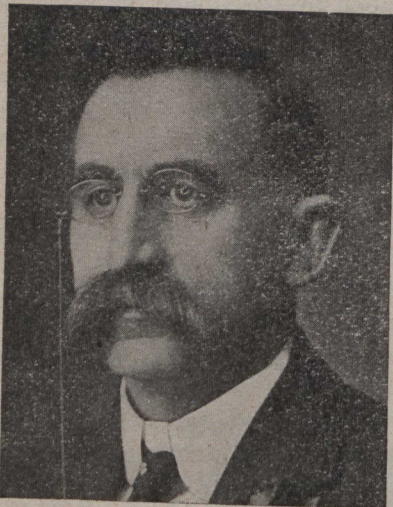


Civilian Portraits.

John Orlebar Macleod.

From Calgary, Alberta, to Dawson City in the Yukon is the little circuit represented by Mr. John Orlebar Macleod, superintendent of the railway mail service in that part of the world. Mr. Macleod is one of the waymakers in the railway world. He was born as far from Vancouver as he could get and still be in Canada—in Orwell, P. E. I., in the year 1860; so that he is not yet an old man. But as history goes in the West Mr. Macleod is a



veteran. He is at least as old as that other veteran, the C.P.R. He was in charge of the second overland train that ever got through the Rockies in Canada. That train was burned in forest fires in the Selkirks, and in the fire Mr. Macleod got serious injuries; afterwards a gratuity from the Department. He took the first mail train into Vancouver and ten years later was made superintendent of the railway mail service. The district he is in charge of now, covers more steamer services than all the rest of Canada put together.

ABOUT A GIANT.

A Fable.

By Von Ludwig.

Once there was a great Giant, that is, he was mostly great, but not altogether; he was great in size,—in length, breadth and thickness,—and great in strength; but his innumerable heads were wrong, very wrong. He had so many heads he was like the old woman who lived in a shoe, he didn't know what to do. Now it is bad enough to have more heads than you need, but imagine how inconvenient to have a whole lot of heads and hardly a sound one among them.

This poor Giant had good feet, fine legs, a ponderous but very well behaved stomach, heart all right, lungs sound, and liver active; but every one of his many heads had something the matter with it. One was deaf, another blind, several were half blind, many were what is called nutty, and all were very much swelled.

A wise lot of Ducks (not Doctors, mind you,) undertook to cure the Giant of his bad heads, so they cooked up a prescription and arranged a course of treatment and a diet. They put his feet in hot water, made him stay indoors in the warm weather, slapped him on the ankles, gave him very hard massage in the back, pounded his muscles and thumped his chest, and gave him bad medicine—a whole lot—till the poor Giant got absolutely wobbly in the pins. And all the time the trouble in his heads became worse and worse. Of course, the heads were the only parts that could say a word, and they explained, each in its own way, that all the trouble was in the stomach or the liver or the lungs or some other part, and the Giant was