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Yeah, there were seven sons, eight really. People used to come to see us because there were two seventh sons in my family. My mother had a boy before she met my father, a MacLeod. So John Willie, who lives in Toronto now, was the seventh son when you count my mother's first-born. I was the seventh if you count only my father's children. People used to come to our house quite often to see us. because a seventh son was supposed to be able to heal the "King's Evil." It was the "King's Evil" they called it anyway, lumps and things some people would get. We did try. and some said it was very successful, but I don't remember too many of them. They used to come when we were very young, because there was more people that believed in it then. Then more medicine came in. and people depended more on medicine than this. Some people forgot about it. some believers died. Up until I was about age sixteen these people came, but that was the end of it until after the war. There used to be three of such people around here, in the neighbourhood. There was one at the Rankins, seven daughters, a seventh daughter, and then there were two seventh sons here. (Did anyone else come to see you after the war?) I remember since the war (World War Two), that three people came to me. I was surprised. I was 27, in the 1940's. The first one was a woman who had a lump on her breast. She told me. You were supposed to put your hand on her. on whatever it was, and you would make the sign of the cross three times on the place to be cured. (Once for the Father, once for the Son. and once for the Holy Spirit.) As far as I know she turned out to be okay. She didn't die from that. The next one was a person in Mabou. A person that believed strongly in this, was Malcolm Finlay R. He came to me one day and he showed me his thumb. It was split, an awful gash in it. and it wouldn't heal. It was running, and he said he was to doctor after doctor, and they can't do anything about it. So he said to me. "You're a seventh son." I told him. "Yeah." "Well, put your hand on my thumb," he said. I said, "Sure," so I did. the way I was told to by my mother. He came back to me later and he said, "Look at that," and he held his hand out. There was new skin after growing over the hole that was in his thumb. Years later Malcolm died, and I was into the Co-op one

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