

VOL. I., No. 23.

MAY 4TH, 1918.

“

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Easy”

Chronicles
of

Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

THREEPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 23.

SATURDAY, MAY 4TH, 1918.

THREEPENCE.

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

Tentitis.

I've been living in a beastly tent
Three weeks, or perhaps a little more.
I am quite "fed up," by Jove, you know,
It's all a beastly bore.
I was quite enjoying myself, you know
(Everything top-hole), and feeling quite con-
Till a bally N.C.O. came round, [tent,
And put me in this blooming tent.
The tent was rotten—simply rotten;
The beastly thing was leaking all the time.
The other patients seemed to quite enjoy it,
I heard them say, "This bally life is fine."
I never kept warm at night (I simply froze).
Neverslept soundly—the beastly bed was hard,
And if by chance I dozed, sometimes in slumber,
I dreamed about the comforts of a ward.
Everything got worse day after day,
And when it rained, by Jove, I nearly had a fit.
The rain was pouring through the roof one night,
And so, by Jove, that night, you bet, I quit.
And here I am back in my ward (ha, ha),
When I got back I felt more jolly right away.
Now if this beastly weather changes for the
better,
I'll boat upon the bally river every day.
I'll pull up to the river bank and wait, by Jove,
Till some of my lady friends pass by;
And, as a sign, that they may recognise me,
I'll wear a bally eyeglass in my eye.

The Perfect Official

(As the public wants him).

I.—THE BOARD OF INVENTION
AND RESEARCH.

By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.

"Sir," says the charming office girl, "there is a man calling himself an inventor, who waits below."

"An inventor!" cries the great scientist.

"And below! Pray request him to come up at once."

Wreathed in smiles and rubbing his hands with glee, the great scientist, world-renowned, awaits his visitor. To him enters the seediest individual in the world, exhaling an aroma all his own.

"This is indeed a pleasure," says the great scientist. "Pray be seated. I see you have the forethought to call at 1.30. In these days luncheon is a trifle. I perceive that you smoke, allow me to offer you a really choice cigar."

The inventor seats himself, not without surprise; files the cigar in his breast pocket for future reference, and lights a doubtful pipe, the wheezes of which bring an air of Bohemia into the office.

"You have, doubtless, some great idea," says the great scientist, with the tact for which he is noted.

"If you could spare me a few moments —," begins the inventor.

"My dear sir!" exclaims the great scientist, "I am your servant. It is true that I have a steak of salmon waiting me at the Club, but that, in war time, is of no consequence. Pray proceed."

"I have, indeed," says the inventor, wiping a moist eye with the merest apology for a handkerchief, "an idea which will bring this war to an end."

"My dear sir," says, very gracefully, the great scientist, "in case you should feel embarrassed, let me hint to you that such an idea, as I think yours may prove, is all we seek."

"The common vulgar rabbit—," the inventor begins.

"They have such beautiful eyes," says the great scientist.

"Multiplies very quickly," says the inventor. "Its progeny is large and frequent. They burrow," he adds darkly.

"How true!" says the great scientist. "I see you to be a man of great observation."

"The ordinary puppy dog—" says the inventor.

"The faithful hound!" says the scientist (well-known for his love of animals).

"Will carry slippers for a considerable

distance," says the inventor.

"I have noticed the habit," remarks the great scientist, slightly, by now, bewildered.

"We need man-power above all things," says the inventor, much encouraged. "We are combing out miners at home, why not in France?"

"Why not, indeed!" ejaculates the great scientist, getting, despite himself, near the bell.

"Why not replace them by animals!" cries the inventor. "Now you see that I arrive at my point."

Hastily mopping his brow with a handkerchief of pure cambric, the great scientist presses a glass of sherry on the inventor and begs to be excused for taking one himself.

"The rabbit, I repeat, burrows," says the inventor. "He will go far in search of water. With salt added to his cabbage he will get very thirsty. A tunnel!" the inventor cries, almost, if not quite, beside himself. Then in a hoarse whisper he breathes the words, "The Rhine!"

"Pray continue," says the great scientist, unable to believe his ears.

"Fired by thirst and longing for water, ten rabbits will do one man's work. If, shall we say, 10,000 men are now employed on mining operations on the front, why not use ten times that number of thirst-mad rabbits, who will in no time make a tunnel without pick or shovel far behind the lines of the enemy?"

"But the puppy dogs?" says the amazed great scientist, not without an inward thought of his rapidly cooling salmon at the Athenæum.

"The great idea!" exclaims the inventor, those parts of his face uncovered by hair crisscrossing with joy. "When the rabbits throw aside the earth in their feverish haste, the earth so removed will fall into cunningly contrived bed-room slippers."

"A homely touch," says the great scientist.

"England," cries the inventor, his voice now vibrating through the room, "is overcrowded with pet dogs, with lap dogs eating into our supplies of food. Take them to France. Ten dogs carrying a slipper apiece full earth will do the work of one man, and remove the earth from the tunnel. I have calculated that by the time the tunnel reaches the Rhine the dogs will, in their hunger, kill and eat the rabbits, and so nature will restore herself. Then the twenty thousand released men, now fully armed, will rush through the tunnel and pour upon a defenceless and amazed Germany.

Overhead five million guinea-pigs with false steel teeth will gnaw their way through the barbed wire, while octopi in especially armoured tanks of salt water will with their enormous feelers seize the flying army, and millions upon millions of clothes moths suddenly released from balloons will eat the clothing from the backs of the routed soldiers, and so——"

"Stop!" cries the almost fainting great scientist. "Enough for one day. Pray forgive me, but the idea is one of such magnitude that my poor brain reels. Forgive me, sir, my dear sir, if I press the bell."

"But I have not got to my idea of using the stomach of the camel, the pouch of the pelican and the swiftness of the eagle to replace the Army Service Corps. I——"

The door opens to admit the charming girl.

"Kindly see that this learned gentleman is well treated in that place reserved for great intellects. Now, sir, let me thank you in the name of the Government. The War Cabinet shall go at once into the matter. I do not wish to appear to hurry you, but I must prepare a minute on our conversation."

"Calculating pigs should take the place of the Army Pay Corps, and birds could be taught to drop bombs."

The charming girl with surprising aptitude guides him to the lift where, as it swiftly descends, the inventor's voice drones up to the great, but anxious, scientist. "Flying fish in the Air force" were the last words he heard until a new, but equally pretty, office girl announces, "A gentleman who has a gun which will fire 200 miles."

"Pray show him in," says the great scientist. "And spare me, if you can, one of your tea biscuits. I shall not lunch to-day."

The Daily Chronicle.

Staff Notes.

Who is the expert in the Shoe Repairing Department who is rather taken up with a certain W.A.A.C., and what does his little friend down town think about it? Shame on you! Alas, poor "Yorick," you are riding for a fall. 'Tis a sad world, my masters.

Who is the Corporal who entered a Fish and Chip Emporium, and offered a pound for two pints of vinegar, remarking at the same time, "Pots of money" and "Been to France."

V.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

Sister Jacobs has gone for her well-earned rest, and Sister Bishop, Devonshire Sq., is taking her place. She is a very old friend, being with us the first year of the war till we closed down for six months.

Nurse Bannister has left to take up work in Birmingham. The boys presented her with a handsome parting present—a travelling watch, a bag, and a bottle of scent. They were very sorry to lose her.

A medallion in memory of Lord Wendover has been placed in Ward 4, where a bed has also been endowed.

Mrs. Paule, of Beaconsfield, has kindly consented to take on the needlework instruction in Lady Alexandra Palmer's place. She begins her labours this month.

Twenty-one men were discharged last Thursday, some of our old boys amongst them. We wish them a happy time at home.

A Bucks Tombola for the Red Cross is being held in June, when many handsome prizes will be offered. Tickets, 1/- each, can be obtained from the Wycombe V.A.D. It is likely to be a big success.

Our best thanks to Mrs T. Thurlow for billiard board and to Mrs. Holt Thomas for football.

At the Whist Drives on April 18th and 23rd the following were the winners: On the 18th—Miss Young, Miss Keen, Messrs. Cuthbertson, Coleman, Maxwell, and Corpl. Bond; on the 23rd—Miss Lord, Miss White, Messrs. Knott, Coleman, Harrop and Maxwell. Our best thanks are due to Matron, Mrs. Gardner, Miss Keen, Miss Line, Miss Nesbitt, and L./Cpl. Spence for having provided the prizes.

MAIDENHEAD.

In the last issue of the CHRONICLES it came to the notice of some of the patients at the V.A.D., Maidenhead, that the High Wycombe V.A.D. wanted other attached hospitals to support the magazine in the way of Notes. Well, the very fine suggestion has been taken up, and, as far as possible, Notes will be forthcoming for each issue.



The great thing concerning the hospital at the moment is the enlargement now taking place. The Drill Hall of the local volunteers has been taken over, and is to accommodate as many as a hundred beds. The amount realized at a concert given in the Town Hall is expected to clear up the necessary expenses of the new part.

The boys of the upper wards will greatly regret having to lose their ever smiling and jocular Sister, who has, unfortunately for them, to transfer her duties to the new part of the hospital. The farewell tea was more or less a success, but one thing was noticed, viz., not a word of thanks was given to our Sister. We have three or four amiable N.C.O.'s and one would have thought that they would have risen to the occasion. Anyhow, we must tender our many thanks to Sister through this magazine, and hope she may find her duties in the new hospital as pleasing as in the old.

Our usual Tuesday evening Whist Drive, arranged by Nurse Salmonson was very much appreciated by the boys, and good old upper ward came through with "flying colours." Paddy, old timer, well done! You must have known the expenses of a trip to London was the first prize.

Sgt. S.'s voice is not too bad, anyhow, there hasn't been any serious complaints of sickness, so evidently it is much preferred to the gramophone, which, by the way, wants "socking."

* * *

Things we would like to know—

If it is true that Curly, of the upper ward, keeps a register of the girls in Maidenhead? We wonder what kind of index he keeps to refer to them. He certainly must go by the colour of their clothes. What about the one with the fawn-coloured coat, Curly? Don't forget her, bless her heart! There is "Darky" also. We don't wonder why you can afford to give the R.E. a buck-shee one. Oh, Curly!

If another patient who is a little too keen on the Maidenhead girls couldn't think a little more of Elsie? We wonder what the Brighton girl would say if she could only hear what he has to say in his sleep at night.

Does "Baby" miss the old night nurse? Poor Bumpkins!

If "Jacky" continues with billiards, will he ever beat Odell? Never mind, "Jacky," we suggest pushing the balls in with your hands, and thus make sure of the pockets.

Ward Notes.

A. & D.

Once again we welcome Sister Gardner to these wards during the days. May her stay be long and pleasant.

We are pleased to announce that there have been no changes of M.O.'s in these wards since our last issue, and we hope that Capt. Barker will break all existing records, and stay with us for *duration*.

We welcome many new faces in the wards, and although their stay may not be long, we trust that they will go away with the feeling that Cliveden was "not so bad."

Things we would like to know—

Why a certain man in Ontario 1 has started visiting in these wards again?

What a certain "Jock" is scared of, when he refuses a pass to Maidenhead? Maybe our ward clerk could help him some.

Advertisements—

Wanted. Volunteers to help a patient in these wards to entertain his lady friends on visiting days. Only experienced men need apply.

Any patient in these wards desiring to learn the game of lawn tennis, please apply to the sub-Staff of the Operating Room. Hours—9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. only.

B. & C.

We wish to extend a very hearty welcome to our new Sisters, Murray and Dolson, and we hope that their stay with us will be a very pleasant and lengthy one.

The sing-song we had in the ward was very much enjoyed and we wish to extend many thanks to Sister Best for the arranging of it. We enjoyed very much the quartette by the Sisters, and realize how much excellent talent we have in these wards.

There were some awful holes drilled in the zone the other morn by the rapid exchange of fiery words. From what we could gather we have made the following deductions:—1. That the 3rd "divvy," A.I.F., is the best division in the allied armies. 2. That the Royal Canadian Dragoons made their name before the aforesaid "divvy" donned khaki.

Our esteemed young friend, who hails from bed 16, received an awful shock the other day on receiving stamps to the value of 2/- from a charming member of the fair sex.

Things we want to know—

If our night orderly cannot find anything more to do than falling down stairs while on night duty on the ward, or has he some explanation for the occurrence?

If our kitchen staff have any explanation for not rising at the proper hour the other morning after going to Church the night before?

What is the best way for a certain Sister to keep track of the time while her watch is being repaired?

How the N.C.O.'s can tell when nine ounces are going West?

Why one of our N.C.O.'s watch should stop suddenly on his way to Maidenhead?

G.1.

We are again losing another batch of familiar faces, and wish them a good time in their new surroundings.

"I says, says I, 'Brom,' if it takes a second to loose a limb how long does it take to get a board?" Up a bit. Fetch a Tank!

What is the attraction of a patient who gets up so early to make beds?

We have still got the gramophone torture on the balcony. Our offer still stands good. Please note—the owner is only 5-ft. and one arm, and should he be talking after dark, he is fast asleep.

We are sorry to loose "Paddy," our real Irish comedian. We shall never forget you, "Paddy."

Anyone finding two bits of meat on his dinner plate will be severely dealt with.

G.2.

Many of our "old-timers" have left these days, chief among them being Clark, who has graced G.2 with his presence for upwards of nineteen months, and our "O.C.'s" kitchen and carriage. This is a wicked war, my masters!

We have been asked by the "Terrible Dozen" to put the question to the conundrum worriers of the Hospital:—Why does a certain Canadian-Scottish person sit on the mat outside the Sister's room all day, and will someone present him with a camp stool to make his vigil more restful to his weary bones? That sounds awfully pathetic, doesn't it?

"Raspberry," old man, you will get yourself into an awful fix, if you are not careful, but remember, we warned you. Seeing that you have already been accepted by four love-lorn beauties of the district, we think it is your move next; and take our tip and move—quickly, too.

Poor old "Spud" seems to have been keeping very low these days. What is the matter, old thing? Has the wife got wise to your little doings in Maidenhead?

Things we should like to know—

When "old soldier" really will go to Manchester and leave us in peace?

If it is true that the blinds are drawn at the antique shop? Ask our "Raspberry."

Is it true that Reading is his next objective?

What the Bandmaster of the American Band would say, if we told his wife?

Why unions are at a premium in the market? Ask Mac. Wasn't the O.C. Board rather Green?

H.1.

On Friday, the 12th, we had another very enjoyable and successful ward concert and tea. Our thanks are due to our very excellent Sisters and kitchen staff, who so ably and kindly provided the many good things. Mrs. Phipps very kindly graced us with her company and provided the boys with smokes. We are indebted to the boys from the staff and other wards, who so ably assisted us in making the musical part of the evening a success, also Sister Best. And last, but not least, thanks to old "Scottie," who organised the concert.

We were all sorry to hear that Mr. Moon had gone. He was always so cheery and willing to do anything for the boys. He carries with him our very best wishes for his future.

The bed-patients are grateful to one of the Sisters for the nice fresh eggs they had for breakfast on Tuesday morning.

We were sorry to lose Sister Taylor, our Night Sister, who is now on day duty, but not in our ward, worse luck.

We welcome Sisters Hayes and Gagne to our ward.

H.2.

Followed by representatives from the Q.M. and other light duty departments, and attended by a picked bodyguard from the "Snipers" platoon, we have just handed over Christie to the "Cut-'em-up" shop for alterations and repairs. He was supplied with the joker (pinned to his nightie), so should have no difficulty in "taking the pot."

We offer our sincerest sympathies to "Jack the Optimist" on failing to touch the emotional side of the Wardmaster with folk. Anyway, it's too bad—you couldn't even get civility—his heartbreaking story about planting "spuds" for the old wasn't it, Jack?

Chivalry before discipline—meaning, if the lady wants you to stop longer, take a chance with your 9.30 Army Form B.295. For further information see—well, surely you've already "guest."

K.1.

How did our illustrious corporal lose his chief facial adornment? My! there must have been quite a gale during the night, or was his neighbour next but one responsible?

We are sorry to lose our old friend, Cleave. Best of luck, Tom, you sure are out of luck.

The balcony is getting very popular these days, especially in the early morning. Cheer up, Sergt., you'll soon get your voice back again, then you'll get your own back.

Who is the elusive woodcutter on the balcony? Where is the pile of cut logs?

Are the people of Paris the only people who are strafed at night by "Big Bertha"?

K. 2.

Who was the man who spent his time in the corridor on Sunday afternoon? Hard lines, Bobby, "old-timer."

Do you think you will be able to dodge it this time, Billy, old kid?

Is it true that W— has got the "wind up" high jump on Thursday?

Who was the patient who had six visitors last Sunday during his absence, and where did he get to?

Is it true that C— intends marrying the "Tabby" at the stationery shop in Maidenhead?

Since the rise in price of cigarettes, our "fag-mumpers" will be pleased to accept Woodbines.

ALEX. 1.

We are sorry to say that we have lost one of our dressing carriage staff in the person of Cpl. H. Coleman. He was well-liked among the boys.

We are sorry to say that we have lost our Night Sister, and as we can't have her with us on days our best wishes go with her wherever she is, and may she be as well-liked as she was and still is in this ward.

Who was the Scotchman in this ward who thought he would take on a little profiteering business in the match line, and what we'd like to know is who is profiting—the Scotchman or his customers?

What is the great attraction for one of our dressing staff in C. ward, and is he not satisfied with a pair of blue eyes at home?

When will B——, of C. ward, learn that, if he sleeps all day, he cannot expect to sleep at night.

ALEX. 2.

Our hearty thanks to our Sisters of this ward for the fine spread which they gave us last Sunday. We all greatly appreciate the same, although we are a noisy lot at times and, maybe, we annoy them. We know that we have an unsurpassable bunch of Sisters—all quite good "sports."

Anyone wishing to become a great singer (bass or tenor) kindly call and see our choir conductor (Hally, Riley & Co.), and we will put them on the right road to success. (The Band Alex.)

We have a man in this ward who has really been wounded. His name is Peach. Nuff said!

Our billiard expert, young Billy Mason, has gone off form lately, but he is still quite willing to give anyone 20 in an 100 start at the game.

Well, "Porkey," boy, we are all very proud of you for your sacrifice of giving blood, etc., to one of our old firm, and trust it will prove a success.

We are all very proud of our present Night Sister, who is one of the best and looks after all the boys properly. We trust she will remain for a long spell.

Who is the man who said the British Army did not save the position in France at Mons? We only wish he had been there at the time. Maybe his opinion would be somewhat different.

Who is the Scotchman from Kettering who wears French boots when he goes to Maidenhead? We think a delightful and suitable vocation for him would be an advertisement for Harris's sausages.

We should like to know what happened to our Pay Orderly last Monday? Rumour has it that he got slightly elevated. We should like to know his favourite drink?

We are all glad that our old friend, "Smithy," has recovered from his last operation, and we trust it will prove a success. We are expecting the tin whistle to be in action again shortly. Cheer up, old boy, you're made of the right stuff, and you will soon pull through.

We trust our friend, Ormston, feels much easier now that

he has been relieved of his concrete encasement. We trust his vocal powers have not lessened.

Is it true that our Billy, better known as the "Lockeritus Elephant," is in love with a certain young lady from Maidenhead? We wonder does she owe herself anything? Poor little Willie.

ONTARIO 1.

Why has a certain patient taken to his bed again so suddenly, and when called to the telephone has to obtain the assistance of one of his friends to answer it? Perhaps a certain "passing fair" damsel at Maidenhead could elucidate the mystery. We should "Shea" so!

ONTARIO 2.

Who is the Irishman who is always "chewing the fat" about no coal for the stoves? He is pretty husky looking himself. Get wise to yourself, Pat, and go after a bucket of coal.

Who are the two young sports who go to Maidenhead, and then have to play Nap with their lady friends to win the 'bus fare for the trip back to Hospital?

Say!—be careful, you night rambler. The paths through the wood are rather a muddle at night, especially for one with a big head. Sleeping in the woods is bad for bronchitis.

Who is the man who went on pass, and came back a day before his time? Did the girls frighten you?

YUKON 4.

Better late than never! We extend a hearty welcome to Capt. Beech in the ward.

We would like to know what Sergeant W. J. Bell did with the fish he caught on his fishing expedition, also if his right-hand man, Sapper Lawes, repaired the fishing rod he broke trying to catch fish on the limb of a tree?

What do you intend doing, Billy, when you leave here? As you are a great gunner we presume you will take your machine-gun and go back to Bullecourt to defend little Eva.

Our piano has gone, and we do miss the ragtime orchestra. However, we have got a gramophone, which has seen better days, and it severely annoys Sapper Acton when Billy plays it from "Reveille" until "Tattoo."

Who is it makes our friend, Middleton, laugh so much? Is it his "Queen of the Woods" from Cookham?

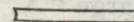
We want to know if it is Mrs. Fisher, who is chief cook and bottle washer in our kitchen, who is responsible for cutting down our rations?

Pte. Furon felt full of work, so decided to work on a farm, but sorry his health would not stand the strain.

Well, Sam, you were afraid, but it was for your own benefit.

Well, Murray, who is the girl who brings those pretty flowers?

Well, Binding, you have now "capped it."



OUR Highland regiments are living up to their reputation. The other day it was the heroism of the Gordons, now it is that of the Black Watch, which excites the admiration even of the enemy. Between the 92nd (Gordons) and the 42nd (Black Watch) there has always existed a genial rivalry. After Waterloo the 92nd reached Edinburgh in front of the 42nd, and received a well-earned ovation. "We could hardly make way through the people," remarked a 92nd man to a 42nd. "Well," retorted the latter, "ye should ha'e sent for us to clear the way for ye, as we've often done before."

The Gym.

There's a little place right here called the Gym,
And there's nothing to prevent you going in.

You just simply step inside,
Through those doors that open wide,
And the "goings on" you see will make you grin.

The "Physical Jerks" commence at nine o'clock,
And the orders sometimes give you quite a shock,
"Head backwards bend by numbers,"

You make some awful blunders,
And the chap behind you gets some nasty knocks.

They put you "through the mill" there, you
can bet,

And the exercises make you firm and set;

After punching balls and bladders,
Climbing ropes and scaling ladders,

You wish you and the Gym had never met.

A. S. BARTLETT.

The Ten-franc Note.

The first time I landed in hospital my personal possessions consisted of a ten-franc note, a tin of fifty cigarettes, and a crumpled pay book. Though it is eighteen months since this happened, I still hold that ten-franc note, and I will wager my ration card that I shall still have it when the Kaiser goes back to civil life.

It happened this way. One fine morning the roar of the guns increased in violence till the whole earth trembled and shook, and even the newest recruit knew, and adequately understood, that the day was pregnant with big things. An officer came along, drew a plan on the clay side of the trench with his walking-stick, marked one corner with a large "X," and said, "Boys, we go for that." He was not inclined to be conversational, but he let us know in between thunder-claps that there was going to be a grand and all-round change of programme, including barrages for Bavarians and Blighties for good boys. It was to be the real circus and we were to be the performers.

Stuff began to fall rather close to us about then, and I remember shifting my tin hat to several different angles in an endeavour to judge the direction of the prevailing ironmongery storm. I heard somebody say, "Well, Jack, if you get over, mind you call on the Old Man." Our stretcher-bearer was bandaging up one of my mates who was gazing intently at a stream

of blood coursing down his right arm. Evidently, from the depth of his professional knowledge the "S.B." saw visions of hospital ships and spells of convalescence in England.

* * * *

Soon after we began to move up the sap. The air was all red flashes and clouds of smoke. An aeroplane fell in flames just to our right, but we could not make out whether it was one of ours or one of "theirs." By the time the company reached the assembly trench I was so tired that I tripped over a broken rifle and our Sergeant had to help me up.

"One pip" put the whistle to his mouth, and we climbed over the footlights and saw the orchestra. Some of us staggered sideways and some of us smoked cigarettes. Some of the Boche scampered across country and some of him stayed behind to mind the shop. Machine guns played "Home, Sweet Home," and lumps of earth rose up to meet the shells. Everybody seemed to be trying to make everybody else welcome.

One minute I fell into a bunch of the enemy and the next I had several bomb splinters in my left arm, face, and chest. There was a rough-and-tumble before our chaps had the Hun at their mercy, but when you have a mad Irishman for your Sergeant, "scraps" are made to be won. I was pronounced a casualty and told to get back while my luck was in.

But getting back was worse than coming over, and it was about three hours later before someone put a blanket round me at the dressing station and told me to get some sleep before the ambulance car arrived.

I was just dozing off when a greasy figure in dungarees disturbed me. He was our cook from the transport lines and he was looking round for any of his late customers who might have suffered at the hands of the Boche. I had often made unkind speeches on the subject of his stews and puddings, but evidently little things like that are soon forgotten in a big war. Anyway, as he said, that I might need it in hospital to buy a few fags. When he had gone I inspected his gift and found that ten-franc note.

And—well, as I hinted before, if ever I starve, that ten-franc note will starve with me.

T.A.F.—*The Daily Mail.*

PTE. SIMPSON: "What's the Entente Cordiale?"
PTE. WISEMANN: "Rum and coffee!"

The Hunchback Jester.

Down leafy lane and pleasant dales,
 Where shadows float athwart,
 Through cool and pleasant woodland vales,
 Walked the Jester, Gebonort.
 A simple being, his friends were few,
 No one to bid him stay;
 By his wit he made men laugh anew,
 As he wandered on his way.
 No love-lit eyes ere gazed on him,
 No soft voice thrilled his soul;
 A cripple he, with eyes time-dimmed,
 Unsought, his love's sweet goal.
 "What matters it," he cried aloud,
 "Maid's love comes not to me?
 Though broken and with shoulders bowed,
 I live! and I am free!
 The twinkling brook, the rippling stream,
 Are friends, by nature sent;
 The golden sunset, all agleam,
 Is balm for discontent.
 And food for thought is nature's work,
 And its omnipotent might.
 Its worship I will never shirk,
 Its beauties never slight."
 So, as the evening shadows fell
 And day gave place to night,
 He went his way, by hill and dell,
 Beneath the moon's pale light.
 Now can a lesson, bravely taught,
 From this man's life be taken?
 Though spurned by men, let not your soul
 From faith and love be shaken.

A. S. BARTLETT.

Disappointment.

This actually happened "Somewhere in
 England."

The Night Wardmaster sat in the office one night, moodily meditating on the miseries of mankind, when there came a hurried knock on the door, and before he had time to shout "Come in," the door was pushed open, and the Lady Superintendent of the W.A.A.C.'s dashed in. A minute elapsed before she could speak, and then she managed to breathlessly exclaim: "Oh, Staff—come quickly—a girl has been taking a bath—and she must have fainted—the door is locked on the inside—and we can't get into her—she will be drowned if we don't

get to her quickly!" The manly heart of the staff beat quickly as he thought of a fair W.A.A.C. being in danger, but, without a thought of the sights he might encounter, he seized his cap and dashed out into the dark night, followed by the Lady Super. Not a sound broke the stillness of night air except the gentle patter of her dainty feet as she ran lightly by his side, and the heavier tread of his larger ones. At last—it seems as if hours have elapsed since they had started to run—the house loomed up darkly before them. What tragedy was being enacted within its walls? In what condition would the fair one be whom he had come to rescue? These thoughts flashed through his mind as he dashed up the stairs, four at a time. Did he hesitate? Not for a second! Even if he could not lift her out of the bath unaided, he could pull the plug and let the water run out, and so save her fair young life. "That is the door," panted the Lady Super., pointing to a heavy solid-looking door. Good heavens! would he be able to burst open the door, and would he be able to stand the sight when he had gained an entrance? Once again, did he hesitate? Not for a world would he lose a moment, when moments meant life or death. He hurled himself at the door; it shivered but would not yield! Nothing daunted, he hurled himself at it again, and this time was rewarded by hearing the panel crash beneath his weight. Hurriedly he pushed his head and shoulders through the broken panel, and switching on his electric torch, he glanced swiftly around the room. There, in the shadow, was the bath, and peering into it he saw—nothing—it was empty! Weeping bitterly, he turned to go, merely glancing at the prostrate figure of the Lady Super., who had fainted.

J. B. M.

The Adventure of the Missing Coat.

We were resting in our modest apartments, Sheerluck Foams and I, after our strenuous work of the last case.

Foams smiled as he reached for his needle. "Dr. Potson, I see you have a relative in the army. A Quartermaster, I imagine."

In all my years with Foams, I have never grown quite used to his ways of sudden deductions.

"And how," said I, "have you found that out, as I have tried to keep secret the fact?"

Foams smiled again and replied, "An easy matter. I can plainly see you have had a square meal this morning."

Foams is certainly a clever man!

"By the way," said Sheerluck, as he put the needle into his arm, "I have been sent word that a famous General is coming to see me this morning. Another mystery, I suppose. He is on his way now."

I craned my head out of the window, but could see no General in the street. "How do you know it?" said I.

Foams exclaimed wearily, "When will you ever learn to use your eyes. Can you not see that great glow in the distance?"

"But," said I, "that comes from the Crystal Palace."

"You are wrong again," said Foams. "It is the sun shining on the General's hat."

In about an hour a thundering noise came to our ears. Thinking there was an air-raid on, I started for the cellar.

Sheerluck Foams just lit his enormous pipe. "Potson, don't be alarmed, it's only a Canadian soldier saluting. The General is just outside."

In a moment our client burst into the room, his moustache dripping with 'Silvo.' "By gad! why don't you come to attention?"

"You forget yourself," said Foams. "This is not a barrack room."

The General burst into tears. Burying his face in his hands he said, "It is too terrible; if this gets into the papers I am a ruined man." And then he blurted forth the terrible truth: "A loaf of war bread has disappeared, vanished from the —— Hospital at T——!"

After calming the man a bit, we got the whole story, bit by bit. It seems that ten loaves of war bread—a whole day's supply—had been sent on ten motor-trucks by the A.S.C. to the Hospital. It had been unloaded, put into a safety deposit vault, with an armed guard watching.

The next day it had been removed, under escort of men with fixed bayonets, to the kitchen, where it was to be weighed with the dispensary scales, and then shaved into portions for issue to the patients. A fatigue man was heard to cry out, "One loaf is missing!!!"

The Hospital was put under C.B., and a rigid search was made. The only clue found

was a few crumbs in a patient's locker. But it was soon found that the man (patriotic soul) had not eaten his issue of bread, and was just about to return the crumbs, when stopped by the guard.

Since then nothing had been done, "For," said the client, "what *could* we do?"

Sheerluck Foams said, "This is a most serious case. We go at once to T——." Soon we were speeding to the scene of the crime.

Upon arriving at the Hospital we proceeded past the well-guarded gate on into the cook-house. Foams, saying not a word, but using the needle often, was down on his knees, with his large magnifying glass. "What is that awe-inspiring sound from the Recreation Hall?" asked I. Someone informed me "it was the 211th Band rehearsing."

Just then, Sheerluck Foams raised up, and exclaimed, "I have solved the mystery!" The crowd assembled started to cheer, but Foams raised his hand. "I have found where the bread went—but the bread we will never recover." The crowd groaned, and the band started a dirge.

"Tell me if I am wrong," said Foams "Have you a patient here with red hair? and is his name W——?" A hundred voices answered, "Yes, he is in ward X."

"Let us go there at once," said Foams.

As we entered the ward, W—— stepped forward. "I am your prisoner, said he. "I confess all."

Sheerluck Foams just smiled. "There is no need to confess, I can tell you what happened. Two days before your crime you became desperate. Thinking you could obtain fifty men's rations by the theft of a loaf of war bread, you trained, with patience, a mouse, to steal the loaf, and carry it into its hole. But you were foiled! For the mouse, being more hungry than you, ate the loaf, and you arrived too late!"

Once more, Sheerluck Foams, the great detective had solved a remarkable mystery.

LLOYD KING, C.F.A.

POOR DOG!

MOSE: "What does yo' feed your dog on, Pte?"

PTE: "Wall, since dog biscuit has gone up so, he has to be satisfied with what de rest ob us eats."

My First Flying Lesson.

By TWELLS BRIX.

"I have never been up," I said wistfully to the C.O. of the flight instruction aerodrome.

"We will go up now," he said.

An "Avro" machine was run out of its hangar. I was garbed in a leather coat, fur cap and goggles. How much more interesting the trip would be if I had some rudimentary idea of how aeroplanes are controlled! I asked the C.O. if he could give me that glimmering. His reply was crisp. "You will learn more in five minutes of trying to fly than I could teach you in hours of talk. Fetch a telephone," he ordered. While a mechanic ran for the telephone the C.O. rapped out to me a few skeleton instructions.

I climbed into the front seat, and already I felt rather lonely.

"This, said my instructor, wobbling the "joy stick" (an implement somewhat like a lively whangee cane), "is the 'stick.' The machine responds to all the movements of the 'stick.' If her nose is too high you pull the 'stick' this way; if her tail is too low you pull it this way; if her wings are too high or too low on either side you pull it this way or that way."

"And these," I asked, indicating pedals in the well of my seat.

"The rudder," said the C.O. briefly. "If you want to turn left, then press your foot so; if you want to turn right, then so. That switch is for the engine. Leave that to me. I'll take you up and then telephone when I have released the control."

The C.O. climbed into the "passenger" seat. Mechanics brought a telephone adjustment that bifurcated in front of my goggled face and sent receiving pads to each of my ears. There was no transmitter for me to talk to the C.O., and I felt that I would soon want to talk to the C.O. "I—er—might let you down," I adjured the C.O.

"I'm going to take you so high," he answered, "that it wont matter if you do. I can pull her up again."

The parley ended. The engine roared. I tried to perceive when we left the turf, but only realised it when the aerodrome and its surrounding fields diminished and a wondrous panorama of sea and land began to unscroll itself.

I was so fascinated by the sight of a great strip of the South of England and the sea that I forgot my flying lesson and my separation from

the "passenger" by the battering-ram of a tornado that met my head when I attempted to turn round.

Suddenly the landscape was sliding about. The quiltwork brown world, flushed with young green, threaded with rivers and beaded with toy hamlets, began to undulate. Things below waxed larger, as though through a magnifying glass of automatic increasing lens.

It was the C.O. landing—in somebody's field. "Thank goodness!" I thought (he had been shouting something through the telephone that I could not catch in the tornado); "he's come down to tell me that he has thought better of my lesson."

Not at all. Casually, as a friend would stop his car and say, "Would you like the hood up?" the C.O. said. "You are in a draught. Your wind-screen has a loose screw—twist it up. Didn't you hear me over the telephone? Why didn't you take control?"

He was off again.

When all the south coast was again like some lovely intaglio beneath us and I was feeling that "ever so happy" sensation of an aeroplane passenger, I heard the C.O. shouting again on the telephone. But I could hear nothing after the word "Now." However, I gripped the whangee cane (all the while the C.O. was working his end of the dual control the whangee cane had been mockingly whacking my legs) and watched the nose, the port and the starboard of that strange craft of which I was temporary captain.

For a moment or two she behaved so well that I had nothing to do. I moved the whangee cane, which was resting now in a meditative sort of way, to see what would happen. Nothing happened. I pulled the whangee cane hard.

The areoplane ceased to be an areoplane; it became a mad mustang. The world below no longer undulated; it rose and fell in cosmic tiltings. I pulled the whangee cane and I saw the nose of the aeroplane rampant. Then the nose fell down—and the aeroplane fell with it. When it had fallen as far as he deemed convenient the C.O. assumed control and took the learner home. When we landed he was severe about the telephone. "It's a very good telephone," he said curtly.

* * * * *

Then we left the aerodrome again on a joy flight. We climbed four thousand feet into the azure of that perfect day with its ideal airman's

wind. We droned over the laced edge and amber border of that green-blue sea. The airman's wine, the alcohol of the upper regions, got into my head. I wanted to sing. I wondered what happiness in the world can be like this happiness of flying.

And then a strange thing happened. The sea rose; it stood like the wall of the world before me—it still rose, and, as my head swam, I stared at the phenomenon of the sea above me where the sky was a moment before. The sea had gone "doited" and, like a bowl, rolled overhead and roofed us.

It was only the C.O. (one of the finest fliers in England) doing a "stunt." I asked what "stunt" it was after we landed. People only smiled. "You never know with the C.O." was all I could get.

We had other "stunts" before the flight was over. The last almost cancels the memory of the others. We were going home sedately; I could see our lilliput landing-place thousands of feet below, and then we side-slipped and fell!

We fell, and fell, and fell. There is something, I suppose, in centrifugal force that keeps passengers in their seats in aeroplanes as they fall, with nothing between their gaze and the world rushing up from below. We fell and fell. Was it a "stunt"? Was all well with my pilot? Had he "stunted" too far? Should the passenger do anything? What about the whangee cane?

And then, when the aerodrome was large beneath us, the C.O. pulled her up, she righted herself, and we floated to earth like gossamer.

"I let her fall on purpose," said the C.O. laconically. "Three years ago that would have meant certain death."

A headache, an uncertainty of step such as one has after a rough sea passage, a feeling of incarnate youth and joy, dashed only by the hunger to go up again, are one's sensations after "stunt" flying.

The Daily Mail.

Bread Rations.

"Slim" is so thin,
So thin is "Slim,"
You can almost see him through.
Because "Slim" is thin,
"Slim" thinks a slice
Of bread should be thin, too.

A Lament.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the ward the Sister passed.
In hand she held a cup of tea,
And lo! dear boy, 'twas meant for me.
'Snice.

But when I drank that beverage hot,
I thought 'twas tea, but found 'twas not.
'Twas castor oil and salts combined;
I thought the Sister most unkind.
'Sawful.

A. S. BARTLETT.

To "B" Battery.

We have in this haven of rest called G.1
A Battery of what was once R.F.A.,
Their record of service, some say, with a gun,
Would shame all the regulars, just hear them
"Before you came up, mate." [say—
The honours they've won, but have no room to
put on,
Mons Stars, gold bars to make the girls glance.
'Tis rumoured they fought with the Romans, and
won,
Until they were found to have landed in France—
"Before you came up, mate."
If anyone wishes to see a real soldier,
Who landed in Flanders sometime in '16.
Don't ruffle his hair, for no one was bolder
In signallers' dug-outs or in the "O-pip,"
"Before you came up, mate."
Their ages together would just about make
The length of service a *soldier* would have
Before he begins to shout at his mate
Of fights he has been in and wounds he has had—
"Before you came up, mate."
It is not very nice to mention their name,
But their beds are together, and they talk at
all times,
So you'll not have to wait very long for the same
To tell you the boys who were holding the line
"Before you came up, mate."
Now let this remind them that here in this ward
Are also a few who have all done their bit,
And, although they don't swank nor want a
reward,
There's many a *man* who really was hit—
Before *they* came up, mate. G.O.N.E.

Answers to Correspondents.

Bill.—We do not think that week-end leave would give you an opportunity to dodge it. Try and stick it, Bill, the job is a good one.

Proc.—We regret we cannot offer any advice with regard to the kitchen table. Of course, if you sit on it nearly all day you must expect it to get a trifle worn.

Ginger.—Don't worry. He did not intend to give you offence. Your's is a most delicate shade of red hair, while his, on the other hand, gets up and cusses every other colour in the rainbow. No! We do not think he is a futurist.

In earnest.—You are quite right. If his stature was as low as his principles he would be able to pick up a pin without bending his back.

Insulted.—Did he really inform you that he would pull your nose? Most mean of him. The only advice we can offer you is to soap it.

Ed.—You have our sympathy; but, cheer up! Perhaps Bobby might be able to square matters up considerably.

How it Happened.

I was walking one day on the road to Taplow
When I met a young "Waac" whom I used to
know;

Human nature said "Yes," and my conscience
said "No,"

And that's how I came to be flurried.

We walked up the road for a nice little chat.
I got on quite well with this gay little "Waac."
It came on to rain, so she put on her mac.,

And under a tree we both tarried.

The rain beat upon us, we then drew up close;
I commenced the ball rolling by kissing her nose.
Then I said "Shall we go?" She said "Yes, I
suppose,"

And along the dark road we then hurried.

We sat on a seat in the cool of the night,
She snuggled up close, and I held her tight,
While we watched a d—d bicycle lamp out of
And wished its owner was buried. [sight

She held my hand tight, looked into my eyes,
Said "Yes" to my pleading, with the softest of
sighs.

I went home that night feeling deliciously blithe.
And that's how we came to be married.

A. S. BARTLETT.

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:—Mrs. Astor, Proprietor of Maidenhead Picture Palace, Messrs. Spindler & Sons, Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Henson, Mrs. Barnett, Lady Violet Astor, Mrs. Fuller, Manager of Queen's Theatre (London), Manager of Haymarket Theatre, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Woodlock, Miss Roberts, Lady de Bunsen, Baroness de Teissier, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Dykes, Mr. Wagg, Mrs. Baker, Miss Barry, Manager of Gaiety Theatre, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Manager of Globe Theatre, Mrs. Derlacher, Manager of Kingsway Theatre, and Mrs. Hawker. Trips to Windsor and Bisham Abbey were also highly appreciated.

CONCERTS, &c.

During the past fortnight the American Band, pictures in the Recreation Hall, "Some" Concert Party, The Kautons' Concert Party, Professor Candy (lecture), The Ramblers' Concert Party, Mrs. Collins' Concert Party, and Bray Concert Party have provided high-class entertainment for the boys, for which they desire to offer their best thanks to everyone concerned.

A STAB IN THE BACK.

The English superintendent of a hospital for Indian women recently received the following testimonials to her efficiency:—

"Dear She,—My wife has returned from your hospital cured. Provided males are allowed at your bungalow, I would like to do you the honour of presenting myself there this afternoon, but I will not try to repay you. Vengeance belongeth unto God.

Yours noticeably, —."

The second reads:—

"Dear and Fair Madame,—I have much pleasure to inform you that my dearly unfortunate wife will no longer be under your kind treatment. She having left this world for the other on the night of the 27th ult. For your help in this matter I shall ever remain grateful.

Yours reverently, —."

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