

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. FRIDAY, NOV. 19, 1909

Women's Magnificent Tailor-Made Suits in the Newest Models at - \$12.98 -

More elegant Suits at this attractive price, cannot be imagined. They are distinctive R. McKay & Company Suits, and their signifies elegance of style and beauty.

Black Caracul Coats at \$18.50 Coats that have a rich Silky Finish, exquisitely marked, most popular models, beautifully made, full length, coats semi-fitting, lined throughout, regular \$25, very specially priced at... \$18.50

39c-Sale of Dress Goods-39c

Some of the season's newest Dress Goods on sale to-morrow at almost half regular price, comprising Cord de Chines, Serges, Voiles, Cap de Chine, etc., perfect colors of brown, navy, myrtle, red, rose, grey and black. This is an unusual opportunity and every careful buyer should take advantage of the grand special sale.

Friday We Will Place on Sale Another Lot of 79c Gloves

Clearing sale of Ladies' Kid Gloves. These Gloves are slightly soiled or damaged, 2 dome fasteners, self or colored stitched points, in black, tan, brown, mode, grey, navy and green. Regular \$1.25 and \$1.50 value. Special clearing sale price... 79c

Hand Bags \$1.50

Ladies' Black Seal Hand Bags, leather covered frame and real leather lined; small coin purse. These Bags are worth regular \$2.50, Friday our price... \$1.50

Cashmerettes, Vestings and Apron Lawns for Friday

Cashmerette for children's dresses and ladies' kimonos, in red, black and red and green, plaids, both large and small plaids, good value for 15c yard.

Fancy Stripe Vesting 20c Yard

White Blouse Vesting, in fancy stripe and spot designs, 28 inches wide, worth 25c, Friday... 20c yard

Apron Lawns 25c Yard

What makes a more suitable Christmas gift than a pretty apron; Friday we are going to have on sale Apron Lawn, nice, fine quality, finished at hem with tucks and insertion, 40 inches wide, regular 35c, Friday per yard... 25c

Friday is Bargain Day in Our Staple Dept.

Remnants 8 1/2c Cream Damask 50c 60-inch Cream Damask, pure linen, firm, serviceable weave, splendid wearing quality, regular 80c, for 50c. White Flannelette 10c Unbleached Twill Sheeting, round heavy thread, 2 yards wide, worth 32c; nelette, worth 12 1/2c, for... 10c

Mill Ends 17c Mill ends Damask and Diaper Towelling, pure linen, 20 inches wide, worth 35c, special... 17c yard

R. MCKAY & CO.

UNDECIDED AS TO RATE

To be Charged Brewers and Distillers For Water.

Committee Leaves It to the Council to Decide.

Other Points Discussed at the Meeting Last Night.

The Fire and Water Committee spent nearly three hours last night going over the new waterworks by-law, which has already been given one reading in committee of the whole, and then adjourned without the members being unanimous on the chief point under discussion—the schedule of rates for manufacturing concerns and other large consumers of water.

S. B. Cunningham, manager of the Hamilton Brewing Association, and William Marshall, representing the Royal Distillery, appeared and protested against the discrimination by which the city proposes to charge breweries and distilleries twelve cents a thousand gallons.

Mr. Cunningham said that, admitting the output of the brewery was 50,000 barrels a year, it meant only a very small percentage of the water used was sold. Some months in the year as high as 1,500,000 gallons of water was used, while the 50,000 barrels totalled only 1,600,000 gallons a year. The water was largely used in the process for cooling the stock.

"If the city feels that it must have an increased revenue from the water, make the rate universal and don't discriminate," he said. "We will not object to paying the same as anyone else."

Mr. Marshall said there were many reasons why his company should not be discriminated against. While it was a large consumer of water, it was used in the process of manufacture, the total output of the distillery not exceeding 100,000 gallons a year. Distillers in many other cities get cheaper rates.

Ald. Lees referred to the inducements Hamilton offered new industries. It was practically a bonus, he said, to get in factories, which the city felt it required. This was done with all manufacturers the Council could not make ends meet.

as it cost eight cents a thousand gallons to pump the water. In Toronto they had rates of five and twelve cents a thousand gallons of water.

Ald. Hopkins insisted that there should be a universal rate and no discrimination.

Ald. Morris, seconded by Ald. Milne, moved that the rates, as provided for in the by-law, be recommended to the Council as the schedule to adopt.

The schedule provides that the rate for water supplied by meter shall be 12 cents per 1,000 gallons for all purposes, except to manufacturers of iron, steel and other metal wares, woodenware, earthenware, textile goods and packers of food products, who shall pay 7 1/2 cents per 1,000 gallons.

In amendment, Ald. Hopkins, seconded by Ald. Gardner, moved that the rate for all water supplied by meter be 7 1/2 cents a thousand gallons.

Chairman Clark said he favored the amendment, but doubted if the committee should send up any recommendation as the matter was already before the Council. It was agreed to decide the question there.

Before deciding on a point raised by Ald. Lees, that the penalty of 25 per cent. on arrears should not be imposed, when the arrears, together with the following quarter's rates in advance, were paid within two weeks of when the arrears were due, it was agreed that the tax collector should be consulted.

The committee decided to advance the charge on eight-inch meters from \$10 to \$12.50 a quarter.

The aldermen decided that where manufacturing concerns were closed down they will not be charged water rates and meter rent, too, as provided for in the by-law. They will be obliged to pay water rates only.

Ald. Hopkins and Lees thought that the closest rate should be \$3, instead of \$2, but their colleagues did not agree with them.

Ald. Lees thought that when a new house was being built, water rates for a quarter in advance should be paid for the water used in building operations.

Ald. Anderson seconded an amendment to that effect, but it was lost. The other aldermen taking the stand that as vacant land paid water rates, the city lost nothing.

Mr. Justice Riddell has refused to grant a stated case for Sam Spinelli, who was tried by him at North Bay on October 12 and convicted of the murder of a Chinese restaurant-keeper at Hailybury, and sentenced to be put to death on Nov. 26.

One human being is killed every hour and one injured every ten minutes of the day on American railroads, according to W. L. Park, general superintendent of the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

A Spanish Beauty

He slouched away, but did not go out of the park. His steps turned in the direction of the river. He would loiter a little longer, he thought, in these pleasant pastures. The twilight was brilliant still, and there would be a silvery moon presently to light him on his way to the gypsy encampment. The long facade of the old house twinkled with many lights as he passed it, but no one was visible. He was alone in the world at this beautiful hour of the long day.

He passed the old mansion and wended his way along the shrubbery to where the river ran, like a strip of silver ribbon set in green. As it came in view he paused suddenly with a faint exclamation. Fortune had favored the tramp for the second time to-day.

The silvery twilight, gemmed with stars, and lighted by a crescent moon, revealed every object in its soft brilliancy, the murmuring trees, the glancing ripples of the river, the reeds, the water-lilies, the yellow willows fringing its margin, and the lonely figure of a man—the only living creature in the landscape—standing still as a statue, gazing over the glowing water lighted by yon magic moon.

"So," said the tramp, under his breath, "I have run my fox to earth at last! Now, for the tug of war, now for a surprise, my great lord Earl!"

His feet made no sound on the greenward; he was at the great man's elbow, unseen and unheard.

"A fine evening, my Lord Clontarf! Since when have you grown pastoral?"

The Earl of Clontarf swung round and looked in blank amazement at this unexpected apparition. Side by side they stood, the stately twilight, a strange contrast. "Our trapper has grown older," pursued the tramp, transfixing the great Earl with an unwinning stare. "Twenty years ago, if I remember right, Mr. Gerald Desmond wasn't given to star-gazing. It is a long time since we have met, my lord, and neither of us have altered, I am afraid, for the better."

"Who are you?" The cold, harsh voice of the peer expressed neither surprise nor alarm; the rigid, bloodless, haughty face never moved a muscle.

"An old friend, my lord—a friend who did you good service once. Eighteen years' penal servitude may have greatly changed me, but not beyond your noble recognition, I hope."

He took off his battered hat, and stood with the pearly light of the young moon full upon his sunburned, furrowed, sinister face.

"Do you know me, my lord?" The Earl of Clontarf eyed him with the supercilious disdain with which he might have regarded some mangy cur broken from his kennel.

"Can't you look like a villainous Cockney attorney I used to see formerly in Ireland—a despicable scoundrel, transported for his rascally practices. I dare say you're the same; there couldn't be two such faces. You're Morgan, the attorney, beyond a doubt."

"Yes, my lord," the tramp said, with glaring eyes. "I'm Morgan, the attorney, returned from Norfolk Island; and Morgan, the attorney, won't stand any hard names from you! If you talk about 'despicable scoundrels,' there's a pair of us, my lord Earl!"

The Earl of Clontarf made one stride forward and seized the man before him in a mighty grip by the throat.

"You dog!" he roared, "you transported thief! Say another word like that to me, and I'll fling your filthy carcass headlong into the river!"

He released him so suddenly and violently that the tramp reeled backward, and only saved himself from falling by grasping a tree.

"You scoundrel!" the earl said, not altering that stern voice of his, or that set, stony face, one whit; "how dare you address me? If you ever presume to do it again, I'll have you horsewhipped out of the county!"

He turned to go, but Morgan savagely interposed.

"Not so fast, my lord; you may be a very great man, but I know again, and I'm a miserable beggar, and you're a rich nobleman. I have come to you for money, and I must have it!"

"Indeed! How much do you want?"

"I want five hundred pounds—a trifle to you, a fortune to me. Your honor, your secret is worth more than that."

"What secret?"

"He stared blankly at Morgan as he asked the question. Even that cool hand was staggered by the superior coolness of the master villain.

"What secret?" he repeated, with a fierce, gasping laugh. "Your lordship's memory is of the shortest. You never bribed any one to swear away a life that stood between you and a little, did you? Give me five hundred pounds—and I'll keep the secret. You may have it."

"Not five hundred pounds, not five hundred farthings! Be gone, you returned transport, or the servants will kick you from the gates! And hark ye, my hang-dog tramp, you evince all the symptoms of madness; yivings! I am a very charitable man, as you may have heard, and my influence is great. There is a private mad house not twenty miles from here, and the patient who enters that mad house had much better be nailed in his coffin at once. Now, let me hear the faintest whisper of these delirious ravings of yours again, and five hours after you will be within the walls of that mad house for life. I am going to the hall now. I shall tell them that there is a dangerous lunatic loose in the grounds, and send the servants in search. If they find you here, look-to—yourself! You know me of old, William Morgan!"

He hissed the last words in his ear as he passed him, his gleaming eyes on fire. The tramp quailed from head to foot, and shrunk before that baleful gaze. An instant and the Earl of Clontarf had disappeared, and Morgan, the returned transport, stood alone. Bewildered with fear and fury, under the glittering stars.

CHAPTER VIII. There were theatricals at Royal Rest. The grand old manor was filled with guests—the long array of state chambers, empty the year round, were all occupied now, and valets and chambermaids swarmed in the servants' hall. Lovely ladies outshone one another in the lofty drawing rooms; after twilight, flirtations began in March last, in London, broken off abruptly when the season closed, were resumed again, and with double-added force. Royal Rest was thronged with rank and fashion, and to help amuse those languid and sated pleasure seekers, a troupe of actors had been imported—the most celebrated comedians, the most bewitching little prima donna of the day at their head. And to-night there was a ball, opening with a gay vaudeville, at Royal Rest. And five minutes before he went forth to play his suave and stately role of host, Trevanance stood alone in the domed picture-gallery, and gazed out over the darkening prospect, for a wonder, very grave and thoughtful. It was not his way to look grave over many things; life to him, like another celebrated philosopher, was a comedy of errors, to be laughed at; and he seldom troubled himself to think very deeply on any subject; it was a bore. But in the gray gloaming of this chilly November day, he stood lost in thought—very grave and earnest thought, too.

October had beamed itself out in crimson and gold amid the woodlands and melancholy November was with them, with its whistling winds, beating rain, its low-lying, chill-gray sky, its weary sea-fog. But life went very brightly at Royal Rest. Scores of old friends, good fellows all, rode and hunted and played billiards with him every day, and gossiped with him every night over the Manila and the argyle in the smoking-room; and, better still, bright eyes glowed brighter, as he drew near; rosy lips smiled radiantly upon him, eyelids drooped, and gentle bosoms fluttered at the low, caressing words of the lord of Royal Rest. He had a long retinue—a longer pedigree; his manners were simply perfection, and he was one of the handsomest men of the day. No wonder those silver-plumaged doves fluttered with delicious little thrills of hope and fear when this gorgeous oriole avowed to their dove-cote; no wonder they hated with an intense and bitter depth of envy and malice and all uncharitableness the violet-eyed beauty of old Castle who moved serenely among them, "queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

And they had good cause; for in this cold, gray November twilight, as he stood here alone, Trevanance was debating with himself the question:

"They leave for Italy next week; they spend the winter in Rome. If I speak at all, I should speak to-night."

Yes, the little golden-winged birds of paradise, bellies of last season in crowded London drawing-rooms, had reason to tremble for the prize they hoped to win. Vivian Trevanance would ask Evelyn Desmond to be his wife. He had been her constant companion for the past two months—a whole lustre down in the country—and the grand and splendid beauty, who had duked with fifty thousand a year at her feet, had condescended to be very sweet and gracious to the lord of Royal Rest. There was always a smile to welcome him when he came; she was ever ready to allow him to be her escort and cavalier on all occasions, for he was very entertaining, and could talk with her as very few men she met in society could talk. She was very gracious and very beautiful; he was the envy of every man he knew. Her father looked bland approval. There could be little doubt that the answer would be when the momentous question was asked; and yet—oh, innate perversity of man!—there was not the faintest thrill of rapture in the breast of Vivian Trevanance as he stood at the oriel window, with the dusky portraits of his dead-and-gone ancestors gazing down upon him from the walls.

He must marry some time—it was the inevitable lot of man—as well now as later. He was very much in love, no doubt. Not with that fierce and frantic and desperate passion that some fellows get up, and which makes the stock in trade of Tennysons and Mussets and Merediths; and altogether unbecomingly, he was a gentlemanly, well-bred lover à la mode. She was beautiful and stately, and as proud as a young queen—three very essential requisites in the future lady of Royal Rest; he was prepared to be a most devoted husband, as husbands go. No doubt they would be as happy a pair as ever made a sensation at St. George's, Hanover Square.

"And Amethyst and Rivers, and the Most Noble the Marquis of Rocksilver, will very likely blow their brains out," was the friendly wind-up of Mr. Trevanance's cogitations. "Come weal, come woe, this night, my peerless Castilian Rose, the last of the house of Trevanance shall prostrate himself at thy imperial feet and bear his doom."

The tragic gesture which wound up his soliloquy was worthy "Mildred Brown-Smith" himself in the coming valedictory. And then, with a "smile on his lip," and looking especially handsome, and with the courteous grace of a

prince, the lord of Royal Rest descended to meet and mingle with his guests.

She was wondrously lovely to-night in her proud statelyness, her pale, delicate beauty, her patrician grace. Her perfume floated soft and misty about her; above her rich, gleaming silks her mother's Spanish diamonds glimmered and rippled in the glowing light; the soft, abundant, jetty hair was drawn back like vine temples, and a diamond star shone above the low, classic brow. She was rarely lovely, and the dewy violet eyes beamed gently on the courteous and handsome lord of the manor, and their proud, curved lips smiled to his brightest as she listened.

Haughty, high-born, crossing throbbled with bitterest envy as she floated by on the arm of Vivian Trevanance, the long lashes falling, the stag-like head drooping ever so slightly under his gaze and his words.

She sat by his side during the vaudeville—a most laughable burlesque of "Milor Muggins' Mishaps in Paris," original and comical enough to throw these so-called listeners into uncontrollable laughter. And when the play ended, and they entered the lounge and lofty ball-room, resplendent with light, embellished with flowers, gorgeous with magnificent toilets, sparkling with lovely faces, she was still by his side, and the most devoted lover that ever went mad for lady faire.

(To be Continued.)

THE NATIVE PURITY AND FRAGRANCE OF "SALUDA" TEA

is preserved by the use of sealed lead packets. Black, Mixed or Natural Green

For Christmas

There is something really exceptional about our new Sterling Silver Toilet-ware. It may be the design which is unique. It may be the die work which raises the figures out so natural, or the peculiar brilliancy of the finish, but the complete sets are here a little more beautiful, and a little better made than anything we have ever had in this line.

Toilet Sets, from \$6.00 up Manicure Sets from \$5.00 up

KLEIN & BINKLEY 35-37 James St. North Issuers of Marriage Licenses

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Minneapolis, New York—11:25 a.m., 11:55 a.m., 12:05 p.m., 1:15 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 6:15 p.m., 7:15 p.m., 8:15 p.m., 9:15 p.m., 10:15 p.m., 11:15 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

7:45 a.m. for Toronto, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Tweed, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, St. John, N.B., Halifax, also for Atlantic, Colchester and Nova Scotia, and all points in the Maritime Provinces and New England States.

TORONTO HAMILTON & OJFALO RAILWAY.

Arrive Hamilton 7:45 a.m., 8:45 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 11:45 a.m., 12:45 p.m., 1:45 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 3:45 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 5:45 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 7:45 p.m., 8:45 p.m., 9:45 p.m., 10:45 p.m., 11:45 p.m.

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY.

Terminal Station—11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:1