

THE SIKHS A CURIOUS PEOPLE; THE FINEST MEN IN INDIA

A Militant, Warlike Race Whose Loyalty Is Undoubted—Their Religious Rites and Beliefs—The Feast of the Lights.

In the unrest that prevails the natives of India and the occasional evidences that the Hindus and Mohammedans of the north may sink their antipathies and join together in political agitation disagreeable to the British officials, inquiry is made about the hitherto always loyal Sikhs. The Sikhs are Hindus, but they are distinguished from the pantheists and the idolatrous worshippers of innumerable gods by their monotheism, which is as distinct and sharply defined as the Mohammedan faith in the one God.

Physically, too, they are different from the great mass of the Hindus. They are the finest men in India and are the pride of the British officers who command in the native army. They were with the relief column at Peking, and they today form part of the Shanghai police corps.

The Sikhs are a militant, warlike race, and, since the defeat of the Khalsa or native Sikh army by the English in the forties, the loyalty in the Sepoy mutiny has not been doubted. Because of their splendid physical qualities and their natural military instincts they have been the mainstay of the British rule in northern India. If the unrest is prevailing there the situation undoubtedly will become a serious one for the Government, though it may be some years before the manifestations are apparent.

AN INTERESTING RACE.

But it is on their distinctive religious side and their maintenance of their distinguished characteristics that the Sikhs become so interesting among the race masses and the multitudinous religions which compose India. They are best seen and known at Amritsar, where the Golden Temple and the Pool of Immortality are situated. There are really several golden temples among the shrines at Amritsar and also one at Tantarai, fifteen miles distant, which also has its pool of immortality, but by the Golden Temple is always understood the one known as Hari Mandar.

I learned something of the Sikhs during a fortnight's stay at Amritsar. It was at the time of the great annual fair, of northern India, when the mules, horses and camels are marketed and all classes of the population mingle. This fair itself is very interesting, but its counterpart may be seen elsewhere in India and its only novelty is that it draws in many of the Sikhs from the outlying country. I divided my spare time in the company of British officers between the fair and the temple. The buying of camels and mules was business for the officers and the Sikhs and their shrines were no novelty, yet the Golden Temple

had a fascination and a chance suggestion of an intention to visit it. I was not only agreeable to the suggestion, but was instructed, because the officers spoke the language of the Sikhs.

Visitors who come to Amritsar wondering from the Taj Mahal at Agra, "The Palace of Tombs" and the world, and from the ancient Mogul capital of Delhi, with its mosques and other magnificent memorials, are said to be disappointed at the comparative smallness of the Golden Temple. I happened to visit Amritsar first and therefore was not disappointed. The temple is really a masterpiece of architecture, and its taste which caused a Gothic clock tower, very beautiful in itself, to be placed in juxtaposition to the holy edifice.

With the Congressional Library in Washington as a basis of comparison I was able to judge the relative effects of the Sikh religiousness. Unlike the library the Golden Temple is not limited to a glided dome or to glided interior decorations. It is of white marble, the entire exterior of beaten copper and the roof covered with a thin layer of gold leaf. It stands in the middle of a large tank or pool. A marble causeway leads to it and a marble pavement borders the tank. At the entrance of the causeway are ivory doors 400 years old, while the entrance of the temple itself is through silver doors. There are no golden stairs, but inlay work and the mosaics of the interior are really fine, notwithstanding that the Sikhs are not fond of gold and with them. The marble mosaics are mostly blue and white. On the walls, both without and within, are the figures of birds, fishes and flowers, while the pavement entrance is also figured.

A FASCINATING SPECTACLE.

But the human spectacle is the one of never-ending fascination. A dozen times or more I went to watch the pilgrims and devotees moving in endless processions along the marble causeway or bathing in the Pool of Immortality. Some of the fakers or wandering priests with their scanty clothes, their bodies smeared with ashes and their hair matted and braided, usually were to be found among the throng. Yet the Sikhs, while tolerant to their Hindu brethren of polytheistic beliefs, did not seem to care for the presence of the fakers. The view any day was a symphony of dazzling hues, for like all the natives of India the Sikhs are intensely fond of vivid contrasts in colors—brilliant yellow, magenta and purple predominating in their garments.

The visitors to the temple are required to remove their shoes and put on the slippers which are provided the same or more the Mohammedan mosques. On my first visit the devotees seemed to take little notice of me, but in some way I found myself trailing along after an attendant. He piloted into the temple by a side door. The goats are separated from the sheep, that the non-Hindus are kept from falling in with the procession of devotees who enter through the main door.

BEFORE THE ALTAR.

Elderly priests were sitting in a group before a silk-covered, rose and flower-laden silver altar or table under a golden canopy. The "choir" was beating on a startling variety of drums and other instruments the universal tum-tum, without which the priest would not be the priest, and chanting the sacred hymns. The visitors, male and female, as they passed around the altar, would drop their floral offerings and their cash contributions, the latter being silver coins and shells. Of course, the visitor tossed several rupees and secured a friendly recognition from the priests.

Under the embroidered canopy on the table was the Granth and Sikh Bible. The original is said to be kept locked in a repository of the temple, but there are various copies, and one of these is brought in at 3 o'clock in the morning and is guarded by relays of priests till 11 at night, when it is returned to its place. So it may be said that there are only four hours out of the twenty-four in which the Golden Temple is closed to the worshippers.

FEAST OF THE LIGHTS.

The best opportunity for seeing the Sikhs at their shrine was afforded me by the Feast of the Lights, or the Feast of the Lights. This is a Hindu national celebration, but it is especially a Sikh festival. In the daytime there are surging crowds with little that was distinguishable in the mass of color. At night were the illuminations and fireworks. Myriads of small, cup-shaped lamps filled with sweet oil were placed along the balconies and roofs of the building surrounding the temple and when the wicks were lit the effect, while that of subdued brilliancy, was very fine.

The living picture as viewed from the Gothic tower, platform was of the massed Sikhs sitting on the marble pavement around the lakes or packing the roofs. The tower and eaves of all the temples were lighted with arabesques, intertwined along the marble causeway, gave a beautiful effect of yellow light, while the polished surface of the Golden Temple was brought out subdued and clear without glitter. The reflection of lights in the Pool of Immortality was exquisite. The fireworks were ordinary. I had been told that the day following the Feast of the Lights was really the best occasion for seeing the Sikhs. The throng was very dense and the pool at times appeared as a solid mass of bathers. Partially secluded inclosures are provided for the women, but there was much promiscuous bathing with considerably less immodesty than was witnessed on the beach of the New Jersey coast. Bathing in the tank of Immortality is a religious rather than a sanitary observance.

A NOISY CELEBRATION.

A terrific beating of the tum-tum

attracted my attention. A group of rotund men in brown saris and full helmets were gathered round a priest who was haranguing them. This was a scene of petty dealers selling baubles, part of the celebration.

Along the bank of the pool were bangles, symbols and various emblems of the faith. I watched the steady march of the pilgrims along the marble causeway till they reached the temple door and prostrated themselves before entering. Among them was a group of high-class Sikh women in loose white overblouses, the trousers gracefully wound in loose folds from the hips to the ankles. They were noticeable for their finely chiseled features and their moderation in nose rings and earrings, as compared with most Hindu women, who are loaded down with these adornments. In the sea of turbaned Sikh men white predominated, but where the sexes mingled there was a mass of flashing color—orange and saffron, yellow, red, crimson, pink, violet, blue and purple. There was much tinsel trimming and flimsy dotted calicoes, but also many fine silks and satins.

Beggars stationed all along the line, yet they were not obstructive. There were many blind votaries with their staffs, some with guides and some making their way alone, and to the latter helping hands always were stretched out.

VANITY OF MAN.

When within the temple I noticed a number of panel looking glasses, and it was somewhat humorous to see the magnificently proportioned Sikhs pausing before them and stroking their splendid beards with the satisfaction that a woman shows over a flattering tale, when the mirror tells a flattering tale.

But what about the creed of the Sikhs? They form a religious brotherhood numbering more than 2,000,000, and when aroused a fierce fanaticism impels them. The features of the creed can be learned from book writers, inquirers and students of religions, but I doubt whether any European really has got to the depths of their faith. My frequent visits to the temple and the regularity with which I tossed my tribute of rupees on the altar made me a welcome visitor, placing me on good terms with the priests and enabling me to gather such information as I desired. One fine black-bearded priest was especially friendly, and would give me a nod of recognition in the streets, though at the temple it was not good form for him to appear to take notice of the visitors.

Many of the priests, especially the younger ones, are familiar with English, and several have written books telling what their creed really is. Some of this English is very quaint, yet I am not sure but that it is a much clearer interpretation of the Sikh doctrine than do the labored and learned treatises of the scholars who have undertaken to interpret it from the Sikh language into English. At any rate the pamphlets which were placed in my hands helped me to a sympathetic understanding.

"FAR-DISTANT SAHIB."

On account of my frequent visits and my inquiring disposition a distinctive name was given me. One day at the temple the group, which included many of the priests, asked the British officer who was speaking in their own language what my nationality was. They knew I was not an Englishman. He explained that I was from America. "A far-distant sahib," said one of the group, "thereafter I was always known as the 'far-distant sahib,' though my presence was very near. But the confusion of place with person did not prevent them from the knowledge that I came from a long way off, and perhaps on this account they were a little more anxious that I should have a correct idea of their creed.

The history of the Sikhs and their stand against the Mohammedan conquerors is easily told. The wonder is that, holding to the faith in one God, they did not amalgamate with the Mohammedans. If they had possibly there would have been less of Hindu polytheism and idol worship today, but the Mohammedans came to India as conquerors and the refusal of the Sikhs to be conquered may explain the failure of the amalgamation of creeds. Their version of their own history is that they are, like the rest of the Hindus, of Aryan origin, and with the mass of Hindus they hold to the transmigration of souls until good deeds wash away all transgressions. They also cremate the dead. But they have none of the multitude of gods or idols and they recognize no caste.

ARGUMENT FOR VEGETARIANS.

The Sikhs follow some of the Hindu customs as to the sacrifice of animal life and are not vegetarians, so that their physical strength might be cited as an argument for the vegetarians. However, they eat mutton and other meat. Their antipathy to tobacco is very pronounced, and visitors to the Golden Temple are requested to leave cigarettes and cigars with their shoes at the entrance. The Sikhs' antipathy does not extend to alcohol, and after any one of the great celebrations a good many of them may be found in weary attitudes taking their rest along the marble causeway at the steps and even on the stairways of the temple.

The name Amritsar means the Jews of heaven or the divine elements of water. The legendary origin of the Pool of Immortality has various versions. The version which I like best is the pious daughter of a wealthy and unnatural father who because of a passing displeasure gave her in marriage to a man of distorted limbs and told her to support herself and her husband upon the grace of God. The girl carrying the crippled husband in a basket on her head, reached the Pool and left the basket under the shade of a wayside tree while she herself went to beg for alms in the neighboring village. The cripple saw two very black crows fall into the pool and come up as white as snow. Thereupon he leaped into the water and was rendered strong in limbs with all his physical faculties perfected. The returning wife did not at first believe that the man was her husband, but he convinced her and together they bore witness to the tower of Amritsar.

THE HEALTHY GLOW disappearing from the cheek, and moaning and restlessness at night, are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; it is an effective medicine.

ward the tank was dug and the foundation laid for the Golden Temple.

REGARDED AS A DELUSION.

In doctrinal books of the Sikhs the central idea is that life is an emanation from a divine creator, the supreme being, God, Brahma, or Hari. The idea of the human soul existing apart from the Eternal cause from which it is evolved is regarded as a delusive fancy of inferior human imagination.

A clearer comprehension of the cardinal ideas of the creed may be obtained from the Japji or prayer book of the Sikhs. Here are some characteristic extracts:

Om is His true name. He is the Creator and All-pervading Being, devoid of fear and hate, imperishable, unborn and self-existent. He is attainable through the favor of a true spiritual guide only. Him thou worship, O inquirer.

He existed in the beginning. He existed before time began its existence. He does exist now and He shall be forever.

In the universe of truth dwells the incorporeal Lord. He sees His worshippers and showers His blessings upon them. There are worlds upon worlds, forms upon forms, and they all move and act as the Supreme Being orders.

The doctrine may be said to be summarized in the concluding verse of the prayer book, which is as follows:

Air is the protector, water the preserver, and the great earth the mother. The three elements of day and night are the two nurses in whose lap the world sports. The merits and demerits of all shall be duly considered by the Supreme Dispenser of Justice, and all shall have their deserts sooner or later. Those who meditate sincerely on the holy name of the Lord, the same do away with pain and suffering, when they throw off the mortal coil. Their souls glow with spiritual light, and though their instrumentality may fellow mortals obtain liberation.

There are several hundred priests to maintain the observance of all the precepts of the Sikh creed, and the ritual is regularly carried out at the various services every day in the year. The priests form an hereditary class and the complaint is frequently made that they grow very worldly. The British officers, both civil and military are not particularly concerned about this worldliness. While they try to find out in periods of ferment like the present one is whether the priests are in sympathy with the agitation—Charles K. Pepper in the Washington Star.

MARVELS CONNECTED WITH SOMNAMBULISM

SLEEPWALKER STRONGER IN A TRANCE THAN AWAKE.

Professor Pierre Janet of the Paris Sorbonne in McCoy Hall of the Johns Hopkins University this morning delivered a lecture on "Mind and Mediums" and dealt with hysteria, particularly that form of hysteria which evidences itself in somnambulism.

"I will ask you to consider one of the most typical and characteristic symptoms of hysteria, and that is somnambulism," he said. "To understand it well is, I believe, to understand a large number of hysterical phenomena. I will ask you to consider one of the most typical and characteristic symptoms of hysteria, and that is somnambulism."

"What is somnambulism? Popularly, a somnambulist is an individual who thinks and acts while he is asleep. That answer is not very clear, but it is not a very clear answer. Sleep is, you will find nowhere a more beautiful description of the popular idea of somnambulism than in Shakespeare's tragedy of 'Macbeth.' Modern examples are much less dramatic, but you will let me cite a few which have come under my observation."

"There is a young woman, 29 years old, whom I will call 'Gib.' She heard one day that her niece, who lived next door, had thrown herself out of the window in a fit of delirium. She rushed downstairs and was confronted with the sight of the body slumped against the first shock she seemed to be but little moved, prepared the body for the funeral, and was quiet and calm. But from that time on she grew more and more gloomy. Nearly every day now she enters into a strange trance, in which she seems as if asleep and she speaks softly to her niece, calling her by name, Pauline. She tells her that she admires her courage, that her death was a beautiful one. She rises, goes to the window, opens it and if her friends did not get her would undoubtedly throw herself into the street."

"Another case, a woman 35 years old, was frightened by a lioness at the zoo. She was thrown in a delirium which lasted eight days, and since then she repeats these fits of delirium. She was a strange, nervous, nervous, tries to bite them, even seizes photographs of children and chews them up, and acts altogether as if she herself were a lioness."

"There is a man of 30, with both legs paralyzed, who has been an invalid for years. In the middle of the night he rises slowly from his bed, takes his pillow and hugs it close, walks out of the room, through a courtyard and climbs to the top of the house. His friends have difficulty in reaching him, for the moment he awakes his legs become paralyzed again, and he awakens he does not understand how he has reached the housetop and why he is a man sick with palsy, should have been carried there."

"Again there is a girl made ill with despair at her mother's death. They lived in a garret, and two months before the mother's death the girl was under great strain, tending her mother and earning her living at the sewing machine. After the old lady's death the girl tried to revive the body, lifting it to a sitting position and appealing to it. She now has the singular habit of acting these scenes over again while in a somnambulist state. No actress could rehearse those lugubrious scenes with such perfection."

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HEALTH HINTS FOR MAN OF FORTY

MAN IN HIS PRIME IS IN GREAT-
EST NEED OF ADVICE.

Discussing the alarming increase of heart disease and kidney trouble, a New York medical expert, quoted in this column a few days ago, uttered a strong protest against the strenuous life. A glance through some medical exchanges discloses the astonishing fact that the experts are apparently unanimous on this subject. Against the doctrine so persistently advocated by President Roosevelt there has not been a strong reaction. It is the man of 40 who seems to be in greatest need of advice, and by a man of 40 is meant the man who is in his physical and mental prime. In this sense of the expression, some men continue to be 40 for 15 or even 20 years, and it is in this class that death has been so busy in the past few months, carrying off some of the best-known figures in Canada's public life.

RELAX OFFEN.

Dr. Leonard Corning, the New York authority on brain and nervous diseases, speaking of business or professional men who have reached the age of 40, makes the following remark: "I advise every man who is working at too high pressure to relax as often as he can during the day in his office. It is surprising how many odd minutes even the busiest man can find in the course of his day's work to lean back in his chair and rest. If it is but momentary, it is a benefit; if the rest can be prolonged for a few minutes the resulting strengthening of the response of the tired nerves is very great indeed. I have recommended many men getting into the office and a few times a day to throw themselves upon it and relax every muscle for a minute or two. But even if it is only a matter of leaning back in the desk chair, the benefit is decided, the restful position induces a suggestion of relaxation of the brain. The process of exhaustion gives way to that of repair, and though this is but momentary, the course of the cerebral circulation has been altered and the tired brain cells relieved of the strain for which there is, though we too constantly forget the fact, a limit."

A HOBBY RECOMMENDED.

"Never stand when you can sit, and never sit when you can lie down," was the dictum of a famous old-time physician, and apparently modern science is circling back to his ideas. Such a dogma is utterly at variance with the practice of the strenuous life as is the advice given in this column a few days ago, recommending a hobby. Dr. Corning says that nothing could be more beneficial to the health of the average business or professional man than a hobby, and he very strongly recommends brain workers to interest themselves in some subject, however trivial, apart from their daily work. The doctor suggests choral music. He also says that the automobile has done great things for the health of business and professional men, not to mention the things it has done to the health of a large number of pedestrians. He utters a caution, though, to automobilists, for he finds that some are excited rather than calmed by riding, while others again are injuriously affected by strain and close attention required in driving a car. The doctor might have mentioned, too, that many men are working themselves into their graves in an effort to make enough money to buy an automobile in which to find recreation.

THE CRITICAL STAGE.

The reason why 40 is a critical age are manifold. One of its dangers is that about this time a man is tempted to give up his career. The play instinct ceases to operate powerfully. Life has become a pretty serious business of making a living and has begun earlier was engrossed in the baseball score and proud of his physical fitness has become absorbed in the business of making a living and has begun to size up his fellows by financial, rather than by physical standards. The chances are that he passes hours which should be given to sleep in planning a campaign for the morrow. He rises unrefreshed, and after bolting breakfast, jumps on the street car. Had he gone to bed a little earlier, or two earlier the night before, he would not only have had a better night's rest, but he would be in the humor for walking down town in the morning. Up to the age of 40 it is astonishing how many laws of nature a man can violate and yet be not called to account, but after this age has been reached a man begins to do business with his health on a cash basis, as it were, and at the same time settle up the debts he had hoped were outlawed.

A MAN'S FOOD.

After a man begins to pay more attention to his food, he becomes more interested in relative advantages of a vegetarian and a carnivorous bill of fare. It is men of this age who will be most interested in the tables prepared by Professor Chittenden, of Yale, whose experiments on college students were mentioned not long since. Professor Chittenden says that the average brain worker eats about 30 per cent too much. Instead of eating only enough food to produce 2,800 calories of energy, he produces 4,000 of these units and in describing the result another expert, Dr. Curtis, uses this striking figure: "The man who is a proteid within the organism yields a solid ash which must be raked down by the liver and thrown out by the kidneys. Now, when the task gets to be overlaborious, the laborers are likely to go on strike. The grate then is getting raked, the stokers turn and slowly the smothered fire grows dull and dies." The following table shows an ideal daily bill of fare from the point of view of the dietary experts. Figured out in calories, it gives a grand total not far short of what many experts say is best calculated to maintain perfect health.

BREAKFAST.

Proteid.	Grams.	Cal.
One shredded wheat biscuit.....	1.15	165
One teaspoon cream.....	3.12	265
One German water roll.....	5.07	165
Two one-inch cubes of butter.....	8.30	165

THACKERAY CORRECTED.

Three-fourth cup of coffee.....	0.25	51
One-fourth cup of cream.....	0.78	38
One lump of sugar.....	12.76	850
LUNCH.		
One teaspoon home-made chicken soup.....	5.25	60
One Parker House roll.....	3.38	110
Two one-inch cubes of butter.....	8.30	284
One slice lean bacon.....	2.14	65
One small baked potato.....	1.53	50
One rice croquette.....	3.42	150
Two ounces maple syrup.....	3.34	175
One cup of tea with one slice of lemon.....	16.10	928
One lump of sugar.....	12.76	850
DINNER.		
One teaspoon cream of corn soup.....	3.25	72
One Parker House roll.....	3.38	110
One-inch cube of butter.....	0.19	142
One small lamb chop, broiled.....	851	92
One teaspoon of mashed potato.....	3.34	175
Apple-celery lettuce salad, with mayonnaise dressing.....	0.62	75
One Boston cracker, split.....	1.32	47
One-half-inch cube American cheese.....	3.35	70
One-half teaspoon of bread pudding.....	5.25	60
One demitasse coffee.....	0.25	51
One lump of sugar.....	12.76	850

KEEP MINARD'S LINI ENT IN THE HOUSE.

—Toronto Mail and Empire.

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