

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER VIII KEVIN GOES INTO EXILE

Another year passed over the mountain people, uneventful but prosperous. The weather had been friendly; the harvest fair. Old folks were in good health and children thrived. Connor Mor's turfs had never covered larger space nor had ever been in sounder condition; his modest barn was comfortably stocked, and his wife had added considerably to her flock of poultry and geese.

"Bad luck one year brings good luck the next," said Connor Mor to his wife, in the chimney corner, as they talked over their affairs. The wife sighed. "I'd rather have little Fan nor a clump o' turf or a bag of oats, any day," she said, wiping her spectacles.

"Tut, woman; you talk as if I had sold her at the fair!" said Connor Mor, knocking the ashes out of his pipe impatiently. "God Almighty took her away, and I did not ask me about it no more nor you. But as she was wanted in heaven, you can't but admit that Kevin is all the better since he gave her up."

"He's changed, surely," said the mother, musing, "but I do not know whether 'tis better or not." "You might, then," chafed the father, "when everybody is talking about it. There's the quick look in his eye, and the ready word on his tongue. He's not always listenin' and dhramin' as he used to be, but knows what he is about, an' what other people's about, too."

The mother took up the work that always reminded her of the little girl that had learned at her knee, and a large tear dropped into the very toe of the stocking she was knitting. Her husband pretended not to see it, but he got up and walked into the barn, where for some few moments he saw nothing distinctly. Going back into the kitchen again he put his rough, kind hand on his wife's.

"Come, old woman!" he said, "make the best o' it. I have a plan in my head; we must get Kevin married."

"Married!" cried the mother. "Yes," said the father. "When he has children of his own he will soon learn to forget little Fan."

It was true that Kevin was changed. In the last year he had grown taller than his father, and his figure had lost its heaviness of proportion and gait. He had a wide-awake, watchful air, and the restlessness of his mind gave a quickness to his movements. No longer turned in upon himself and the wonder of his dreams his thoughts were entirely taken up with observation of people and things, still hoping to find a clue to the mysterious disappearance of the child. He cared no more what the neighbors thought of him, and was unconscious of the change in their opinions. Even his features appeared altered, having grown sharper, careworn, more refined.

"Kevin's got a beautiful face now," said little Judy. "I wish poor Fan could see it."

"I'm sorry I ever called him stupid," said Nell with a tear. He spent the evenings, in turn, with Shawn Rua, or Father Ulick, and each friend, in his way, found him an ardent disciple of the lore that was placed within his reach. With the priest he studied Latin and English, and he pored into the Gaelic manuscripts with Shawn. All day as he labored with his body he strove to keep his mind on his occupation, and was only half-conscious of an unformed purpose that was lying at the bottom of his heart, like an anchor to his thoughts in the inquietude of his grief. But it was there, waiting for a day that would come.

One rough evening Shawn, who had been carrying sea-rack all day to manure his little field, came home wet and tired, and found Kevin arrived before him, waiting at his fireside. The "boy's" face was always a glad sight to the book-learned man, who set about getting out his papers and trimming his fish-oil lamp.

"Don't waste the oil," said Kevin; "I only want to talk to you tonight." Shawn mended the fire and sat down. The wind roared, and the fire blazed with a pleasant noise, and still Kevin sat, pale and silent, as if the silence had been too much for him to break.

"Is it about—her?" asked Shawn, gently, gazing at his favorite with ghostly eyes, full of sympathy.

"Yes," said Kevin; "but I don't know rightly how to begin to tell you. My father has got a strange notion in his head about me. He wants me to marry."

"Bad news to him," said Shawn. "Cannot he let you alone?" "He wants to make me happy; to make me forget. I have been trying to think whether I can please him or not. Night after night I have been turning it all over in my mind. I have no one in the world except my father and mother, and I have already given them trouble enough."—Kevin here sprang up and began walking restlessly about the cabin. "I could give them up my life and do what they please, only—only—"

"You can't make up your mind that the child is dead?" said Shawn, reverently.

"I can't, I can't!" said Kevin, sitting down and burying his face in his hands. "Shawn," he said, looking up again, and gazing piteously into the eyes of his friend, "wherever I go Maury's words are always following me about: 'I could not die only I leave her to you. Never let her sing anything that will hinder her singing with the angels in heaven.'"

"I remember well," said Shawn. "And you know what I answered. I vowed on my soul that I would never go to heaven without her. But Shawn—"

"Well, boy?" "If those gipsies have got her in spite of their deceits—which is likely to become of her; and how am I going to meet Maury's eyes at judgment?"—Shawn drew a long breath and shook his head. "And, Shawn, I cannot believe she is dead. At times I hear her voice so plainly, singing, singing, so loud and clear, that it could not be the voice of a spirit. It is like herself calling to me."

"Your own bits o' notions, my boy, an' natural like. But Maury has got her safe an' sound, an' that's my sure belief." Kevin was silent, and struggled to compose himself. "If I had proof of that," he said, at last, "my father might do what he likes with me."

"You'll never have proof," said Shawn. "You must put that out of your head." "If I settle down here with a wife to take care of I can never, never go out into the world to look for her," said Kevin, staring into the fire, and speaking as if to himself.

"My poor foolish boy, and is it that you've been thinkin' of? Have you not done enough at the sarchin' yet?" "It has always been at the back of my head somewhere," said Kevin, "that when I could get myself a bit educated, and my father some way settled with a boy that could help him, I would go out and earn my way from place to place, searching for her all over the world."

"The Lord save you, boy! Would you forsake all belongin' to you?" "I would wring my heart," said Kevin, in a tone of intense pain; "but 'twould only be to find her and bring her back."

"Och!" said Shawn, "may the saints put such foolishness out o' your head! Maury has got her; and that's hard enough on you, goodness knows, without sendin' you trampin' all over the world from your friends an' home, breakin' your parents' hearts that had a way made for you, an' a little place waitin' on you; and wastin' your life searchin' for what you'll never find, no more nor you'll catch the wind that blows over our heads!"

Kevin's home-loving heart admitted the truth of these remarks, yet even while they talked, his eyes rested on the old manuscript-chest which had been his bed on the night of Fanchea's birth, and where he had been visited with wonderful dreams concerning her. It was impossible for him to disbelieve that she had brought him a beautiful spirit mysteriously in harmony with her own, which dropped in her absence, and needed her influence that it might live. He had an indescribable feeling, which he could not even hint to Shawn, that had she been dead he would have known it by some ineffable change in his own mind. Alone on his island, or walking the mountain at night, he told himself boldly that he felt her alive. And if alive, how must she not want his assistance, his protection? It is but just to say that with more selfish longings were almost lost in his compassion for her young loneliness and need.

In the meantime, having persuaded his wife that he was acting for the best, Kevin's father sent word to Terence Dhu, a friend of his, that he would be glad if he could bring his daughter Mary to Killeevy the next time he might think fit to drive his heifers by that way.

It did not occur to the practical father that Kevin's dislike to the idea of marriage was any reason for delaying his plans. The lad was fanciful and odd, but had always been an obedient son; and once the match was made he would be sure to fall in with the old people's wishes. Terence's Mary was not a girl to be looked on long with disfavour, and Kevin's wooing would leave him little time to mope. Thus all trouble was to be banished from Connor Mor's fireside as soon as Mary's blue eye should shine out upon Killeevy.

On Hallow-eve, Terence arrived on his way from a fair, with a nice little group of cattle bellowing before him, and accompanied by his daughter in a new blue cloak. A neighbour of Connor Mor's had already invited some friends to hold the festival of Hallow-eve in his kitchen; and it was understood by the two fathers that on this auspicious occasion the match of their children should be made.

Kevin was present, to please his mother; was in ignorance of the compact that was about to be sealed over his head. Connor Mor had shrunk from any further explanations with his reluctant son beyond the announcement of his wish that he should marry. The first dance being over he came up to Kevin.

"Come along with me now, boy, for I have a partner for you! A partner in a jig and a partner for life. An', by my word, I promise you you'll never have to repeat 'I taking the step.'"

A little roughness was in his manner, a little nervousness in his voice, and a twinkle of humour in his eye. He loved his son, and had no doubt of the boon he was conferring on him; but he was vaguely conscious that the boy was not like other boys, and had ways and thoughts that were beyond his ken. He did not choose to see the look that Kevin turned on him, but went away and left him standing by the side of his destined bride. From the doorway of a little inner room, where fathers of families were enjoying a moderate glass of punch, he looked back and saw that they were dancing together. And then he went into the inner room and sat down to finish the bargain of the "match" with Terence Dhu.

Kevin was dancing with the Mary that had been chosen for him; but he could not see her pink, comely cheeks, and fair smooth head bobbing opposite to him because of another and smaller figure that kept dancing between them and would not let his eyes raise themselves higher than the level of her own little head. The last time Kevin had danced a jig it had been with Fanchea, and the music to which they danced had come out of her lips. He saw her plainly now as, then, eyes glancing full of mirth and mischief, light limbs flying, little feet twinkling above the floor as if practising some magical air-treading trick. With his eyes full of this image, Kevin danced away with unusual spirit and energy, while many thoughts flashed through his mind and the whole scene around him seemed to spin with the confusion of his brain. He saw himself tethered for ever to this mountain side, while the child called in vain to him from some cruel distance which he could never make an effort to reach. He felt the urgency of the moment lay its hand upon him; he realized his sudden and unexpected position, felt that if he did not act at once he should be powerless to alter his fate for evermore. Scarcely aware of what was being said and done around him, he allowed himself to be "danced down" and dismissed with laughter, while Mary, smiling and untired, was readily provided with a second partner.

Kevin slipped from the house unperceived, his mind as dark as the night that surrounded him. Presently the landscape grew upon him out of the shadows, and a few stars became visible hanging in the distance of sky and sea, while his latent purpose also took shape before him, pointing to a future, chill, indistinct, though not hopeless, and leading far away from the home and kindred that were dear to him.

Hastening lest his courage should fail, he entered his father's house, his own little room, and throwing together a few articles of clothing in a bundle which he tied to a stick, he returned to the kitchen. His mother's knitting was lying on the table; he took it up and kissed it, glanced all around on the familiar objects dimly visible in the slumbering twilight, choked back a rising sob, and hurrying out of the door closed it reverently behind him.

"May God save all here till I come back," he said, making the sign of the cross in the air above the humble dwelling. Father Ulick was kneeling at his night prayers when Kevin paused at his door, and caught a sigh through the gaping chinks: "But I am needy and poor, O God help me!" Repeating the cry in his innermost heart, the intruder knocked.

"Forgive me for disturbing you, sir; but I must say a few words." "Why, Kevin you are never setting out on a journey at this time of night?" "But I am, sir; and I fear 'twill be long ere I come back." "What do you mean?" "I am going out into the world, Father Ulick, to seek my fortune and to search for Fanchea. I often told you, sir, that I felt the day was coming when I'd have to do it. Things have happened tonight—perhaps you have heard of them—and I cannot stay here any longer."

"Father Ulick looked troubled. "Why not wait till tomorrow?" he said. "Why steal away like a thief in the night, without saying good-by to your parents and friends?" "Because I could not," said Kevin, resolutely. "Were I to look in my mother's eyes again I never could have the courage to go; and my life would be ruined and my soul would be lost." The priest was startled. "Strange, strong language!" he said. "But you were always different from the rest."

"I want you to talk to them, Father Ulick; to give them my love and to ask for their prayers. You'll tell them why I'm going, and that I hope to come back; and that maybe I may live to make them happier yet." "I'll tell them, my boy; I'll say every word of it; for I know 'tis not unkindness that is hurrying you away. May God Himself guide you, for I dare not try to interfere with your purpose!"

The priest gave him his solemn blessing, and watched him set out on his way; then returned to his little room and his prayers, in which all Kevin's interests were ardently remembered.

Meanwhile, the poor wanderer stopped in passing by the festive house, and, unobserved, looked in through the window. The dancing was still going on with spirit; but Kevin saw nothing but his mother's face, where she sat laughing and talking among the elder women, unconscious of the longing, wistful gaze that was fixed on her countenance from without. His conscience smote him as he thought of the grief that he was about to cause her. He seemed to hear his voice crying bitterly: "My son! my son!" A spasm of anguish contracted his heart, and he moved away abruptly, turned his back upon the little twinkling window, gathered up his courage, pulled his hat over his eyes, and rushed down the mountain in the darkness.

TO BE CONTINUED DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES

We were scattered about the smoking-room of the liner in various postures of restless negligence. We had a big passenger list and there were some odd fish aboard, so we fell to talking about the peculiarities of some of our fellow-travellers. "Prentice, the purser, broke in dogmatically: "A man's face and manner are samples of the goods within. I've been on the North Atlantic run for years and seen a few people and I never knew a man who didn't carry the sample of himself either on his face or in his demeanor."

"I differ with you, Prentice," said McGregor, a sun-tanned Scotchman who managed the affairs of a fruit company in the Caribbean and who had taken a flying trip to his native land. "I've been knocking about the world for some forty years, and I am not labelling a man good, bad, brave or cowardly on sight. I've been badly fooled once or twice."

"It happened fifteen years ago," began McGregor, lighting a fresh cigar. "I was chief cook and bottle-washer on a ram shackle old tub of a steamer plying between Mexico and Colombian ports. That is to say, I was a mixture of supercargo, purser and fruit-buyer when we reached port. That voyage was a memorable one, for, besides five passengers in the cabin, I had five tons of gunpowder in the forehold, and the powder paid a better freight than the passengers, for it was being smuggled for the use of some Colombian gentlemen who intended lessening the crop of some other Colombian gentlemen whom they styled the Government."

"It's about one of these passengers that my so-called story revolves. There were two Mexicans who, when they were not eating or sleeping, were rolling and smoking cigarettes, a pompous old Englishman who was trying to get to Denvers and who had an opinion about everything and wanted everybody to chuck their own ideas overboard and adopt his. He had his valet with him. Fifth passenger was a padre, or priest, Father Ambrose. He was the most submissive, humble, no account sort of man I ever met. He was very thin and pock-marked in the face; besides, he carried one shoulder higher than the other. Nature had been unkind to Father Ambrose. He wore a rusty old cassock that looked as if it had earned retirement and a pension, and he perpetually carried in his hand a thumb-worn, dirty little book which he called his breviary. He generally read this book when on deck, but even when he was not reading it he seemed afraid to raise his eyes from his feet. Not once, yes, once—but that comes later—did he look me in the face."

He seemed afraid to assert himself even in defence of the Church, for the old Englishman was a bigoted Low Churchman, and several times had criticised the Catholic Church severely in the Padre's presence without eliciting a word from Father Ambrose. I felt a contempt for the man. I never relished your milk-and-water characters, and I thought here was a man who became a priest because he was unworthy to be anything else among men."

He came good old Covenantanter stock myself, but I've no prejudice against the Catholic priesthood. I've been most of my life in countries where they are as thick as bananas and I've learned to respect them hugely. There's a strange paradoxical mixture of submission to authority and possession of authority among them that is wonderful. I have seen a Padre who would incontinently start out for the uttermost ends of the earth at the command of his Provincial without daring even to think about it, rush into the street and snatch two Mexicans apart ready to carve each other with their hatchets, shake his finger under their noses and send them slinking away. I tell you, gentlemen, the Latin race must be Catholic or nothing; no other religion can possibly fit it. I've spouted these wise remarks to show I was not prejudiced against Padre Ambrose because he was a priest, but because he seemed an unworthy one for such a high calling. "It's all on account of the blooming fasting these priests do," said our captain, pointing to the Padre. "I suppose that poor beggar has had nothing to eat but bananas and garlic all his life—till his spirit is killed. If he'd eaten a pound or two of good English roast beef

every day he'd be a different style of a man."

"We were half way to Colombia when, one sultry morning one of the steam pipes blew off with a bang and killed a stoker. We didn't mind this so much, as stokers are cheap and plenty, but we were disabled. The engineer tinkered at the machinery, which was fit for scrap iron, and gave it up. Then some one yelled that the boat was afire, and the engineer and stokers came flying up on deck, for they all knew about the powder in the forehold. It was get away from that volcano as quickly as possible, or be blown up, and the boats went over with a will. No one tried to put out the fire; there was no time for that. The old tub was insured and the freight on the powder was prepaid, so all that was left for us to do was to get away everybody. We had the passengers in the boats and then the crew. I looked around the deck and saw Padre Ambrose moving towards the hatch.

"Padre," I shouted, "to the boat, quick! There's not a minute to waste!" "Amigo," he said quietly "there's a man in the stokehold who was reported killed. I am informed that while he is dying he is not yet dead."

"He can't be saved," I shouted; "too late. Come, get in the boat." "If I have the time," continued the Padre, "I will administer the last rites of the Church to this man. I trust God will allow me to do so." "I snatched at his cassock, but it was so old that it tore, and the Padre hastened down the ladder into the stokehold. "I shouted to him, and then he looked me straight in the eyes, and his eyes were glowing and bright. I shall never forget that glance. Then he disappeared."

"The captain was calling for me, and I slid down the rope into the boat, which was lustily pulled safe distance from the burning hull. "There was a dull, heavy explosion, the old fruit steamer rose amidships as if in agony, and then the two halves sank beneath the waves. "Where is the Padre?" asked the captain, looking around at the boats. "I told him what had happened. "He was a man after all, said he, and then he lifted his hat and stood bareheaded in the boat for a few minutes. He was a man after all," he repeated.

"Padre Ambrose was not according to sample."—Selected.

WORLD WAR EFFECTED MANY CHANGES

"Roll up the map of Europe," said Pitt when he heard the news of Austerlitz. For awhile all the new map making had to be left to Napoleon, and it was not till after Leipsic and Waterloo that the Vienna Congress produced a new map. With some minor changes, it lasted fairly well for a hundred years. Then came the Great War. "Let us tear up the map of Europe and make a new one," said the victorious Allies. "So we have a new map that very few of us know, writes Verax in the London Catholic Times. It is almost a provisional sketch, for it has many unstable frontier lines. I doubt if it will last a hundred years. Studying this new map of Europe from various points of view, one makes some interesting discoveries. I have been trying to study it from the Catholic standpoint, to see how the new map and the events connected with its production have affected the position of the Church in Europe. I do not claim that my results amount to a complete summary of the new situation. There are still very many matters on which it is difficult to obtain reliable data."

MORE ORGANIZED CATHOLIC NATIONALITIES But as to an important fact there can be no doubt. There are more Catholic nationalities in Europe organized as States at Christmas, 1921, than there were seven years ago at the Christmas of 1914. This is, among other things, the result of the break up of the Schismatic Empire of the Russian Czar. Among the new States broken off from the old Empire two—Poland and Lithuania—are Catholic countries. In Finland, Estonia and Latvia the majority of the population is Protestant, but in all three the Catholic minority has complete religious freedom.

In Finland the Catholics are a mere handful, and the rest of the people are Lutherans or detached from all organized religion. But it is worth noting that when the independence of Finland was established one of the first acts of the new Government, in which there was not one Catholic member, was to send a diplomatic mission to the Holy See to announce the establishment of the Finland Republic, and assure the Pope of its good will for its Catholic citizens.

Southern Russia is a Republic, Ukraine, under a Soviet system and largely dependent on Soviet Russia, but there, too, the Catholics now have full liberty of worship, and a notable event of this year was the meeting of a Synod of the Southern "Orthodox" (schismatic) bishops at Kherson, in July, which decreed various reforms in the Church and passed unanimously a resolution

directing the Bishop of Kherson to put himself into communication with Archbishop Szepeteki, the Catholic (Uniat) Primate of Galicia with a view to arranging reunion with the Holy See. The national movement in Ukraine has broken down the old subservience to Moscow and thus tends in the direction of reunion with Rome. Of the people of Southern Russia within the territories of the new Republic rather more than thirty millions belong to the schism.

There are about two million Catholics of the Latin rite, and nearly seven million Catholic Uniates of the Ruthenian rite. The movement for unity, if it is successful, will not only add thirty millions to the spiritual subjects of the Holy See, but will pave the way for the reunion of Northern Russia with the Church. An important change produced in Russia by the Revolution is that, with the downfall of Czarism, separation from the Holy See is no longer, as it was in old Russia, a cardinal point of State policy.

THE CHURCH IN LITHUANIA

In Lithuania Catholics form 75 per cent. of the population—about three and a half millions out of a total of nearly four and three-quarter millions. The President of the Republic (Dr. Stulginski) and many of the Ministry are Catholics. In November the centenary of the conversion of Lithuania was the occasion of public rejoicings in which the Government took part. The Constitution guarantees equality before the law to all citizens whatever their creed, but the Government recognizes the fact that the people are mainly a Catholic nation."

THE POLISH REPUBLIC

It is unfortunate that for the moment the policy of the neighboring Republic of Poland is dominated by a militant group, headed by the President, Marshal Pilsudski, and that Lithuania has to endure for the time being the armed occupation of Vilna and the surrounding district by its powerful neighbor. Negotiations for a peaceful settlement between the two Republics are in progress. It is to be hoped that these will result in the restoration of Vilna to Lithuania. The city is sacred with the memory of many martyrs for Faith and Fatherland in the days of Russian rule, and seemed destined to be the capital of the new Republic.

THE NEED OF PEACE

In all this eastern border region of old Europe what is most needed is settled peace. So far the obstacles to this have been the propagandism of Soviet Russia and the militarist policy of Poland. But the tendency is now undoubtedly towards peace, and even during the troubled years since the armistice of 1918 much solid work for reconstruction has been effected in the new Polish Republic. In this the Catholic Church has taken a leading part.

Of the twenty-seven millions of the Polish population at least 70% belong to the Church, and the whole national tradition is Catholic as it is in Ireland, "Regina Polonica," "Queen of Poland" is one of the titles by which Our Blessed Lady is invoked by the Poles in their litany, for more than two centuries ago the Polish Diet proclaimed her their Queen, and solemnly crowned her picture in the national sanctuary of Czestochowa.

DEDICATION OF POLAND TO THE SACRED HEART

Last June the Polish nation was solemnly dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and on the feast in the great procession through the streets of Warsaw the Government, the universities and the various public bodies were all represented. In the Parliament the Catholics are in the majority, though as there is no attack upon the Church, there is no need of a party specially organized for the protection of Catholic rights. Of the six universities, only one (Warsaw) is officially described as a Catholic university, but in all there is a Catholic faculty of theology. Catholic teaching is given in the school.

In the last three years there has been a wonderful extension of Catholic organization, industrial, charitable and educational. Good progress has been made in the restoration of the churches, schools and religious houses destroyed during the long years of War, and at the same time much has been done to repair the losses of these terrible years by missions given by the religious Orders all over the country. These are not facts that are reported in the daily press, which only gives us news of troubles and disturbances. We hear nothing of the building up of a great Catholic nation under the new freedom won during the War.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY

Like Russia, the old Austrian Empire has been shattered into fragments. Austria and Hungary are now two independent States, both of them with narrowed territory, and both impoverished by the War. Hungary reduced to a State of a little under twenty-one millions, has a Catholic majority—about thirteen millions—in its population. The Church has lost some of its old privileged position, but in return has a complete freedom from State control. It is the same in Austria, now a little State of six million people, of whom more than 90% are Catholics. For both countries the best hope for the future

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