

strains of 'The Flowers of the Forest,' now ringing proud and high, until the soldier's head went back in haughty defiance, and eyes flashed through tears like sunlight on steel; now sinking to a moaning wail, like a woman mourning for her firstborn, until the proud heads dropped forward, till they rested on heaving chest, and tears rolled down the wan and scarred faces, and the choking sobs broke through the solemn rhythm of the march of death. Right up to the grave they marched, then broke away in companies, until the General lay in the shallow grave with a Scottish square of armed men around him, only the dead man's son and a small remnant of his officers stood with the chaplain and the pipers while the solemn service of the Church was spoken.



Then, once again, the pipes pealed out and 'Lochaber no more' cut through the stillness like a cry of pain until one could almost hear the widow in her Highland home moaning for the soldier she would welcome back no more. Then, as if touched by the magic of one thought, the soldiers turned their tear damped eyes from the still form in the shallow grave towards the heights where Cronje the 'Lion of Africa,' and his soldiers stood. Then every cheek flushed crimson and strong jaws set like steel, and the veins on the hands that clasped the rifle handles swelled almost to bursting with the fervor of the grip and that look from those silent armed men spoke more eloquently than ever spake the tongues of orators; for, on each frowning face, the spirit of vengeance sat and each sparkling eye asked silently for blood.



At the head of the grave, at the point nearest the enemy, the General was laid to sleep, his officers grouped around him whilst in line behind him, his soldiers were laid in a double row wrapped in

their blankets. No shots were fired over the dead men, resting so peacefully, only the salute was given, and then the men marched campwards, as the darkness of an African night rolled over the far stretching breadth of the veldt.



### Dost Know The Man ?

Dost love a man who always kicks, no matter what you do,  
Who kicks with most prodigious ease the whole long season through,  
Who kicks if anything goes wrong, and kicks if all goes right,  
Who kicks because he likes to kick, and kicks with all his might ?  
We know some awful kickers on this wicked mundane sphere,  
Who came on earth by accident, and kick because they're here  
To make themselves uncomfortable and other people sick ;  
They drive their friends to suicide, and still they always kick.  
We know a man who kicks and kicks the blessed livelong day,  
And if there's naught to kick about he's kicking anyway.  
At times when things are going right and other men would smile,  
He kicks on general principles and kick-eth all the while.

—Exchange.



OTTAWA, ONT., December 27th, 1899.  
JOHN R. REID, ESQ.,  
Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada,  
Ottawa.

DEAR SIR,

As solicitors for the beneficiary under Policy No. 61685 on the life of the late Rev. Father Levac, we desire to thank the Company for the very prompt and satisfactory manner in which they have settled this claim. Will you kindly convey our thanks to the Head Office, and at the same time inform them that the businesslike methods pursued by them in this matter, has increased the good opinion we have always held of the Sun Life of Canada. Whenever opportunity offers, we will speak a good word in its behalf.

Yours very truly,  
VINCENT & CARON.