

Obituary.

THOMAS LANGTON, K.C.

On the 10th day of December, 1914, the profession lost in Mr. Thomas Langton a man of rare abilities. He was not only a sound and accurate lawyer but a man of cultivated taste, an adept as a botanist, artist and photographer, and was moreover of a sweet and gentle disposition which made him beloved by all who had the good fortune to be on the list of his friends. He was the son of Mr. John Langton, a man who distinguished himself for many years in the public service, as the Government Auditor. He was born in 1849 and was in his 66th year at the time of his death. He was a graduate of Toronto University, receiving his degree of M.A. in 1871, was called to the Bar in 1872, and was made a Q.C. 1890. He practised for many years as a partner of Sir Oliver Mowat and the Hon. Jas. Maclellan and on their retirement became head of the firm of Mowat, Langton and Maclellan. Early in his professional career he became associated with Mr. Holmsted as co-editor of the Judicature Act and Rules, of which three editions were published. Mr. Langton was never of a very robust physique, a drawback which prevented him from essaying jury business, but before the Courts at Osgoode Hall he was heard with appreciation as a man whose law was sure to be sound. For the last eighteen months a distressing malady removed him from the sphere of active labour. Even to his recreation he could impart a philosophic turn, as may be seen from his lines on the game of golf to which he compares to the game of life, and in which may be found, mingled with a sweet seriousness, a graceful and piquant wit. To those who play the game, and can appreciate a good thing, no apology is needed for reproducing them here.

"What is thy Life? A ball! Teed smooth and clean,
 In high hope driven towards the distant green,
 Now topp'd, now fairly hit; and as it flies
 Where hazards many are, encountering lies
 That hang, and cups that baffle—should thy ball
 Through fozzle or ill-fate into a bunker fall
 What boots it to despond? A stroke (or more) delivered
 lustily
 Will lift it scored and blacken'd though it be
 To the fair green beyond.