

## THE SONG-LITERATURE OF NINETY-EIGHT.

A CENTURY ago, says Dr. George Sigerson, in the Dublin Freeman, Irish society was more given to letters than it is at the present. The country was prosperous, there were a resident gentry who identified themselves with its fortunes, the Palemen became patriots. The titanic struggle of the country, guided by men of mind, gifted with rare oratorical powers, fostered a respect for intellect, and many sought to show, by essay, speech, and verse, that they too were men of mind, and could claim to share in the new nobility. Hence books and periodicals multiplied, societies were founded for the encouragement of literature, arts, science, and industries. Irishmen became noted for eminence in many departments; they raised the reputation of their country to a high level, and later generations live upon their fame. So changed are the times, so fallen the standard, that men have thought it prudent to put aside any pretence of higher culture, to plod along their life-ruts, believing that the present public will have confidence in them so long as they prove they are but one-idea'd persons, which they can conclusively. So that Ireland has been lowered in the esteem of the outside world, which has been taught to disdain philistinism. But a new spirit is enlivening the land. There was poetry in the Pale from the very arrival of the Anglo-Normans, as their Norman-French poems bear witness. Then,

MICHAEL OF KILDARE

was the first to compose a satire in English. There were occasional verses on political subjects, for political purports, like the rude rhyme of "Lillibulero." But the great movement which gave birth to the Volunteers to Free Trade, and to an independent Parliament, gave origin likewise to a new literature, in prose and poetry, the nascent National Literature of Ireland, in the English language.

This was the immediate predecessor and parent of the Literature of Ninety, especially as regards poetry. How close the connection is may be judged from the fact that John Sheares, who was executed in 1798, wrote "The Shamrock Cockade," the charter-song of the volunteer societies, who, on the 17th March, 1790, paraded on the Mall of Cork, under arms, and fired three volleys in honor of the day. Cork claims the credit of the first volunteer associations; but these, as their names show, belonged to the ascendancy section. They were the True Blues, Byrnes, Anghrim, Union and Culloden societies, but now were proud of being "the Sons of Liberty." They defied the French, in verse, and were loyal, but scorned the knave who does not mount the shamrock. "The Volunteer button bore as motto, 'God Save the King' but it was in Irish. It is, perhaps, this 'Shamrock Cockade,' of John Sheares, which suggested to Andrew Cherry his ever popular song, 'The Dear Little Shamrock of Ireland.' Its author, a Limerick man, was long a favorite actor on the Dublin stage.

Edward Lyaght is another who can nestle the two periods. He was a barrister, a Clare man, kin to the Deltons, Byrnes Castlecootes, and Clancartyes—they were Irishmen, at last. Then, and foremost, he had

A DOWRY OF POETRY

from Nature, which she has not given to everyone who writes political or patriotic verse. What a fine swing and song there is in that ballad of his on "The gallant man who led the van of the Irish Volunteers!" It calls and controls our attention like the song of a thrush, heard amongst piping bulfinches, trained to whistle by art. Though he shared in the convivial and rollicking tone of the time, and promoted it, yet there is feeling for Ireland there, too, as in "Saint Patrick's Delight," "The Sprig of Shillelagh," and "Advice to Paddy." The latter is ascribed to Lyaght, and there is a statement that another which begins "How justly alarmed is each Dublin citizen" was composed by two students of Trinity College, Meers, Ardagh and Moore. But it is found, as Dr. Madden pointed out, in Lyaght's collection, published in 1811. There is wit in almost all he wrote, but a print error mars one version of his skit. Forecasting the injury of the projected union, he exaggerates the growth of grass in the streets, and adds—

Wild oats in the College won't want to be tilled,  
And hemp in your Courts may thrive, sir.

The faulty version gives us 'cottage' for 'college.'

THE INTENSE ARDOUR OF THE NEWER MOVEMENT

struck a more powerful chord. There is less play of wit and humor; satire and sarcasm remain, but the prevailing tone is one of passionate longing and desire for triumph of principles which should regenerate all mankind. None, not even in the temper of the time, can even imagine the overwhelming tide of enthusiasm which caught the masses and bore them along in a whirl of rapturous delight, at home and abroad. They believed that tyranny was ended for ever, that a gospel of universal freedom had been announced, and a millennium of happiness was about to begin. This was the case with multitudes in France, with many in England and Scotland, as well as in Ireland, and not a few beyond the Rhine. A German poet recalling this fervor, rebuked a later generation: 'But you, pale youth of Germany, you think not with our thoughts, nor can you understand our minds.' In Ireland the population cherished diverse ideals. The relations

of the south with the Irish Brigade in France and their Jacobite ballads kept them royalists still. Dublin still hoped to vindicate the Constitution of Eighty-two, but the conduct of the Cabal Government was driving them off that ground into the republican movement. In Ulster it flurried untrammelled amongst the descendants of the plantation, whose forefathers had in many cases fought prelate and monarch in Scotland, and who were not so shocked as the Southern by the excesses of the French Revolution. But though France gave the impulse, the movement was nationalized. The leaders meant what they spoke and the words 'Liberty, equality and fraternity,' really signified, when they spoke them. 'Freedom, fair-play, and fraternity.' They clasped the hands of the old Catholic nation, and passionately wished that all men should have equal rights. Hence one has heard in Ulster glens a mother—even a Catholic mother—singing to her children old Irish and Scottish Jacobite ballads, and with these, put to sweet old airs verses about planting 'The tree of Liberty upon the Irish Shore,' and 'The dear Rights of Man.'

It was fitting that the North should produce the

MOST DISTINGUISHED AND CHARACTERISTIC POEM

of the period, and this was done when Dr. Donnan wrote: "When Erin First Rose from the Dark swelling Flood." It struck the keynote, and has had a great influence over the opinion of generations, teaching that true patriotism is not merely compatible with but implies chivalrous respect for foe as for friend. It has much poetic power. More mentions its beauty, and we owe to it one of the epithets of Ireland, 'The Emerald Isle.' Another of his poems firm, reserved, and worthy of its theme, is his 'Wake of William Orr.' No less noble is his pathetic 'Lamentation of the Women of Limerick.' Dr. Donnan died in Belfast in 1820, and in accordance with his wish his body was borne to the grave by six Protestants and six Catholics.

From another of the 'United Men,' James Orr, we have a piece of flowing natural verse, which contains the latest line of lasting life. This is 'The Irishman,' which begins, 'The savage loves his native shore.' This was enough to preserve his memory. He wrote one ballad in Scotch dialect, and another in Irish dialect, and some didactic verses, but none which persevere like this. Samuel Neilson, a prominent member of the society, wrote the 'British Bacchanals,' but it has little further interest. Nor do the satires of Mrs. Battier on the small transient tyrants of the time much attract. They were weapons of warfare, and pass with it. But it is curious to note that the supposed Americanism, 'lynch,' was then current in Ireland. The 'Dog in Office' declares—'I'll lynch each honest man.' Henry Joy McCracken's song of

'THE THISTLE AND THE SHAMROCK'

was cast in a mould better suited for popularity, but the occasion was of unimportant interest. Thomas Russell's poem, 'Erin's Address to Caledonia,' was intended, like the last named, to draw closer the two kingdoms; it is good verse. The same may be said with respect to two fables in verse, which Madden ascribes to Robert Emmet; they were clearly juvenile efforts. One little song attributed to Wolfe Tone, 'Why, Erin, Why?' written in the manner of 'Why, Gentles, Why?' does not count; the other is vigorous and easy—

When Rome by dividing had conquered the world,  
And land after land into slavery hurried;  
Hibernia escaped, for 'twas Heaven's decree  
That herne, united, should ever be free.

A collection was made of the political songs, of which the first edition was published in 1798, and which had much sale in Ulster, under the name of "Paddy's Resources." It is a remarkable production, for it holds many songs, set to Irish, Scotch, and English airs, dealing with such themes as the destruction of the Bastille (to the air of the "Boysie Water"), and Europe Embattled (to the air of the "Prussian Drum" or "Protestant Boys"). Odd it certainly is to see the chanting of the "Carmagnoles," but it does not surprise to meet with a spirited version of the "Marseillaise," and to learn that James Hope intoned it when marching to the battle of Antrim, and that all the insurgents joined in the chorus.

What of the genuine folk songs? There are two at least

WHICH HAVE BECOME FAMOUS.

One is 'The Wearing of the Green,' the old version of which the writer obtained from oral recital in Tyrone. This piece was, however, imperfect, and may be made up of two—the second being 'The Green upon the Cape,' the 'Shan Van Vocht,' on the other hand, seems to have been always kept to the front. From intrinsic evidence, it is manifest that the first belongs to Ulster and the last to Leinster. These are folk ballads, and possess the simplicity and directness which characterize the better class of such compositions. Other folk ballads there are, but labored; the authors were plainly toiling against the difficulties of transplanting a sonnet into English verse, and of assimilating Jacobinism and Jacobitism, piety and philosophy. The fish were caught, but the net was too frail, and suffered rents.

On the other hand, the barbs of the old Gaelic nation do not seem to have found any inspiration in this movement, which convulsed what was still the Pale for them. However, a few ballads in Gaelic have been put in print from O'Daly's collection, and probably there are others yet unpublished. One of the published three refers to Sleive-na-moun and is simple in its statement. One is by a Cork bard, Michael O'Longuin, and gives us the dramatic conception of an insurgent dead in Wexford speaking a message from the grave to a surviving comrade, and bidding him remind his Southern friends that, though abandoned and forgotten, he fought and fell. The last of the three is known as 'The Slight Red Steed' a weird, mysterious poem. To the bard, in a vision, there suddenly appears a crimson steed; he is terror-stricken but by command leaps upon the horse and is borne to a

fairly fortress, where the glad tidings of future good fortune to Ireland are told him—how freedom will come through the night.

Like sunshine adorning the dew-white mead  
Through clouds of the morning on the Slight Red Steed.

Nothing more different in manner and spirit can well be imagined than the practical political verse of most of the poetry of the period, full of enthusiasm as it was, and these Southern Gaelic ballads. The authors of these, with intuitive artistic insight, took the subject as masters and invested it with the ethereal vesture of poetry, with human and spiritual interest.

RIGHT REV. MGR. FARRELLY.

THE RIGHT REV. MGR. FARRELLY, of Belleville, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Kingston, and administrator of it since the death of the late Archbishop Cleary, preached a touching sermon on the deceased prelate in St.



Michael's Church, Belleville, on Sunday last. In eloquent language he dwelt on the brilliant career of the great prelate, on the saintliness of his character, the ripeness of his scholarship, his profundity as a theologian, and his intrepidity as a champion of Catholic principles. The large congregation who listened to Mgr. Farrelly's masterly discourse were visibly affected by it.

MRS. DANIEL FITZPATRICK.

In a pretty home on York avenue, New Brighton, Richmond, lives Mrs. Daniel Fitzpatrick, who is over one hundred years old. She is known to all as 'Mother Fitzpatrick.' She makes her home with her youngest daughter.

One of the surprising things about this centenarian is the fact that she delights in reading, and she reads without glasses. Mother Fitzpatrick was born in the town of Porto Bello, county Roscommon.



Ireland, on Christmas eve, 1797. Her maiden name was Bridget Croughnagh. When twenty-four years old she married Fitzpatrick. In 1847 Mrs. Fitzpatrick and her family set sail for America, but in a terrible storm the vessel was driven upon the northern coast of England. Many lives were lost and Mrs. Fitzpatrick could not be persuaded to cross the Atlantic for over two years thereafter.

For nearly fifty years she has lived on Staten Island. Her husband died soon after coming to this country, and of her six children only her two youngest are living. They are Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, with whom she lives, and Mrs. Mary Morris. Mrs. Fitzpatrick has twenty-three grandchildren and fifty-eight great-grandchildren. Nearly all of them live on the island.

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## IRISH NATIONAL FORESTERS.

The men of '98 did in Ireland, at that time, what every dozen Englishmen would do today under similar circumstances, and what we to-day would gladly do again if the scandalous license of Castlebragh's soldiery were sanctioned by Mr. Balfour (cheers). English writers call the effort to loose the grip of foreign politicians on the throat of Irish life 'Rebellion'; we call that same effort 'Patriotism externalized,' and every Irishman will continue to consider it his duty to smash the grip of Dublin Castle politicians on Ireland (hear, hear). We do not receive this on utilitarian grounds alone. We stand on a higher plane. If in '98, and ever since, there had been peace instead of war; if there had been prosperity, plenty, and all material progress instead of

Depopulation, Poverty and Decay.

I, for one, would be still of the party of '98—that is, a party who reject the influence of even the best British politicians, and of all of them, in Irish domestic affairs (cheers). I can say for all the Irishmen that I know, and I think, they will never be English, even for all the gold of the Empire. We are 'Paddies evermore,' and, except in the unity of the one true faith, nothing shall amalgamate us with any other race or nation (cheers). The men of '98 clearly emphasized this universal Irish sentiment, and no man, and no party, speaks the sentiments of St. Patrick's sons who says differently. Hence the universal popularity of the toast of the men of '98. And now might I say a word in answer to reasonable English criticism? It is said that we live too much in the past. The present and the future, they say, should occupy us more. Well, we are the sole, the acknowledged, and the best judges of Irish affairs. Irish hearts, minds and intellects are the tribunal to submit Irish affairs to, and in this year of 1898 we cannot too loudly proclaim on Irish affairs, to all comers, the first principle of 'hands off.' As a resident in England I rejoice in its privileges, but our freedom shall never silence our plea for freedom for our fellow countrymen. We live in the past because it teaches us the lessons of this banner in front of me—unity, 'patriotism,' 'benevolence' (hear, hear). Without unity we receive (and we deserve it) the contempt of our opponents. In this year I hope to see gathered round some festive board like this John Dillon, John Redmond, Tim Healy, and Tim Harrington (cheers). If the 'Tins' and the 'Johns' united to day all Ireland would be one to-morrow. Let us have a monument of '98. Either the union of the Johns and Tins, or the effacement of them from political life in a few months. 'Patriotism' demands more for Ireland and less for self, and in Mr. Davitt we have very little self and all suffering for Ireland. There is no duty on us to discover points of disagreement, or principles of opposition.

We all agree in the main. In this year I claim a cheer for Dillon, Davitt, Redmond, Healy and Harrington (cheers). They all save Ireland. We agree to that, but they do not, and they ought to admit claims to gratitude for good work done. There is one circumstance which gives me additional pleasure in proposing the toast of the men of '98, and it is this, that then, as ever since, there are recorded in the muster roll of liberty's apostles the names of Irish priests. Father Murphy (of Wexford) is as grand a figure as Wolfe Tone, and in the opinion of many he is one of the noblest characters of '98. Anyhow his heroic life demonstrates that between faith and intellect and the is no wall of separation. One is the guardian of the other.

FATHER MURPHY CARRIED HIS 'BARK' IN '98

He was but one of many fathers who were convinced that to give one's life in defence of the liberties of the people, in the protection of their homes, of their families, is a noble sacrifice (cheers)—and every Father Murphy in Ireland, or out of it, to day feels that British politicians have no more moral sanction for continuing their muddling management of our domestic affairs than Germans would have, had they captured the House of Commons, to make laws for England. English history would not call Father Murphy and the men of '98 'rebels' if they succeeded. With us as in America at the same time, the Irish Rebellion would have been called the War of Independence, and if Washington failed, as Wolfe Tone failed, what the world describes to-day as a great and necessary blow for freedom would have been written down as a conspiracy of wicked agitators. A hundred years ago the Americans swept into the Atlantic the politicians who came to fatten on their great country, and they were right (cheers). The men of '98 tried to do the same because it was a duty. The duty will remain a sacred inheritance to every generation of Irishmen until, in the council chamber of College Green, our domestic affairs will be managed by our own countrymen, without the interference of Whig or Tory (cheers).

The toast was enthusiastically received, and was briefly responded to by Mr. T. Scanlon.

During the evening Mr. Davitt presented Brothers Fox and Morris with a handsome silver medal each in recognition of their services to the branch. Mr. Davitt said he desired to express to the recipients of the medals the hearty esteem of all the members of the branch (cheers). He thought these mementoes would be an incentive to Brothers Fox and Morris to carry on their good work.

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lions: 'Irish National Foresters, Ireland United Branch. Presented by Michael Davitt to Brother P. Fox as a mark of esteem in recognition of his services to the branch. London, 1898.' 'Irish National Foresters, Ireland United Branch. Presented by Michael Davitt to Brother G. Morris for the members for his sincerity and ability during his term of office as chief ranger.' Brothers Fox and Morris suitably responded.—London Universe.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN PEMBROKE.

The St. Patrick's day celebration in Pembroke was ushered in with imposing religious ceremonies in the Catholic Cathedral. The great building was thronged, and solemn Pontifical High Mass was sung by his Lordship, the Right Rev. N. Z. Lorrain, with Rev. Father Nolan as deacon and Rev. Father French as sub-deacon, Rev. Father Le Duc of Chapeau being assistant priest. Prof. Wahl and his splendid choir did themselves credit in the glorious music furnished on the occasion.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. John T. Kierman of Sarnia, who is a worthy descendant of a nation of orators and who is famed for his pulpit abilities.

He took his text from Ecclesi. Chap. 12, v. 11: "This day shall be for a memorial to you and you shall keep it a feast to the Lord in your generation, with an everlasting observance." St. Patrick's Day is ever new, ever an achievement, ever a feast. It does not lose by the lapse of years, nor by the succession of generations, its memories as fresh, its associations as beloved, its enthusiasm as enthralling, as if capturing as ever Mother church has preserved to history of the triumph of 'Atherland and the affectionate Irish heart its purity on twice the present with the past. The preacher, after showing the attachment and fidelity of the Irish race to Church and country, paid a high compliment to the fair minded, broad viewed and intelligent people of all creeds and nationalities of this happy and prosperous town of Pembroke, and trusted that all would continue to work harmoniously together to safeguard the interests of the dear Little Shamrock, the emblem of Irish faith, with the patient perseverance of the ke-nayed heaver, the emblem of its adopted and hospitable country.

After reviewing the most striking proofs of Ireland's steadfastness to the faith preached on the hills of Tara by their Apostle St. Patrick, and the heroic efforts she made for the preservation, development and welfare of her church, he exhorted all to cherish the memories of the early pioneers of religion in these parts and prayed that their vigilant care from above would keep them without giving offence to any one willingly, fast in the imperishable rock on which Christ built his church.

During the day the streets were full of promenaders, all wearing green badges.

In the evening the Town Hall was crowded to the doors, and the evening given under the auspices of the Catholic Order of Foresters was in every way a decided success. His Lordship, the Bishop and Rev. Fathers La Tulippe, Nolin, French and R. Mand (Belleville) and Kierman were present and occupied seats at the front. Rev. Dr. Byrne was also present. Mayor Murray took the chair promptly, and after dwelling for a short time on Irish history and the day which was being celebrated, spoke of the pleasure it gave him to see that although the town was crowded all day, there was not the slightest sign of intemperance. He reminded all to remember the teachings of the Great Father Matthew. The band then gave a very fine overture, and it was indeed a pleasure to note the great progress they have made under the tuition of Mr. Jenks. We now have a really fine band. A reading by Mr. F. E. Goodwin and a sweet piano duet by the Misses Trindall were very much enjoyed. Miss Mary Kohn gave two delightful Irish songs (the second as an encore), accompanied most effectively by Miss Nellie O'Connor Mr. W. J. and Miss Douglas pleased everybody by their music. Master John Burke received an ovation; he is such a little boy and he sings so splendidly! He wore plenty of green and a green cap, and his Irish song was a gem. A great and beautiful bouquet was thrown to him, and the audience would have him out again, but he merely came out and how'd, creating great merriment. Prof. Wahl accompanied, and Master John scored a complete success.

The band opened the second part by a splendid selection, and while preparations were being made for the presentation of the opera, "The Irish May Day," Prof. Wahl played a selection of Irish airs on the piano. The opera was splendidly given; the manner in which the boys and girls spoke out their parts, and the harmonious way in which they rendered the beautiful Irish melody in solo, duet, trio, quartette and chorus, reflected great credit on their trainers, Prof. Wahl and Father La Tulippe. Mr. T. O'Brien, too, sang and acted well.

The greater includes the less. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula, and may be depended upon to cure boils and pimples.

Le Soir, of Brussels, Belgium, learns that by the new Anglo-Belgian commercial treaty Belgium will participate in the favored nation clause as regards Great Britain and her colonies, thus securing the benefits of the Canadian preferential tariff.

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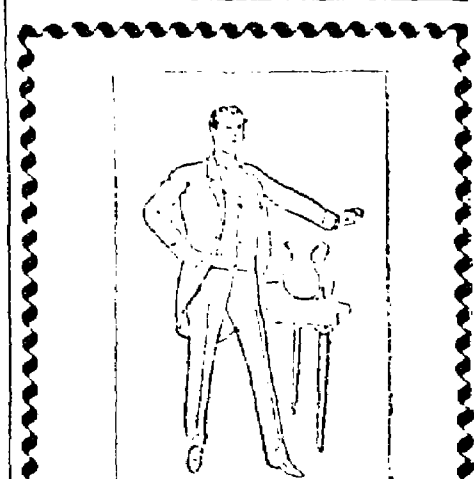
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