

The Late Mr. Claxton.

In the late MR. T. JAMES CLAXTON, Montreal lost one of her best citizens.



The Late T. JAMES CLAXTON.

Coming to Montreal in 1842 he commenced commercial life as a clerk in the dry goods business, and later became a partner in the firm of Thompson, Claxton & Co. afterwards T. J. Claxton & Co.

Active in Christian work and in all that was for the good of men he closed a life that was truly successful. The following resolution of the Board of Directors of the Sun Life of Canada passed at a recent meeting states his relation with this Company :

"RESOLVED, That the Directors take this opportunity of expressing their profound sorrow at the death of MR. T. JAMES CLAXTON, and their sincere sympathy with Mrs. Claxton and the members of the family in their affliction. Mr. Claxton was one of the most prominent and active of the founders of this Company, being Chairman of most of the preliminary meetings which led to its organization, and occupying for more than ten years the position of Vice President. Though not actively connected with the Directorate since the year 1883, he continued to take a deep interest in the welfare of the Company, and both it as an Institution, and the members of the Board as individuals, have lost in him an honored friend."



Mr. Claxton held policies Nos. 10 and 11 on his life in the Company for \$10,000, which assurance was paid the day after the funeral.

Of those assured by the first ten policies issued by the Company, two only now survive,—Mr. William Reid, of Montreal, formerly Mr. Claxton's partner, and Mr. J. M. Bond, of Guelph.

The Pathos of War.

Some of the most brilliant work, in the way of descriptive writing ever done by war correspondents, is now appearing in the London papers. After tracing the terrible loss suffered by the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein, the Daily News correspondent thus writes of the burial of General Wauchope :

Three hundred yards to the rear of the little township of Modder River, just as the sun was sinking in a blaze of African splendor on the evening of Tuesday the 12th of December, a long, shallow grave lay exposed in the breast of the veldt. To the westward, a broad river fringed with trees runs murmuringly to the eastward, the heights still held by the enemy scowled menacingly ; north and south, the veldt undulated peacefully, a few paces to the northward of that grave fifty dead Highlanders lay dressed as they had fallen on the field of battle ; they had followed their chief to the field, and they were to follow him to the grave. How grim and stern those men looked as they lay face upward to the sky with great hands clenched in the last agony, and brows still knit with the stern lust of the strife in which they had fallen. The plaids dear to every Highland clan were represented there, and as I looked, out of the distance came the sound of pipes, it was the General coming to join his men.



There, right under the eyes of the enemy, moved with slow and solemn tread, all that remained of the Highland brigade. In front of them walked the chaplain with bared head, dressed in his robes of office ; then came the pipers, with their pipes, sixteen in all, and behind them, with arms reversed, moved the Highlanders, dressed in all the regalia of their regiments—and in the midst the dead General, borne by four of his comrades. Out swelled the pipes to the