cope with such a large institution, and Orpington was

turned to as a possible situation. Later the demand for increased accommodation became imperative, and July saw the erection of the new Hospital. In the following months quarters and a recreation room for personnel were built by the Canadian Red Cross. Dining rooms for the officers and sisters, a soda fountain for the patients, cottages for the officers and sergeants were built by Major Astor.

The extension of the Central Hospital being completed the next step was the affiliation of five V.A. Hospitals. The first was at Slough, under the efficient supervision of Dr. Burridge. The next adoption was Hitcham House, Taplow, the home of Mrs. Hanbury, who received twelve patients. In December, 1915, High Wycombe added a complement of 50 beds, and in the following month the Technical Institute at Maidenhead joined up with a like number. Finally came the Cottage Hospital at Maidenhead, with ten beds, though in reality this was a pioneer amongst auxiliaries, having been offered to the War Office within a month of the outbreak of war.

In January, 1916, a further development was inaugurated. This was a training centre for the re-education of disabled soldiers in connection with the "Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops." Basket-work, hurdle-making, wood-carving, metal and iron work were taught, and instruction given in agriculture on the Cliveden farms. This excellent scheme did not bear fruit, for the duration of a patient's stay in an active treatment Hospital proved too brief for vocational education. After eight months the Training Centre was disbanded, the machinery removed and the workshop was converted into the present Chapel, a more appropriate place for services than the Recreation Room, where they had formerly been held.

When the Hospital was small, patients who died were buried in Taplow Churchyard, but the beautiful Italian garden among the trees overlooking the Thames was felt to offer a more suitable spot. Accordingly, an oval space 100 feet in length was consecrated in December, 1916, by the Bishop of Buckinghamshire in the presence of the Duchess of Connaught. To this hallowed garden the 25 bodies were removed from Taplow Churchyard. For this cemetery Bertram MacKinnal, the sculptor, is designing a bronze of Triumphant Victory, proud in the death of men who fought the good fight and now rest in peace.

Massage.

A tribute by a grateful patient whose cartilage was almost as weak as his verses. The former has been removed and presumably destroyed. The latter soon will be.

When they said, "you're down for
I shook in every limb, [massage!]"

And I heard the others murmur,
"We'll bet they'll do for him!"

'Twas with a sort of shuddering
I went towards the gym.

I offered prayer unto the Lord,
And sang a simple hymn.

I thought of all the tales I'd heard
Of tortured arms and legs,

Of awful twists, although the case
For mercy vainly begs.

The yarns of muscles massacred,
Of tendons torn to bits—

Of patients who, through utter fright,
Had epileptic fits.

But soon I proved that rumour had,
As usual, grossly lied.

Your massage was the sort of thing
For which I'd always cried.

My knee was like a placid cat
Which purrs when it can feel

The subtle movement of a hand
Of velvet and of steel.

But I have one complaint to make
(I'm half ashamed of it).

The skillful treatment that you give
Too soon will make me fit.

The Captain soon will say to me,
"How dare you lie in bed?"

The front is where you ought to be!
My lad, you 'swing the lead!'"

E.H.B.S.

Church Announcements.

DIVINE SERVICE.—SUNDAYS.

Parade Service, 11 a.m. | Evening Service, 7.

Holy Communion.

Anglican 9 and 11.45 a.m.

Non-Anglican, 1st Sunday in month, 11.45 "

Roman Catholic Mass.—

Every Thursday, at 9 a.m.

The Tragedy.

With trembling hands I pushed open the door, and noiselessly entered the room. He was there, there before the mirror stroking his chin in contemplative mood. There was a look of madness in his eyes. He had told me of his intention an hour before. Should I go to him and tell him that it was not necessary? Must I dare to—Heavens! what was that which caught the glint of sunlight filtering through the window and reflected it with tenfold brightness? A knife—there could be no doubt about it! I felt my senses sinking; I shut my eyes and strove to break the tie which seemed to bind me to silence. Again I gazed upon him—ah horrors! a white foam was about his mouth, and a steely glitter was in his eyes as he fingered the edge, lovingly it seemed, of that shining steel. Ah, that I might take it from his grasp! Oh, that I might assure him that all was well! But I was helpless—bound, bound by a resistless force that demanded silence. With fascinated eyes I watched him—waiting, waiting for the crucial moment that I felt must come. With a calm and precision which indicated the setness of his purpose he slowly raised that gleaming blade. My blood froze within me. Terror in all its hideousness held me. Oh, must I allow him to accomplish this act, must I stand a helpless spectator of this thing? I closed my eyes, and grappled again with that bond which kept me silent. Striving with all the power within me, I at last succeeded in breaking the tie. A cry burst from my lips, and I rushed to him. Alas! it was too late. He had—begun to shave!

Ode to an Egg.

Oh, I sing of an egg, of a hospital egg

That was introduced to me.

It was born of a hen, but I know not when.

'Twas in the dining hall for tea.

It was shapely and fair, with a well-laid air,

Ah! but beauty's deep as skin;

And the years rolled back as its shell went

And the spoon slipped swiftly in. [crack,

So I whispered good-bye, with my nose on high,

To that egg I'd scarcely known.

For I knew by its age it had reached the stage

When it wished to be alone.

With apologies to the Author.

Staff Notes.

Our Orderly Room Sergeant was once again the recipient of a bouquet of praise from the auditors, who, we are informed, declared that his books were the only set in the unit that were faultlessly correct. In spite of wars, the pen still maintains its supremacy over the "bread toaster"!

We are just now in the most acute stage of anticipation regarding the result of the determined effort being made by certain N.C.O.'s and men to induce moustaches to grow upon features that have hitherto scorned such decorations. In several cases the result seems to be very doubtful, and the nervous crises that the experimenters are passing through has aroused a sympathetic interest among their friends, who are, however, rather pessimistic as to the outcome of the attempt. Some have even been heard to suggest that a cat will soon have to be requisitioned in the matter!

We all like veal, but we had some in the dining room recently that made us wonder if we had butted into the remains of the Prodigal Son's home-coming banquet. It was husky veal all right, all right! Wonder what a mess of pottage would taste like?

At the athletic meeting one of the Sergts. was noticeably "on the fidget." It sure is a trial for these children to have to sit still in church! But why?

The Count and the Corporal were eighteen months without leave (a long, long time awaiting), but we have now started them off joyfully for Inverness. Who'll give odds that they passed through London successfully? Or have they really left Maidenhead?

Why that quavery note on the Sunday morning parade last week? And, why "get the wind up" over a little thing like that? To err is human!

It is rather trying to have these specimens of Bumbledom laying for one these dark nights. Surely the special constables can find better occupation than spending their time trying to entrap boys who have "been out and done their bit"! Why don't they stay in the pub. and play shove-alfpenny or something?

We understand that the Corporal with engineering abilities, who cultivated a cabbage patch last summer, has now entered the garden of Eden. The fruit is still untouched!

Ward Notes.

F.1.

Congratulations to Sister French on her appointment to Sister-in-charge of F.1. That the choice is a popular one is evidenced by the way that all the patients are anxious to assist her to maintain the traditions for which the ward is famous, viz:—The "Select" Ward.

Since the last issue there has been a general clearing out again here, and many of the old familiar faces are missing.

Amongst them the Demon Dancer, who, we suppose, will be entertaining the boys at High Wycombe with his idiosyncracies.

Another well-known figure that has been removed to fields and pastures new is your humble servant.

Modesty forbids me dwelling upon the virtues and other points—good and otherwise—possessed by this individual.

Suffice it to say that I miss the company of the other assassins, and it seems like being isolated at present.

By the way, I see they have mended the gramophone between them in F.1.

A scrubbing brush and a nail were rather crude tools for the job. However, it was a "Sharp" fellow who thought of it.

F.T.

F.2.

Our two stalwarts on the Sister's dressing carriage have left us for foreign seas (of mud!) Ptes. Maclean and Gray! Here's the best of luck to you! May all your "Blighties" be little ones and your limbs never get less!

Oh, Sisters Stewart and Miller, "Will you ne'er come back again?"

Our bed-patients can now be sure of a glimpse of the daily paper. Sister Mole is here to look after you. She is from the West too!

Greetings! Sister Forgie, to our four walls. We know that we will have to "go some" to come up to J.2, but we'll do our best.

Should not Scotsmen be more evenly distributed so that we could all get the benefit of their arguments?

There is one subject they have not tackled yet, viz: The joys of early rising.

G.1.

Ontario 2 may well be proud of their gain, but 'tis our loss. Welcome to Sister Crampton! We hope her stay with us will be long and pleasant.

Friday, Sept. 14th, was a day to be remembered. We had a good spread, and the gathering was quite an agreeable change from the usual routine.

Twin beds are the line at present. A tenor sleeps next a bass, or an alto next a soprano. Thus the rendings (?) of the Swanee River are fine. I.D.T.

Things we know—

Our gramophone has come into its own again. Its rival is now amusing the populace of High Wycombe!

One of our Jocks has given (?) a wounded comrade 5/-. Bravo Jock!

Our ward is the coolest in the Hospital. We have a fountain in it, and draughts are very popular.

G.2.

We are sorry to lose Sister Skillen, and will miss her very much, but we hope she will come and see her old friends at G.2. Lucky J.1!

A hearty welcome to Sister Pringle. May she have a good time in our midst.

We wish Sister Wilman a good time on her well-earned leave. Who wouldn't be a Blarney Stone!

Gee! Didn't the Sergt.-Major cut up rusty when he had to leave his room.

Did you see our night orderly come on duty a few mornings ago? White flannels, boots and socks! He does cut a dash!

By the way, we haven't heard H.2's gramophone lately.

Has someone put a sock in it?

We extend our deepest sympathy to Cpl. B—. May all his troubles—Nuff said!

Needlework is still going strong in the ward, but Lowe's has gone.

Thanks to Mrs. Phipps for the Whist Drive she kindly gave. Cordial thanks also to our Night Sister for presenting the prizes.

Things we would like to know—

Did one of the kitchen staff get his bet on?

Where did Capt. White find his gloves?

What did Mrs. Phipps think of Jock's girl?

Has he got the ring back yet?

Who got out of bed, and thought there was an air-raid on?

Who is the patient who will be greatly missed when he leaves?

And who will miss him?

H.1.

We take this opportunity of thanking the Sisters and M.O. of this ward for the very excellent tea they provided for us on the afternoon of the 9th. Everything was O.K., and very much appreciated and enjoyed by all.

We regret losing our excellent Night Sister, Sister Cole, but are consoled by having Sister Hunter with us in her place. We give her a hearty welcome to H.1.

A few queries—

Who was the Sgt. who ate seventeen pea-nut sandwiches at the tea-party?

The name of the private who was so anxious to lay the tablecloth for the Sister, and if his tummy ached after tea?

If one of our orderlies has managed to eat anything since the 9th?

If our M.O. would not make an excellent female impersonator?

Who was the Scotsman who lost a shilling down a crack in the verandah floor, and went without food for three days to get thin enough to go after it?

Who was the Kangaroo Sgt. who made tea, and threw it away and chewed the leaves?

If our kitchen staff has become very "savage" lately, and tea-total?

H.2.

We are very glad to see Mrs. Watt back again, and hope that she had a pleasant holiday.

Who is the man who is not content with the position of gardener to the Hospital, but also wants to be on the kitchen staff? Surely this man must be frightfully energetic, or does not realize the great responsibility of the position which he holds.

Who are the men who seem to think that it is absolutely necessary to hold a loud conversation after lights-out? It is a pity that these men cannot find time to discuss the affairs of the nation before that hour.

The men on the verandah wish to make the request that Maidenhead Engineers would in future conduct their night operations a little more quietly, as it has such a demoralizing effect on them. The language that floated on the air was something awful to hear.

Surely the Engineers have the moral welfare of these men more at heart than they appear to have. We trust that this appeal will cause them to perform their night operations in the daytime!

J.1.

Yes, that was "some" tea-party of ours. We surely enjoyed it. "Some" class to our charming young lady, too.

Our ward boasts of three Military Medals.

A Stockholm Peace Conference wouldn't go amiss here; it's getting rather strenuous.

Here's one of our riddles, there are two or three more in the ward: When is a bed not a bed? Answer: After Jock's been around.

Someone mentioned that we needed an interpreter. There's a reason!

We all made the best of that hour when the clocks were put back, you bet. "OBSERVER."

J.2.

Capt. Wiswell has returned from his vacation looking like a two-year-old.

We are sure glad to have him with us again.

J.1 seem to boast of their raiding proclivities. I wonder if that accounts for the disappearance of our Silver.

We have lost our Night Sister, and we were sorry to see her go.

It was a pleasure to wake up and see her fluttering about the ward at 6 a.m., and she was always on the spot.

Cupid seems to be ramping about in this ward. Love and ether make a good mixture.

We are willing to back our Sisters in a bid for popularity against any ward in the Hospital. Foreign papers please copy.

Coco has been as close as a clam since the last issue.

What did the man on the dressing carriage think when a bottle fell on his head, and failed to break?

We forgive our Sister for this one, please do likewise: Neil has been *Neiling*.

Reddish lost his foot this week, but is as cheerful as ever. Sort of taking the root off.

We shall be glad when another amateur contest comes off. The ward fairly exudes good talent, and we must get it off somehow.

K.1.

Heavens! there seems to be no end to the problems arising through the Daylight-Saving business!

Hark ye unto the latest devolved by our Sister the morning following the putting back of the clock: "Will it be lighter or darker to-night at 8 o'clock than it was at the same hour last night?"

If you feel inclined to tackle it be careful. We argued it for an hour, and arrived at the conclusion that the said Sister deserves to be reprimanded for raising the query!

Relative to the same subject, one of the patients was heard the other day to ask the brainy question: "Why don't they put the clock back another hour so that we might have more daylight?"

The 41st patient in the ward is a young squirrel! It has certainly come to the right place—among the (k)nuts!

No, S—, it is no use trying to feed a squirrel like a parrot. It will not take chewed nuts from the mouth!

Thank you, Col. Watt, for backing our opinion, held for some time, that our kitchen is the cleanest and best kept in the whole of the Hospital.

"Have you seen a case of mumps?" asked an astute patient. "Oh yes," we answered. "Well, how many are there in a case?" queried the A.P., as he gently slid away. We are still waiting for him!

K.2.

We, in the nerve ward, have recently acquired a mascot in the shape of a little black kitten. We don't know where it came from, although it was facetiously suggested it was among the recent issue of "Black Cats." It behaved well for a few days, always wearing its red tie, but the latest news is that it has been "marked out" with an addition to its crime sheet.

The "boss" of our kitchen staff has been put to bed, but his deputy is doing well although the responsibilities seem to age him somewhat.

We, in common with most others, dislike the appearance of grey uniforms on the golf links. One of our bed-patients says it revives the old "offensive" feeling.

What are all our "khaki-clad-permanent-9.30-pass-patients" going to do about it this Winter? We would suggest it's better to get introduced to Pa and Ma than to walk about in the cold and wet. However, *Omnia vincit amor*. H.J.B.

ALEX. 1.

Oh lor'—what a game! A few days ago the powers that

be decreed that the floors of this ward should again be spoilt by the roamings of the dressing carriage, and here we are practically a surgical ward.

I wonder if our late dressing Sister is pleased or otherwise that she is now on night duty? We have our ideas about the matter. We are extremely sorry to lose her. However, we extend a hearty welcome to Sister George, who has replaced her.

In order to convert this into a surgical ward we had to part with many of our old "lead-swingers"—Fritz, the two Willies, Jack and "Nelson" are gone—but we still have the "whizz-bang king" with us. Put a "shock" in it!

We shall have to make the best of it though. We've a lot of "patients!"

Isn't it a change to see "Stevie" and "Smudger" up so early?

Who was the fellow who forgot to put his watch back; and who scored?

Who put the polisher in a patient's eye—and are we at all surprised?

Why didn't "Robert Willie" use the chair which was brought for him?

ALEX. 2.

The Sisters and the M.O. in this ward provided us with a splendid tea on Tuesday, Sept. 4th. Afterwards, music was the order, and the piano greatly assisted in cheering up the boys. All of us sincerely thank the hostesses and host for the good things they prepared for tea.

During the evening our "old timer," Halifax, and the "wee Scottie" entertained us with their songs.

By the way, the "wee Scottie" has been transferred to another ward, where, he says, he gets "nae custard or jellie," and stout is a thing of the past. He must, indeed, have fallen from grace!

ONTARIO 1.

We are sorry to announce the departure of "Sam," the Scottish member, late of the "culinary department." His inimitable chuckle and nocturnal cry of, "You're a woman, that's what you are—you aint no lady!" will no longer be heard. Just another "ship that passed in the night!" only his ship "passed" every night!

He was very fond of the girls, and many a Maidenhead flapper has, no doubt, succumbed to his personal charms. Certainly he had winning ways (especially at "Solo!") and anybody who knew him well appreciated what a real "topping" fellow he was.

The breach will be difficult to fill. At the time of going to press (how's that Mr. Editor?) it is suggested that our giant and wit is taking over. Whether he will or not it is hard to say, but his bosom chum is making great efforts on his behalf. We would hate to suggest it was for an ulterior motive!

However, the other members of the "food control" are raising objections to the proposed appointment as they fear the danger of the "giant" emulating "Tom Thumb" in getting lost in the garbage pail. (We'll teach you, Mr. Hooker, to pass remarks about "Camp-posts!")

Say! I wonder what "our" Corporal-i/c thought when he discovered the "bloomer" he made at the meeting of the Athletic Association, when he enquired why such a large amount as £60 should be spent on suppers, and did he appreciate the joke when he discovered the item was a £60 "surplus."

By the way, isn't our ward looking smart these days? Some of the old Walker's wouldn't know it!

ARGUING in favour of a subscription of 6d. per month at the Athletic Association Meeting, a new member said the money could be collected from the men as they were paid, by the Orderly Sergt. That suggestion was all right, but why did he add the words "That is what he is here for"?

Athletes and Finance.

There was just a little spirit of criticism abroad at the semi-annual meeting of the Connaught Athletic Association held under the presidency of Col. W. L. Watt in the Patients' Recreation Hall on Sept. 12th, but for the most part unanimity prevailed. The difficulty arose over the question of finance, and the method by which the money should be raised.

Sergt. McLaren (treasurer) in the course of his statement said that the receipts, including £84 2s. 5d. subscriptions collected, totalled £101 2s. 7d. The expenses of baseball had been £47 2s. 10d. (of which £6 3s. 8d. had been refunded); tennis, £6 14s. 5d.; cricket, £13 1s. 11d.; and football, £16 5s. 0d. When all liabilities had been met there remained a small debit balance. The balance sheet showed that the assets, including £60 3s. 8d., the estimated value of equipment, amounted to £72 7s. 1d.—a surplus of £67 2s. 1d. over all liabilities. Sergt. McLaren added that there was an amount of £20 outstanding still to be collected, but many of the personnel had gone away. He asked the members whether it would be wise to make another levy on the personnel generally, on the new men, or on the separate canteens.

Captain Lewis said that the expenses of baseball would seem excessive, but though no football had been played their initial outlay was double that of the baseball team. The main expense was incurred in travelling, and that could not be avoided. The new members of the personnel would, he was sure, be whole-hearted in their desires to come in and help out. If they were to give a day's pay less field allowance, as was the rule, the finances would be all right.

Capt. Sparrow considered the best way to make the financial position sound would be for each man to pay 6d. or 1/- per month. His idea was to have a regular income per month, and the Executive would know what they had to spend.

Q.M.S. Hodgetts was of the same opinion.

The question of legality of stopping a man's pay was raised, and Capt. Campbell said that it could not be done.

Col. Watt said that the present method of subscription was the most equitable way.

A motion, proposed by Capt. Sparrow, and seconded, that 6d. per month be collected from the personnel of the unit was defeated, an

amendment, moved by Capt. Beer, that they continue as before being carried by a large majority.

Replying to Capt. Sparrow, R.S.M. Jones assured the members that the football team would have quite as many if not more facilities for training than the baseball team had had.

The suggestion of a Nursing Sister that a Football League should be formed in the unit was discussed, but Q.M.S. Hodgetts said that it would be impossible to have five or six teams in a unit. He had written away for a league to be formed of hospitals in the London area, but had received no answer yet. They had two teams in training who would be able to give a good account of themselves.

The whole of the officers of the Association, who retired according to rule, were re-elected *en bloc*, though Capt. Lewis expressed a desire to retire.

An Elegy on the grave of an Unknown British Soldier.

There lies somewhere in Flanders' war-worn plain,

Where once Death's angel laid her icy hand,
Where grief and desolation in their train
Have left their scars upon a stricken land,

The grave of one who long since fought and died
For those dear ones he loved across the foam—
The resting place of him who was the pride
Of one who waits, and waits in vain, at home.

In calm and peace he sleeps beneath the sod
Unmarked, save by a simple wooden cross,
A rough, rude-fashioned emblem of his God—
All that is left to tell of someone's loss.

No epitaph to keep his memory blest;
Not e'en a name to mark who lies beneath.
Unknown, alone, he takes his last long rest.
His shattered rifle is his only wreath.

Sleep on brave heart, unsung by mortal pen,
On Heaven's scroll thy name in gold is set,
Unknown, uncherished by the words of men,
Rest thou in peace, for God doth not forget.

P.I.

SOME patients would like to know why wounded soldiers are not allowed to sit on the bridge at Maidenhead, while civilians are allowed the privilege at all times?

ALLIED.



A. D. Wells.

Don't worry William, *we* have not broken relations off yet!

His "Friend."

"Poor beggar! I can't help admitting that the whole affair makes me sad, for one cannot help admiring downright audacity—even in a Hun. Then, I had known him so long, so long—not as a Hun, of course—though naturally he was a Hun even in those old student days. Yes, he was a Hun even then, damn 'im! And yet he was once my friend, my very close friend of some of the rarest days of my life—years ago at Leipzig University I mean. Ah! well, I must tell my story from the beginning.

"It was very natural that my father, whose name was indelibly identified with almost every step of improvement or perfection of gun construction, should be pleased to see his only son inherit all his love, and at least some of his talent, for this uncanny business. At all events, I never remember the time when a gun—and the bigger the better—did not absorb my interest entirely. Therefore, after the careful scientific training that my own England gave me, it was father's ambition that I should gather the rich fruit of learning in foreign fields as well. To Leipzig then I went—never dreaming that there would commence the episode here ended this tragic night.

"Memory of those days is cruelly clear just now! I suppose it's nerves—the shock of this ugly business. But God! how real it is. There's Billy Ferguson, Sandy Mackay, and good old John Norton, and perhaps one or two others and a Hun student friend or two—yes, by heaven, they were Huns then! only we mistook them for good fellows. Perhaps it would be to the Crystall Palast or a tanz-halle, as the mood would have it; or, and it was not seldom, the mood was a thirsty one, and so to the Thuringer Hof, Auerbach's Keller, Café Bauer, or the more intimate cosiness of a small wein stük. Ach Gott! ye good old thirsty days! I know now they must have bedeviled us.

"We always stuck together, we three, for each must have contributed something to the perfection of good company that made us so joyous—the triple expansion of the human machine. Billy lent the unexpected of mirth, and a certain drollness of speech that was almost foreign at times. He hailed from Canada, and blamed his peculiar accent to the heavy burr of his Scotch father and the generous breadth of his mother's Irish brogue. John was a dark and canny Albion from the north of England

—most precise, albeit slow, in his carefully moulded English. We worked and played together, and what more natural than that we each found much interest, not only in our own work, but that of each other as well. John seemed honestly afraid that I would wreck the world with my weird mechanical devices that were always directed towards the improvement and perfection of the gun problem, while Billy often waxed vaguely eloquent in his contention that I was already a cadet in the devil's service for my unholy attachment to such a hobby. In all things we were the closest of friends, and mutual confidence and consultation in our work and play formed the basis of deep and abiding friendship.

"The very best of friends must part' is the burden of an old song, and such it was to be with us, until years afterwards the call to arms found us once more together, in the same battalion, and together we went to France. Billy's natural gift of curiosity and good fellowship had finally drawn him into our diplomatic service, while John, ever the most plodding and methodical soul, had forged well ahead in mechanical engineering in the employ of one of our largest shipbuilding concerns.

"But, John, doesn't it fairly beat the divil that he should have allowed such a great gun expert to exist on the wrong side, for surely the old fellow himself really meant old Bob (meaning me) to be a Hun.' This from Billy as we sat in our dug-out, when, as usual, I was planning and plotting on paper at my old hobby—this time with a fervoured interest that was more than ever the very life of me. John sat beside me at the table; together we had been pouring over my sketches in the flickering light of a solitary candle.

"You've got it, old man,' said John, 'the greatest trench mortar in the world, a thing that will revolutionize trench warfare.'

"With a feeling of triumph and overpowering elation, I turned to Billy with a retort that was meant to be crushing in a friendly way. Something in his expression, new and foreign to my knowledge of him, gave me pause—was it anger, or jealousy, or did he simply begrudge John the honour of having during the last few days been more intimately in my confidence—a thing that was so natural, since Billy had years before forsaken the profession that John and I had stuck to.

"As a result I said nothing, except to suggest

that we should go into the Mess dug-out for a snack and a drink, for indeed the hour was both late and cold. Why, I knew not then, but a chill silence fell upon us as we left our small quarters for the brighter and more commodious Mess near by. Nor did a drink and a lighter vein of conversation lift the chill pall of estrangement that had suddenly fallen upon us. Others came in to join in the usual "night-cap" ere we turned in, and presently John, with a short, though friendly, 'Good night, old man, I'm tired,' departed. Billy followed with his eyes, then turned to me, to find that I was gazing intently upon him. Our mutual embarrassment must have been evident to others, for when Billy also left a moment later, with a short 'Good night,' one of the other fellows said to me 'What's up, Bob? Looks as if you and Billy, with seconds, will meet at dawn!'

"It is undoubtedly true that, even between the most intimate of friends, an unbidden blight of mutual misunderstanding may arise, with at least some element of cause, but here was an estrangement so unheralded and precipitate that I was left stunned and silent. Nor could I even reply to the good-natured remark of my friend.

"Upon returning to our dug-out a few minutes later, expecting to find that John and Billy had turned in, I was surprised to find the place empty and, stranger still, all my drawings and descriptions of the new trench mortar, which I had left on the table, gone! Utterly bewildered I rushed out, and even called loudly the names of my two friends—an unusual thing to do, for, be it remembered, the Hun trenches were hardly a hundred yards distant. As if in answer, there was a single report, clear and distinct on the quiet night air. This in itself—no uncommon occurrence, for the night patrols are always at work—did not attract me. A moment later I heard, rather than saw, a commotion just beyond the head of an adjacent listening post, and instinct seemed to draw me hurriedly to that point.

"'What's up?' I asked.

"'Can't exactly say, sir,' replied a sentry. 'About two minutes ago one of our officers passed me, saying he was going out to relieve Capt. Campbell with the patrol. A few seconds later another officer passed me. I know they were both ours, but as I'm a new man, fresh in, I don't just remember their names.'

"Still all was dark and mysterious—Billy

and John gone, my sketches and plans gone, two unknown officers suddenly passing a sentry heading towards the Hun lines! Indeed, I was too stunned for further surprises—even the solution of everything.

"I was partly aware that out of 'no-man's land' a little party returned with a limp form. Someone said, 'We've got him, a Hun,' and they carried him to the nearest dug-out. There in the faint flickering of a candle he lay—a khaki-clad figure—one of our own officers. There was consternation; and exclamations of horror broke forth. 'God, there's been a horrible mistake!' cried one. 'Who is it, who is it?' cried another.

"Grief, surprise, wonder and blank mystery seemed all one to me. I was without words or feeling. Nor did I realize who it was who presently stooped, withdrew some papers from the dead man's pocket and thrust them into my hands—my papers, my sketches and plans.

"'I know, old fellow, you can't understand,' he said, taking both my arms in his strong grip and facing me squarely, eye to eye. 'It's simply the unexpected that has happened. In the old days, in Leipzig, I never suspected it; yet, thanks to my training of recent years, I have learnt to question even myself and my motives, and therefore much more so my friends. Ever since we joined I have watched him, for instinct is sure when love is great. Lad, lad! I've watched this mighty invention grow in your hands, and I've watched and guarded over you and it with zealous care.

"'So perfect was his disguise, even in the old days at Leipzig, that I did not suspect he was a Hun by birth.

"'When the famous German spy, Rudolf von Hartzburg, worked in England under an assumed name I did not associate it with that of our one-time friend, or, if I did, I thought it but coincidence. When, to-night, I saw him take your papers, your invention, and make off towards the Hun lines, I knew it with utter certainty that he who lies there—whom I followed and shot—was none other than Rudolf von Hartzburg—*alias* John Norton.'

WHEN lovers arrive at an understanding *between* them, does it imply that they are half-witted?

CAPT.: "Have you any scars?"

PATIENT: "No, sir, but I've some cigarettes!"

Will They?

Will they go to Heaven?
Will they drown at sea?
Will they die on the battlefield?
Will they die for me?

Hear them calling for help
On the raging sea!
Please, dear King of Heaven,
Take care of them for me.

Hear them on the battlefield,
Suffering from pain!

Oh, dear Lord, do hear us all,
Bring them back to us again.

This little poem was written, entirely without aid, by Miss Anthea Skimmings, the seven years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Skimmings, Taplow House, and is a delightful expression of a child's thought.

The Wooing of "Slim"

(Alias "THE MONGOLIAN SNUFF-CHEWER").

"Slim," the hero of this short history, was a somewhat flat-faced youth of some twenty-two Summers, and uncertain temper, being at times almost too ready to adhere to that ancient old Jew law: "An eye for an eye, &c.," but otherwise gifted with a "charming" personality.

"Slim" had fought right merrily those beings named "Germhuns," who inhabited a far country across the water.

Being sorely smitten, he was carried to ye ancient and beautiful Hospice known as "Cliveden," where he was cured of his hurts.

Our hero, being somewhat of an inquisitive turn of mind, must needs betake himself to the ancient village of Maidenhead.

It was during his short sojourn in this delightful and charming village that he met his "Divinity," to whom he gave his heart, and forthwith carried her off to the "House of the pictures that live," and the chroniclers hath it that they held hands and enjoyed themselves right heartily (especially "Slim").

Upon the conclusion of the merry programme he pleaded for the hand of the maid, and she, being pleased, gave him "The Sign of the Glad Eye," and consented to become his life's partner.

"Slim," being now in the seventh realm of happiness, is looking hence to that eventful day when he carries the fair bride to that great and glorious county of Durham, the birthplace of his forefathers.

Another Honour.

It is always a pleasure to extend our congratulations to those who have won honours, and just recently we have been privileged to offer them on many occasions. Another name has been added to the somewhat lengthy list—C.S.M. Lyons, of the 39th Batt. Australian Infantry Force, who has received the Distinguished Conduct Medal for the gallant work he did while in charge of a raiding party at Messines Ridge on May 28th. The honour conferred upon him is all the more gratifying by reason of the fact that he went right through the South African War, and already wears the medals of the late Queen Victoria and King Edward. The C.S.M.'s fellow patients and friends have showered congratulations upon him and we wish him the "very best."

A Patient's Problem.

"Can the night sister please everybody?" asks a correspondent.

"If she reports anybody for being late she is called a *sneak*, and if she does not report them they think they have a right to come into the ward '*any old time*.'

If she keeps on making her rounds through the night she is *criticized* for keeping men awake, and if she stays down the ward they say she might as well *not be on duty*.

If she does everything any patient asks her she is called *soft* or *daft*, and if she refuses she is *lazy* or *no good*.

If she awakens a man in the morning to wash himself he wants to know *why* she can't let a man alone when he is sleeping, and if she does not awaken him he wants to know the reason, and *why his wash-water is cold?*

But when the sister is leaving for France then they all say, 'We are very sorry Sister — is leaving us, because she was one of the *best*.'"

M.

A VERY funny incident occurred at the meeting of the Athletic Association, and the Scotch accent was wholly to blame. Sergt. McLaren read, in presenting the treasurer's report, "Surplus, £67." One could scarcely blame the Corpl. who afterwards made a vigorous protest against the great extravagance of the executive in spending £67 on suppers!

V.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

Our Night V.A.D. Nurse was married on Wednesday, Sept. 12th, to Paymaster J. R. Cundall, R.N., by the Bishop of Buckinghamshire. The wounded and some of the nurses formed a guard of honour outside the Church, and gave them a good send-off. It was a pity there was no photographer to have taken the pretty picture.



Mrs. Gubbins, our late Commandant, visited the Hospital last week. She is now head of the linen stores in a Plymouth Hospital.

Cannon was the lucky winner of a wrist-watch in last week's Whist Drive, the gift of Mr. Reddington.

Many thanks to Mrs. Holt Thomas for the gift of football, to Miss Flint for motoring and teas, and to Miss Ferguson for Sunday music.

DIALOGUE I.

EXPERIENCED V.A.D.: "It's so difficult to get really nice jellies for the specials. These ready-made things are of no use."

VERY YOUNG PANTRY HELPER: "The pink ones are so pretty, I always think."

E.V.A.D.: "My dear! looks aren't everything, and when you get them full of lemon! And lemon's an irritant—it's fatal! We ought to buy calves' feet and make our jellies ourselves—or at least, of course, the kitchen people would have to do it." (She disappears.)

NEW V.A.D. (*sotto voce*): "Lemon is an irritant—I must remember that." (Enter Sister.)

SISTER, briskly: "Nurse! take some barley-water at once to Arnold in Ward 14. (Disappears)."

NEW V.A.D. (to Sister's charming back view): "Yes, Sister." (To V.Y.P.H.): "Where is the barley-water?"

V.Y.P.H.: "Somewhere about, in a jug, I think. Oh, here it is!"

EXPERIENCED PANTRY HELPER: "My dear, that's cocoa! The barley-water is in one of those other jugs—over there on the right."

NEW V.A.D.: "Lemon is an irritant." (Aloud): "Is this barley-water? It looks very brown!"

E.P.H.: "That's the barley-water jug. It does look brown." (To another Sister who enters hurriedly): "Is this the barley-water, Sister?"

SISTER: "Looks like soup; barley-water should be fawn, with a dash of pink." (She disappears).

E.P.H. (tasting carefully): "No, it's barley-water right enough, and not at all bad to taste. Not enough lemon in it though."

NEW V.A.D.: "Lemon is an irritant!"

E.P.H.: "M'yes, but barley-water is nothing without it. Oh, here's another jugful! What about that, eh?"

NEW V.A.D.: "It smells very strongly of lemon, and lemon is an irritant."

E.P.H.: "Well, we'll dilute one with the other, and that's bound to be alright. There you are, Nurse." (Nurse disappears). My dear, aren't these temporary people the limit? And they—"

V.Y.P.H.: "But what is the real colour of barley-water, I wonder?" (Left wondering, while E.P.H. trickles away to the kitchen in search of milk and a lost scrubbing-brush).

E.E.H., High Wycombe.

The Don Juan's Dilemma.

There's Gertie of Wooburn on Monday,
I've promised to meet her at six.
Then Phyllis of Loudwater Tuesday,
Now whatever time did we fix?
There's Mabel of Burnham for Wednesday,
She's got curly hair and nice eyes;
And on Thursday it's Kitty of Cookham,
Her lips are as red as our ties.
Let me see, on Friday it's Nelly,
Where I meet her on chance it depends.
Saturday brings Dot, my river girl,
She comes up from Town for week-ends.
Maidenhead calls me on Sunday,
To Ethel, who's all love and kisses,
But what's worrying me most just at present
Is what day can I fix for the "missus?"

H.J.B.

CURATE: "Now that your son has left school and is starting to earn his own living, Mrs. Jones, I trust he will endeavour to rise in the world."

MRS. J.: "Well, he stands a good chance, sir, he is going to work at Hayes Munitions Factory!"

Sports & Amusements.

BASEBALL.

On Saturday, Sept. 8th, the "Astorias" journeyed to London to play Pay & Records at Battersea Park, but as only four members of the Pay-Records team were present the game was forfeited to the "Astorias," 9-0. The Sergeants happened to be having an outing in London that day, and were present, and after a great deal of persuasion were induced to have a game with the "regulars." It was some game! The contortions that some of the three-striped clan went through would put some of the artists on the stage to shame. Three innings were played, then all departed to have tea.

On Tuesday the boys went to Orpington, and won 5-4. The game was sure a hair-raiser from start to finish. When the "Astorias" went to bat in the ninth, the score was four all. McPhail walked, stole second, and scored on a nice single by Reid, which put us one run to the good. In Orpington's half of the ninth it looked rather shaky for a bit. The first man struck out, the second got a walk, got to second on a wild throw, and to third on an error. The next man drove a "liner" to left, which was "gobbled" up by Rehill, who "whipped" it home in time to catch the runner at the plate.

On Saturday the team went to Smith's Lawn to play the Forestry Corps, but, sad to relate, were beaten 3-0. Some of the old familiar faces were seen again on the diamond, also some on the bench who were nursing injuries, Maddox, McPhail, Rehill and Washburn being out of the game. Saturday's game was the first one our team has lost to the Forestry unit in the six games that have been played. But nobody minds losing to the Forestry boys because it would be hard to find a better bunch of sports.

MILITARY BASEBALL LEAGUE TABLE.

TEAM.	WON.	LOST.	P.O.
Taplow ...	11	2	.846
Epsom ...	10	3	.769
London American ...	8	4	.666
Pay-Records ...	5	7	.416
Orpington ...	4	10	.285
Uxbridge ...	1	13	.076

Two protested games to be replayed—Taplow versus Epsom and Taplow versus London Americans.

Things we would like to know—

When and where do the boys play Epsom?

When does our team play London Americans?

Does the team play in Slough on the 29th?

Why the team lacked the usual "Pip" in Saturday's game?

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

The following ladies and gentlemen have very kindly extended hospitality to the patients during the last fortnight: Lady Durking (Ascot), Lady de Bunsen, Lady Boston, Lady Bell (Stoke Poges), Sir Albert Hine (Marlow), Miss Barry, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Du Pre, Miss Coleman, Mr. Folidi, Miss Ackroyd (Burnham), Mrs. Baron Harris, Mr. Oliver (Windsor), Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Clark, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Schuster, Mrs. Bradish Ellames, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Archie Baker, Mrs. Skimmings, Miss Gardner and Mr. Spindler. Mr. Gude very kindly invited a large number of patients to a matinee at the Maidenhead Hippodrome on Saturday, and parties have also been entertained by the proprietor of the Bridge Street Picture Theatre. Cordial thanks are extended to all who have contributed to the entertainment of the "troops."

OUR CONCERTS.

Considerable amusement was derived from the performances of the Professional Concert Party arranged by Mrs. Collins, whose kindness in this direction is very greatly appreciated, and the "Chocolates," a clever company of young artistes, who made their second visit. The concerts were most enjoyable. This evening "The Elves" are to make their appearance, and there is little doubt they will be heartily welcomed.

VISIT TO WINDSOR.

On the 11th inst. a party of about 30 Colonials had the privilege of visiting the State Apartments at Windsor Castle. T.M. the King and Queen were in residence, and met the party in St. George's Hall. After the inspection, tea was served, and Princess Mary graciously presided at this gathering. The trip was extremely interesting, and will live long in the memories of those who were privileged to participate.

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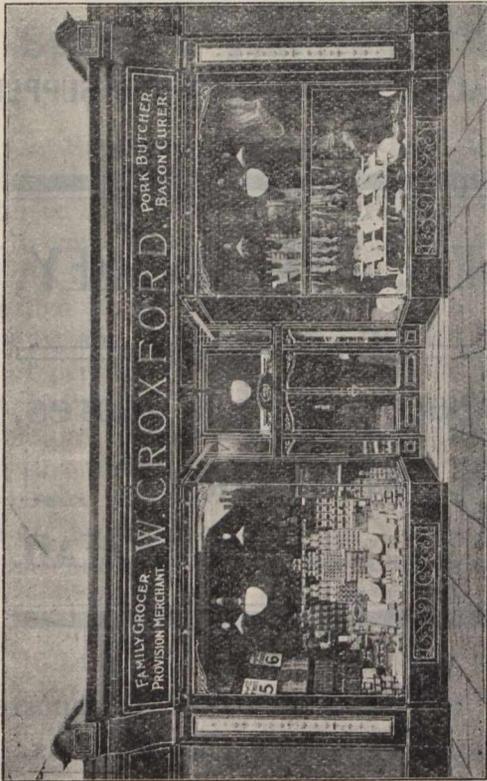
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Cliveden H.	1 25	2 25	3 25	4 25	5 25	6 25	7 25	8 25	9 20
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Cliveden H.	1 30	2 30	3 30	4 30	5 30	6 30	7 30	8 30	9 30
Taplow Ct.	1 37	2 37	3 37	4 37	5 37	6 37	7 37	8 37	9 37
Maidenhead	1 50	2 50	3 50	4 50	5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

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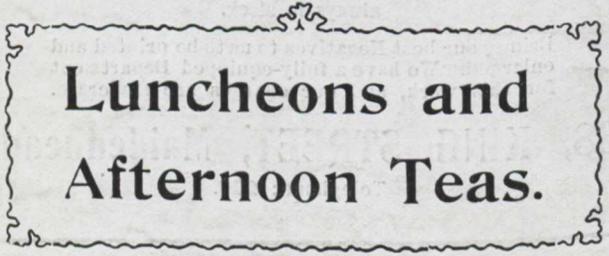
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