

"All right, come on, you fellows."

"Oh, no you don't. Go and get some marbles or some easy, little game, and we will play you. There is no use in beating you all the time."

"Cheese it, for Heaven's sake! You know quite well we have won every game this week."

"You have won? Why, last night our little man and I had six points before you got—"

"Some son of a gun has swiped my canteen. Which of you fellows took it? Don't all speak at once. If I catch the man who took it, I'll—"

"I saw a canteen drop over the side just as we pulled out of Vereeniging. What was yours like?"

"Had two dents on the side and my name cut in the bottom. Some of you fellows lend me one for a few minutes."

"Fweddy, go on and make a little drop of tea. Sandy will give you some sugar."

"Make it yourself."

"I'll go for the water if you make the tea; come on now, and I'll never forget your kindness—not for a long time anyway."

"Pass the jam!"

"Well, let me pass then. You don't mind if I step on you, father, do you? Gosh! There goes Silver's tea! That's what little boys get for not being obliging."

"Oh! There comes Trouble again; every time we sit down he begins wandering round like a lost sheep. Why in—?"

"Pass the jam!!!"

"Say, someone, kindly hand our little boy some jam. Here, darling, have a whole tin for yourself. Have two tins. Catch!"—Biff! Splash! and another canteen of coffee runs over the floor.

"Well, of all the clumsy brutes ever I saw you take the cake!"

"But supposing Buller does get to Lydenburg, he will lose half his men with fever and—"

"For goodness sake stop talking war, and give us something to eat. Heavens! My bread is gone. Sandy, give me to-morrow's rations, like a good boy; oh, please do, and I'll never ask you again."

Another man comes climbing into the car with: "Look out for me, I'm a coming generation. Did you fellows hear the news?"

"Yes, we heard it long ago, what is it?"

"The Royal Irish say that Ladysmith is relieved."

"Very likely, isn't it? Just about as true as the yarn those Northumberlands were giving us at Vereeniging—that Cronje had surrendered."

"Well! anyway, DeWet is surrounded below Rhenoster, and can't escape."

"Sandy, will you please count those marks on the side of the car just over your head, and tell us how many times DeWet has been captured?"

"But you knew her, didn't you? They lived on Pownal Street, between Grafton and Richmond. Her sister worked in—"

"As usual. Talking about girls."

"Say, Fweddy, what is your idea of Heaven!"

"Haven't got any."

"Oh! Fweddy! That is too bad. You should get an idea at once. No family should be without one. What's yours, Silver?"

"Eh! Oh! Mechanics Hall, ——— at the piano, and *her*."

"Well answered, my boy, but just change the name of *her*, and you come about right."

"What would you give for a good feed of oysters now?"

"Shut up! don't talk about oysters to me. My little man, please pass the pressed chicken, and if you have any lemon pie left—ah, none left; well then, another hard tack will do."