

Hay's Hair Health

Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color and Beauty.

No matter how long it has been gray or faded. Promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy hair. Stops its falling out, and positively removes Dandruff. Keeps hair soft and glossy. Refuse all substitutes. 2½ times as much in \$1.00 as S.O.C. size. **It's Not a Dye.**

11 and 50c. bottles, at druggists

Send for free book "The Care of the Hair."

Hay's Marlin Soap comes in Pimples, red, rough and chapped hands, and all skin diseases. Keeps skin fine and soft. 25c. druggists. Send 2c for free book "The Care of the Skin."

Jas. B. McLeod

SUPERSTITIOUS CUSTOMS

THAT RIDICULOUSLY SURVIVE TO THIS DAY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The Majority Are Connected With a Belief in the Power of Words—Natives Think if They Told Their Names They Could be Called From Any Part of the World.

The Occult Review contributes an interesting article on the "Survivals of Old Magical Customs in Great Britain." The majority of the cases mentioned are connected with a belief in the power of words. It is said that in North Ireland and Arran many natives absolutely refuse to tell their names because the knowledge would enable the inquirer to "call" them, no matter how far he was from them and whenever he cared to do so. Moreover, they also believe that any spell worked on the written name would have the same effect as if worked on the owner. Dislike to the pronunciation of their names is not confined to human beings. Certain Scotch and English fishermen believe that the salmon and pig have a similar objection to being named, but they may be called the "red fish" or the "queer fellow."

Nowhere was the power of words greater than in Ireland, where the chief weapon of the poet was the satire. A poet would recite a satire which would blight crops, dry cows or raise ulcers on the face of its object. Word-formulas were generally used to cure disease; a formula used for epilepsy runs: "I conjure thee by the sun and by the moon and by the holy gospel of the day, delivered by God unto His servants Hubert, Giles, Cornelius and John, that you arise and walk no more." This had to be whispered into the patient's ear just after an attack.

In a Roman Catholic church in Ashton-in-Makerfield there is preserved in a white silk hand still held in veneration, and curses are said to have been wrought by it. The hand is said to have been that of Father Edmund Arrowsmith, who was executed at Lancaster in 1628. After his execution one of his fingers cut off his hand, which was preserved for many years at Bryn Hall in Lancashire and afterwards removed to Ashton.

Contagious magic is founded on the idea that objects once related to one another retain their spiritual connection, although they may be separated, and whatever happens to one part the other part is affected. This explains why a magician wishing to act on an individual endeavors to obtain some part of his body or something actually connected with him, such as hairs from the head or beard, nail parings, or a drop of blood. In some parts of England a girl forsaken by her lover is advised to obtain a lock of his hair and boil it; while it simmers he will have no peace. Two years ago an Essex man requested a barber to procure for him a piece of a certain customer's hair, as the customer had injured him and he wished to work a spell against him.

In England hair, nail parings and teeth are the excuse being "it is for luck," but really it is a survival of the custom of allowing no parts of the body to remain for others to utilize. The custom of obliterating the saliva after expectoration may be referred to the same fear. In some districts it is believed that even the imprint of a person's footprints has acquired virtue through the contact with his body. In Germany the idea is widely spread that if earth on which a man has trodden is cut out and dried in an oven, then as the earth parches, so will either the whole man or his foot be withered and parched up with it. He will be banished or killed by pressing his footprint with nails of broken glass—preferably coffin nails.

Clothes have a prominent place in this class of witchcraft; from their intimate association with the person; no article of apparel of a living person must on any account be placed on a corpse, as the owner of that article will languish as it moulders in the grave. To hang stripes from a dead man's clothes on a vine would render it barren. The ancient Saxon's sacred tree was the ash, and there still exists in Richmond Hill, ten miles from London, an ash tree even now used in folk medicine. Young children must be carried nine times around the tree and sit a time in the morning that the sun rises during the ceremony.

When Great Britain was Christianized the missionaries annexed the sanctity of the fairy wells; thus we find wells and trees named after certain saints and the therapeutic value attributed to the latter, whereas the holiness of the wells and the efficacy was in most cases pre-Christian in origin. Needless to say an implicit faith in the healing power of these wells exists even to the present day. During a visit to a well the person in aid of relief hung a strip of his clothing, or even a whole garment, on the tree over the well; the mere contact being sufficient to cure him.

Many Irish wells have interesting legends connected. There is a well in North Ireland the water of which, according to the natives, will not boil however much it is heated; but unfortunately they will not allow anyone to test the truth of this statement, and it is hardly discreet to make the attempt. Many of these wells are lined with white stones, and it is quite common to find therein a large fish, generally a chub. This is the guardian spirit of the well, and the person who sees it on May eve (May Day being the great Celtic festival) has luck for a year. According to a local legend a man not possessed of a fear of the spirit, caught the fish in one of these wells and put him on the gridiron for supper. The fish immediately jumped off the fire and hurried back to its home, where it is still shown with the gridiron scars on its side.

Another case of this type of magic is that in which an image is constructed resembling the person on whom the evil is to be worked and magical processes represented. The last example of this is the corp-creagh, or clay corpse, which custom is common in Ross-shire. A clay image is made of the person whose hurt is desired, and thorns being stuck all over it, it is placed in a running stream, as the image is wasted away by the running water the victim also wastes, and the more pins and thorns are stuck in the more the victim suffers. Should a way-farer discover the corp-creagh the spell is broken and the patient recovers. In Argyllshire a long incantation was repeated as the pins and thorns were deserted. When it was desired that the patient should die a lingering death, the pins were not allowed to touch the region of the heart.

A curious romance attaches to the resin known as dragon's blood. It is mostly used by girls who, forsaken by their lovers, try to

won back their affections. A small quantity of the resin is wrapped in paper and thrown on the fire, while the following couplet is repeated:

May he no pleasure or profit see
Till he comes back again to me

Another method much used by women to attract the man of their choice is to mix together dragon's blood, sulphur, quicksilver, saltpetre and then throw the mixture on the fire with incantation. In the north of England it is openly sold in considerable quantities for magical purposes.

Many of these processes may be worked by the lay people themselves, but the professional enchanter is by no means extinct. There are still plenty of old "wise women" in rural parts, who for a few pence are prepared to cure warts, remove spells and prepare more or less innocent love potions. Only a few years ago in Ireland a woman was burned by her neighbors to make her confess that she cast the evil eye on their cattle.

REPRESSION IN RUSSIA.

Two Hundred Eminent Englishmen Make a Significant Protest.

Sir Edward Grey, secretary of state for foreign affairs, recently received a letter signed by the Bishops of Hereford and Birmingham and eighteen leading clergymen of various denominations; three peers, including Lord Courtney; 71 members of parliament; 22 authors, among them Sir Canon Doyle, Frederic Harrison, William Watson and Israel Zangwill; editors of seven leading publications, and 32 other prominent men. It refers to conditions in Russia in these terms:

"It is no spirit of ungenerous remonstrance that we observe that for four years a system of repression has not relaxed its severity though the evidences of organized revolutionary movement have disappeared. There has recently been some relaxation in particular districts, but the greater portion of the empire remains, in time of peace, under some form of martial law. The number of capital sentences on civilians between October, 1905, and December, 1908, has reached 4,002, and the number of executions was officially stated to be 2,118. These sentences were passed, moreover, not by ordinary civil process, but by exceptional military courts. The number of persons in exile in Siberia and northern Russia, mostly punished without trial by administrative process, under a system of exile which involves much physical suffering and pain, was officially reckoned in October last at 74,000.

The number of persons exiled without trial cannot be realized without a serious protest, but evidence of the press, from trustworthy witnesses, and above all from the debates in the Duma, has persuaded us that the sufferings of those who remain in prison justify, nay, require, a stronger remonstrance.

"Over 180,000 persons—a total which has more than doubled since 1905—criminals and political offenders, are crowded together in prisons built to hold 102,000. In most of these prisons epidemic diseases, and especially typhus, are prevalent; the sick and the whole lie together; their fetters even in cases of fever are not removed. In some prisons the warders systematically beat and maltreat the sick and the whole alike. There is also evidence of mortifications, employed to punish the defiant or to extract confession from the suspect. Such excesses would move our indignation were all the victims ordinary criminals. We desire to base our protest on the ground of simple humanity; but it is none the less important to remember that many of the prisoners, if guilty at all, are suffering for acts or words which in any constitutionally valid would be lawful or even praiseworthy."

An aged Scot told his minister that he was going to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. "And while I'm there," added the pilgrim complacently, "I'll read the Ten Commandments aloud from the top of Mount Sinai."

"Saunders," said the minister, "take my advice. Bide at home and keep them."

A Colorado editor wanted to announce that church attendants on the following Sunday would be permitted to inspect the "most beautiful stained glass windows in the West."

The printer made it read "the most beautiful staining glass windows," and before the singing of the first hymn the next Sunday the sexton found it necessary to hand out the "standing room only" sign.

Positive Good, Not Negation.

Henry Cope.

One of the worst types of character is that which fortifies itself with the boast that it never did any harm. The test of life will not be by the mischief we have left undone, but by the positive good we have done.

The man too lazy to get into trouble or to do harm wins no merit by his innocence. Whenever a life is given over to negation, to the taking of the life of being free from wrong, it finds that as soon as it is rid of sin in one form the old enemy is entering in a dozen new ways.

There is no goodness save positive goodness.

The only way to overcome evil is to put the whole into the pursuit of the good. The strange thing is that those people who try to be negative are most willing to give themselves away on any altar or in any cause.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.

The really good people never stop to take stock of themselves; they are doing their work and fighting their battles without looking in the mirror to see whether their helmets are on straight or to count their pulses to see whether they are healthy.

Real religion must either make the world better, or acknowledge that it is nothing but a dream or a delusion. The sickly saints are always worrying over their souls; their spiritual lives are out of order because they are persistently examining them. They complain so much that the ignorant imagine religion to be a mournful affair.