



SOMETHING OF A DECK-LOAD.

### THE CHARACTER OF UNCLE THOMAS.

(From Advance Sheets of a Biography by M. K. Connolly).

\* \* \* THE strongest feature of Thomas McGreevey's character was his benevolence. So highly was this trait developed that it not infrequently led to his being misjudged, and those actions which sprang from disinterested affection were sometimes attributed to selfish and corrupt motives. Mr. McGreevey was at this time a member of parliament, and by the merest accident he happened to be on terms of intimate friendship with a gentleman who chanced to be at the head of the Public Works Department. When it came to his knowledge accidentally that I and my business partners had thoughts of tendering for a certain public work, our Uncle Thomas, with more than avuncular kindness, went unknown to us to his friend, the minister, and bore testimony to our excellent character as workmen. He did not dream when he made this and many subsequent visits of the same kind that one of the members of our firm was his brother Robert. Had he known this, a feeling of innate delicacy would no doubt have overcome his natural kindly impulse, and he would have refrained from putting in a good word, as he did, for fear that such action might have been misunderstood. When I saw he "put in a good word" all I mean is that he testified to our reliable characters. He impressed upon the minister that only in case our tender should be the lowest, and in all respects most in the public interest, should he give us the contract. When this work was given to us the joy of our Uncle was really touching. He was pleased that we had been found worthy, and that the country was sure to get good value for its money. It was the pure,

unselfish pleasure of an innocent, childlike heart. This is but an isolated instance of the unassuming goodness of this really nice man. Did space permit I could tell of journeys he took from Quebec to Ottawa, and from Ottawa to Quebec; of midnight conferences; of earnest labors and unrequited toils which he went through month after month, and year after year, for the financial benefit of our firm, without one moment's thought of reward. Had he borne any relation to our firm, or any of the members thereof, the case would not have been so striking; but, as I have said, he was ignorant all the while that his brother Robert was one of us, and he well understood that he was only our "Uncle" by adoption. Out of this unaffected kindness, I am pained to say, much trouble arose for the dear old gentleman. A certain Mr. Tarte professed to see in it evidence of what is known as boodling, and refused to believe that all this hard work was done by Mr. McGreevey for love alone. He went further, and made a series of cruel charges to this effect, and had the case tried before the High Court of Parliament. On that occasion I appeared before the tribunal and gave the plain, unvarnished account here written, but I regret to say others testified that Tarte's cruel charges were only too true.

### THE OATS WERE BASHFUL.

TENDERFOOT—"How's the crops in this section?"

RANCHER—"Mighty little crops in these parts, 'ceptin' coyotes and such."

TENDERFOOT—"Coy-oats, eh? Well, that's a kind of poetical way of putting it. I suppose the coyness is owing to drouth or frost or something."