

"G" COMPANY, R. C. R.

CHAPTER I.

GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE.

Wheel! Oh, keep your touch; we're goin' round a corner.

Time! mark time, an' let the men be'ind us close.

Lord! the transport's full, an' 'alf our lot not on 'er—

Cheer, O cheer! we're goin' off where no one knows.

—*Kipling.*

"G COMPANY, 'SHUN!" and one wondered where on earth the little lieutenant got his voice; why, it would have done credit to an old salt who had roared his orders against the winds of the Atlantic all his life. It seemed to start in his very boots and work its way up, though how it ever got through those blue putties is a mystery; but still it did, gathering strength by the effort, until it culminated in that word "'shun'" (short for "attention") in a manner to make the windows rattle and "G" Company spring to the alert.

We had been watching this little lieutenant, who dodged around so smartly on his little be-puttied legs, and the more we watched the more we liked him, and concluded that when he took two paces to the right and one to the rear (as he always did when giving an order), and drew his shoulders up to his ears and then jerked them into proper place again, as if he were hurling the command with all his might, the best thing we could do was to obey.

How the spectators eyed him! "Who was this school-boy, anyway, who gave his orders in tones of thunder, and wore his little military cap in such jaunty