

HON. ALEX. WALKER OGILVIE.

The Vice-President of the SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA was born at St. Michel, near Montreal, in the year 1829, being descended from a younger brother of the Earl of Angus, who, some centuries ago, was rewarded with the lands of Ogilvie in Banffshire, and assumed the name of the estate.

MR. OGILVIE was educated in Montreal, and on leaving school entered at once into commercial life. In 1854 he founded the firm of A. W. Ogilvie & Co., whose transactions in grain and flour soon became the most extensive and important in the Dominion, the great Glenora Mills being but one of their interests. After twenty years active business life he retired from the firm, which still, however, holds the first place in its own line, and devoted his energies to the directorate of many important corporations in which he was interested.

In this capacity Mr. Ogilvie has made his name a household word in Montreal. He either is at present or has been in the past Lieut.-Col. of Montreal Cavalry, President of the St. Michel Road Co., Chairman of the Montreal Turnpike Trust, Chairman of the Montreal Directors of the London Guarantee Co., Director of the Edwardsburg Starch Co., of the Montreal Loan and Mortgage Co., and of the Montreal Investment Co., besides taking a warm interest in the direction of many charitable societies.

In the political sphere he has been almost equally active. He represented Montreal West in the Quebec Legislative Assembly, being returned by acclamation from 1867 to 1871, when he declined re-nomination. He was re-elected in 1875, and sat until 1878, when he again declined re-nomination. He was called to the Senate of Canada in 1881, and at once took his place as one of the most industrious and esteemed members of that honourable body.

THE FALLOW FIELD... *Dora Read Goodale... Harper's*

Naked and fruitless lies the fallow field.
 No mower there lays cradle to ripe grain.
 Boasts the tilled soil, or counts it to his gain;
 Unprised and poor, its furrows, blank as grief,
 Nor keep the flock with tender blade and leaf,
 Nor tempt the laboring bee
 Passive to Heaven it lies, and the broad sun
 Streams fearless down on his dominion.
 God is its husbandman: mist-wreaths and dews,
 Slant rain and the toothed frost, their cunning use,
 And work new spells with oldest alchemy
 In the spent borders of the fallow field.
 Canst learn no lesson from the fallow field?
 Not to Toil only, not to those who strive,
 The bright celestial visitants arrive!
 Let the tired heart lie fallow, and the brain,
 Eased of its tasks, wait like a child again;
 Hush the quick-beating breast.
 Nature, the old nurse-mother, knows a spell
 That pleasures those who trust her passing well.
 Who for a season only courts the sky
 Will reap the fuller harvest by-and-by.
 Give ear to silence; taste the sweets of rest,—
 And prove the virtues of the fallow field!

A CABOWNER had the word "Excelsior" painted on the door panel of all his vehicles. He explained that his motto was "hire."

The goose is not a brilliant bird,
 When all is done and said,
 For on all great occasions
 He's sure to lose his head.

Town and Country Journal.

A MINING ITEM.—New Chum: "And how am I to know when I'm getting near the gold?" Old Digger: "Well, just keep on digging till yer pick gets yellor like mustard, and you can reckon you are coming on it."—

Sydney Bulletin.