

## Love Finds the Way

### CHAPTER I.

Down in the now unfashionable region of the East, there lies, a little apart from the swift, ever-running stream that rushes to and fro through the leading thoroughfare, a little hid-away nest of streets and squares called Spitalfields.

On either side of this oasis in the desert of drifting footpaths, the rattle and rumble of countless restless vehicles and the indescribable hum of still more restless voices.

From the city to the green fields that lie beyond crowded Shoreditch and its suburbs on one side, and the great docks of the East End on the other, the living tide of human beings flows all day and nearly all night.

Between these rivers lie Spitalfields and Spital Square.

Years ago this was the fashionable spot in our modern Babylon.

The rich built themselves great houses and drove their heavy, much-beleaved carriages through its streets.

The rich have gone to the west and taken their carriages with them, but their grand houses still remain, grand still and forever, though with a dingy, faded, antique grandeur, for the elaborate carvings are blurred and smoked by the ever-passing fingers of the old man, Time, and the elaborate gilding faded and dulled by his never-ceasing breath.

High, rambling places they are, with halls larger than most of the modern mansions, with rooms big enough to hold many a present day fashionable cottage, with fireplaces that would swallow up a city clerk's income in coals, and passages through which a modern hansom cab could be driven with ease.

Mysterious old places some of them are, with queer and not altogether reputable legends attached to them, dark, crimson marks that would not be washed from their old oak floorings; high, iron-barred windows, suggestive of languishing prisoners, dark, bewildering cellars, with an odor of secrecy and crime, and huge cupboards, opening by elaborate springs, and leading to few know where.

Not only the houses but the streets in which they stand savor of the dead and gone past.

Some are narrow and solitary. Their old foot-worn stones have almost forgotten the touch of shoe leather, and the desolate have comforted themselves by allowing blades of rank grass to crop between their interstices.

The tide of fashion has swept over and past them. These are deserted and solitary; others, wider perhaps and nearer the great thoroughfare outside, are still cognizant of life and action, but the feet that pass are quiet as the weary ones of silk-weavers and their families, the relentless ones of the tax-gatherers, and the monotonous ones of the policeman.

In the outer ring are the vegetable market and the great steam factories, but in the centre of the old houses, the old streets are still quiet as the weary ones of silk-weavers and their families, the relentless ones of the tax-gatherers, and the monotonous ones of the policeman.

Take my hand, reader, and let us enter this old, red-bricked mansion.

It stands hidden away, shouldered back as it were, by the corner of a grass-grown square.

Its old heavy oak door is cracked and blistered by time.

The stone steps, five of them—aren't trodden into hollows at the middle, and flanked on either side by a rusty railing.

There is no area, but two blind circular windows, barred with thick iron, show that a cellar lies beneath.

There are two windows above—if windows they can be called—seeing that out of six panes five have been boarded up, and the sixth is rendered opaque by the thick layer of dust that might have been accumulating for centuries.

Passing outside, who would think of gazing at the ramshackle old place, or, if gazing, imagine that anything of life lies within it?

The hall is like its neighbors, a huge one, paneled with oak and walnut, polished perhaps at one time, but now dim and lack-lustre.

Facing the door rises a wide staircase; a pair of horses could drag a modern toy brougham up them without difficulty as far as space went.

Dust in the hall, just here on the stairs; dust in the front room—if the dim light could reveal it—dust in all the lights, quaintly formed and more quaintly furnished; dust everywhere.

The front room—a large, dreary apartment paneled like the hall, and as lack-lustre—shows some signs of life.

Three or four chairs and a table are set upon a frayed but real Turkey carpet. An old, carved cabinet, with all the roses of the figures rubbed off and most of the arms, rears its faded majesty against the farther wall. A few pictures, the subjects of which it is impossible to tell for dust and age, hang around three of the walls, the fourth being shrouded from view by a long, mysterious curtain that hangs from ceiling to floor in heavy folds, upon which the flickering of a small fire, burning in a huge and cavernous aperture, throws a sultry glow.

And now for the life.

Look carefully through the room and deary a lad sitting in an attitude of profound meditation, within the embrace of a monstrous, old-fashioned chair, whose back, carved with grotesque heads, seems to grin down upon his young head, whose fat, ponderous, misshapen arms seem to imprison his slender body.

The face, as much of it as can be seen by the fitful firelight, is clouded by a look almost painful in its intensity of thought.

It is the face of fifteen, but wears the expression belonging to one of thirty.

The eyes are dark, deep and penetrating—too much so; they are the eyes of a troubled spirit; a morbid inquiring mind, a puzzled, ever-questioning, never-satisfied heart, gleaming through the masses of dark, overhanging hair, sometimes, too, through the fingers of the small, unnaturally white hand raised to part the hair from the forehead, or shield the face from the heat of the fire.

Look now at the attitude, unnaturally pensive and languid for one so young, unpleasantly suggestive of age and unrest, yet in perfect harmony with the pale face and restless eyes that are bent now upon the fire with a thoughtful

rown, and now raised toward the door with a glance of expectancy.

The waning day grows quickly into night, and the firelight grows brighter by the disappearance of the dim gleam through the dust-obscured windows, and still the lad sits.

Presently his ear—rendered acute by the silence reigning around, and the still greater silence within him—catches the sound of approaching footsteps, and he stoops, not rises, and throws a fresh log upon the fire, resuming his old attitude and fixing his eyes upon the door.

The footsteps ascend the huge stairs, the door opens, and the companion of the lad's life enters.

He is a tall, handsome looking man, with no resemblance to the lad, save perhaps in the eyes, though, dark and piercing as the lad's, the man's are blacker and more piercing still.

As he enters, closing the door carefully after him, and shooting, with a familiar action, a long bolt into its socket, the boy rises, and displaying a weird, yet not ungraceful gait, approaches to help him remove the long, dark cloak that is wrapped closely around the thin, lithe figure.

The man acknowledges the action, and nods with short laugh, that is more an exclamation of greeting than mirth.

"Well, Clit," he says in a voice that is not unmusical. "Well, lad, all right. I see. Clot wet? Throw it across the chair. Heigho, I am tired—fagged—more the word—to death."

And with a lifting of his dark eyebrows and a pursing of his full, expressive mouth, he sinks into the chair which the lad, still silently, drags—it is too heavy to lift—toward the fire.

"What a blaze! Art cold, Clit? Your young blood should scarce oven to that though. I suppose you find it chilly to be doing nothing but thinking, while I am hot—hot—hot—with work, and thinking, too, for the matter of that."

This, uttered in the tone of a soliloquy, with the black eyes fixed upon the fire, and a pair of long, slender hands fumbling about his head, does not require an answer, and still, as the man calls him, still dumb, stands beside his empty chair and waits.

The fumbling brings about a strange result, for with an impatient exclamation the man lifts what seems to be almost the upper part of his head—but which is in reality a wig and false forehead—and with his eyes still upon the fire hands the disguise to the boy.

He takes it with the air of one accustomed to the task, crossing the room to the old cabinet, depositing it within one of its cavernous drawers. Then he returns and, dumb still, proceeds to light a handsome but faded lamp, and spread a cloth upon the mantelpiece, seen by its light, is altered by the removal of his wig, having golden hair and a fair complexion that go strangely with his dark eyes—

he rises and with a long drawn "Heigho," helps the boy lay out the cold joints, bread, butter, cheese and a bottle of wine that are to serve for supper.

Then, all the preparations complete, the strange two seat themselves at either end of the massive table.

"Cold beer?" remarks the man. "This is a luxury, Clit, luxury—you and I have fared worse, eh?"

And he nods, but without the smile that should accompany the congratulatory.

"Ay," replied the lad, speaking for the first time and in a voice as peculiar as the man's, but a hundredfold more musical. "Ay," he continues, "and I suppose may do so again."

"You are right," returns the man, cutting a slice of the beef and handing it to him. "To-day lies in our hands, tomorrow is the gods'. That is a Roman proverb, Clit, but unlike some of the same family—true. 'To-day is ours, tomorrow is the gods'.' You do not ask me how the day has gone?"

Clit shrugs his shoulders—a gesture peculiar to him, and a hundredfold more natural, but not ungraceful.

"I am not impatient, Melchior; no great fortune or thou wouldst have been more cheerful and have sighed less."

This speech was as shrewdly unnatural as the gesture, peculiar, too, by the introduction of the "them," which, it will be noted, both man and boy used at times and in an odd and irregular manner.

"True," replied Melchior; "no great things, Clit. But the seed is sown, let us hope, the seed is sown; you can't get the harvest without sowing, remember that, lad. Sow, harrow and watch and the harvest is sure—though may be long delayed."

The lad nods.

"And where hast thou been sowing to-day?"

"The fools were created for the knaves, the slaves for their masters, the poor for the rich. Knowledge rules them all. Know man and rule him."

"Good! Well repeated, Clit. 'Gave that lesson on your heart, while you have one; when you are unfortunate enough to be five without it burn it into your mind, burn it in. Knaves, fools, rich and poor. Knowledge of man above them all, Tefelgo! Now, Clit, your glass of brave old Rundersheim and then to work."

The lad arose from the table and shook his head.

"No wine to-night, Melchior," he said, gathering together the remains of the meal.

The man nodded.

"Then we'll put the bottle by. Rundersheim is not to go begging, lad. 'Time, which teaches all things if men will but learn, will teach thee to accept all offers while fools live to make them.'"

Rising as he spoke, he carried the bottle to the cabinet and placed it tenderly within it.

Then he walked to the door, examined its fastenings, which were elaborate and seemingly unnecessarily massive, and stood by the fire waiting till the lad had finished clearing the table.

When Clit had folded the cloth he said: "I am ready, Melchior."

And taking up the lamp he proceeded to the end of the room shrouded by the curtain.

The man followed, and the two passed behind its massive folds into the remaining portion of the room.

It was empty and unfurnished and seemed to serve as the storeroom for old packing cases and hampers, several of which were lying about the floor and resting against the wall.

Setting the lamp upon the ground, the lad removed one of these packing cases from the wall and commenced passing his fingers along the worn-eaten planks.

In a few moments his practised fingers found the carefully hidden spring and a slight grating noise was heard as the panel slid slowly into the wall.

Taking up the lamp the lad stood still and the man passed through, leaving the boy to fasten the door and follow him.

The rays of the lamp, held up above their heads, revealed the interior of the room, which was a long flight of twisting, circular stone steps into a large cellar.

Here the atmosphere, instead of being damp and humid, as might have been expected, was dry and hot.

A turn of the passage revealed the cause, a small, compact furnace, which threw from its red-hot heart a fierce circle of heat.

The fire had been lighted some hours and the iron door was glowing and hot. By some contrivance the smoke was consumed or carried off by complicated funnels and cunningly contrived ventilation.

Besides the furnace the cellar contained a number of smelting pots, crucibles, testing glasses, bottles and jars of chemicals, dried up by neglect, and a beautifully contrived machine for stamping coin.

In one corner, concealed by a screen, lay a mass of metals—iron, lead, copper and zinc.

In another, a set of appliances for working the smelting pot, and many facturing the fused metals.

With a methodical air the two strange beings proceeded to remove their coats and shirts, and encase themselves in masks and plates of iron to shield them from the fierce heat of the furnace.

Then the man, approaching the smelting pot, poured in the lumps of metal which the boy supplied him with, and so silent and untroubled they worked, ever feeding the hungry, hissing vessel and stirring its contents, the crimson glow of the fire flashing upon their hideous iron armor, and transforming them from human beings into the likeness of demons.

(To be Continued.)

**ART COLLECTION**

Left to the Louvre by Rich Parisian Merchant.

Paris, June 7.—The will of the late H. A. Chaudard, proprietor of the Magasin du Louvre, leaves his collection of paintings, bronzes, marbles, etc., comprising some of the most celebrated works of the Romantic school, to the Louvre Museum.

The collection is valued at \$4,000,000. To the employees of his store Mr. Chaudard leaves \$600,000. He gives \$400,000 to the poor of Paris, and makes also numerous bequests to various philanthropic and charitable institutions.

The big individual legacies are \$3,000,000 to Geo. Leygues, the lawyer and leader of the "them," which, it will be noted, both man and boy used at times and in an odd and irregular manner.

A scarcity of brick is delaying building operations in Toronto.

AT R. McKay &amp; Co's. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1909

## TAILORED SUITS

for the Well-Dressed Woman  
All Tailor-made Cloth Suits Wonderfully Reduced—  
Many Beautiful Models to Select From

3-Piece Tub Suits \$10.00  
Pink, White and Blue Jumper Dress and Coat, handsomely tailored and trimmed, very smart suits. Regular price \$13.50, sale price \$10.00

Jumper Dresses \$2.49  
The cleverest creation of the season, in check and polka dot Muslins and Gingham, Very prettily tailored and trimmed. Regular \$4.50, sale price \$2.49

Late Shipment of Dark Grey Suitings  
Underpricing Correct Style Suitings of Correct Shades  
To-morrow this fine section of the McKay store starts a clearing sale of a late shipment of new style Suitings, comprising tape greys, elephant greys and London smoke greys, in plain and shadow stripe effects. These shades will be very popular again for autumn suits, which fact makes this sale all the more attractive. Read the price bulletin.

Chevron Stripe Suitings, worth regularly 75c, sale price 59c yard.  
Directorate Satin Suitings, worth regularly \$1, sale price 75c yard.

Special Display Sale of Women's Handkerchiefs—Half Price  
30 dozen women's Hemstitch Handkerchiefs, on sale to-morrow morning at a price that will commence a rush in this section of the store. Out they go at exactly half regular.

Imported Plaid Gingham 29c  
Just received a special shipment of Scotch Gingham, in beautiful Combination patterns, guaranteed perfectly fast, splendid for children's dresses, etc., worth regular 35c, Wednesday sale price 29c yard

Sale of the Toronto Wholesale Importers' Stock of Summer Millinery  
Consisting of trimmed Hats, untrimmed Hats, Flowers and Foliage, etc., on sale at prices that will interest every careful buyer. Come and see the trimmed hats at 25c.

15 dozen Untrimmed Hats, worth regular \$2.25, sale price 1.50 each  
50 dozen Bunches of Flowers and Foliage, worth regular up to \$1, sale price 50c bunch

Sale of Lace Curtains—Unusual Bargains  
Sale of Hammocks  
Unusual because such high class Curtains are seldom reduced. Wednes- day, however, we offer all at very low prices, and would advise your inspection. Every high class Swiss, French and Belgian Curtain is on sale.

75c Curtains priced at \$1.00  
\$1.00 Curtains priced at \$1.25  
\$1.25 Curtains priced at \$1.50  
\$1.50 Curtains priced at \$1.75  
\$1.75 Curtains priced at \$2.00  
\$2.00 Curtains priced at \$2.25  
\$2.25 Curtains priced at \$2.50

Special Offerings from Our Big Staple Section  
Bleached Damasks  
A special offer in Bleached Damasks; your choice of any of our \$1.00 and \$1.50 Damasks, pure linen, 72 inches wide, choice designs, special 75c

Imperfect Cloths  
Pure Linen Cloths, bordered all around, slightly imperfect. 98c  
Regular \$1.75, for \$1.50  
Regular \$2.50, for \$2.25  
Regular \$3.50, for \$3.25

Nearliten Suitings 20c  
Nearliten Suitings, banded equal to linen and won't crush, special 20c yard

Tea Towels 12c  
Hemmed Tea Towels, firm absorbent weave, clean and free from lint, regular 16c for \$12c

Toweling 10c  
Pure Linen Towelings, clean absorbent weaves, plain and bordered, regular 13c, for 10c

**R. MCKAY & CO.**

**NEW BOOKS**  
Received at the Central and East End Libraries.

Books received at Main Library during week ending June 4th, 1909:  
The Merry Widow, Anon, 18446. Sabastian, Danby, 18448. The Quest, For-man, 18449. Old Lady No. 31, Forsman, 18450. The Romance of a Plain Man, Glasgow, 18460. The Glory of the Conquered, Gaspe, 18457. The Perfume of the Lady in Black, Leroux, 18459. Our Village, Lincoln, 18455. Red Horse Hill, McCall, 18445. The Black Flag, MacVane, 18458. In the Wake of the Green Banner, McCall, 18453. The Kingdom of the Earth, Partridge, 18462. The Love that Kills, Stead, 18451. Marriage a la Mode, Ward, 18447. Peter-Peter, Warren, 18454. Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know, Kipling, M2146. Pros and Cons, Askew, 304A. Highways and Byways in North Wales, Bradley, 914-2933. Highways and Byways in South Wales, Bradley, 914-2934. Letters From the Holy Land, Butler, 915-69B. The Status of Women Under English Law, Chapman, R396C2. The Key of Truth, Conybeare, 239C. Abbotsford, Crockett, 914-1C. Gentleman Errant, Cust, 914C. Viva Mexico, Plandrau, 917-2F. Fifty Years of Low Voice, Greig, 784-83. The Oldest English Epic, Gummere, 820-93. Yorkshire Coast and Moorland Scenes, Home, 914-274H2. Mexican Trails, Kirkham, 917-2K. Genetic Psychology, Kirkpatrick, 150K3. The Russian Army and the Japanese War, Kuratopkin, 947K2. We Two in the West, Africa, Moore, 916-7M2. Piccadilly to Palm Mall, Nevill, 914-21N. Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall, Norway, 914-237N. Plays and Games for Indoor and Out, Parsons, 371-74P. Builders of Spain, Perkins, 940P. Explorations in Turkestan, Huxley, R21P. The Canadian Club, Harvard University, Rand, 378-73R. The Banquet Book, Reynolds, 808-SR. South Devon, Rowe, 914-235R. Queen Anne and Her Court, Ryan, 942-069R. Parent-hood and Race Culture, Saleeby, 173-5S. Theburgh, Shore, 914-22S. Our Insect Friends and Enemies, Smith, 505-754. Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know, Stack, 580-S3. The M. P. for Russia, Stead, 920-7N4. The Playgrounds of Europe, Stephen, 914-94S2.

Books received at Barton Street Branch Library during week ending June 5th, 1909:  
Sebastian, Danby, L1205. Old Lady No. 31, Forslund, L1211. Romance of a Plain Man, Glasgow, L1210. Glory of the Conquered, Gaspe, L1204. Red Horse Hill, MacCall, L1212. The Black Flag, MacVane, L1207. In the Wake of the Green Banner, McCall, L1215. Kingdom of the Earth, Partridge, L1206. Marriage a la Mode, Ward, L1214. Peter-Peter, Warren, L1208. The Merry Widow, Anon, L1213. The Life of the

Spirit, Eucken, 100E. Public Ownership and the Telephone, Meyer, 654-02. Foundry Practice, Tate, 671T.

**IN BOSTON.**  
Plaintiff Asks Himself Questions and Answers Them.

Boston, June 7.—One of the most remarkable scenes that has ever witnessed in a court-room took place this afternoon when former Judge Henry S. Dewey, who is conducting his own libel suit for \$76,450,000 against five members of the Good Government Association, took the witness stand and calmly proceeded to ask himself questions and answer them. The court-room was jammed.

The former judge spoke in a low voice, very slowly. He did not seem to see anything odd in the proceedings. At one time when he was admonished by Judge Sherman that he was going into needless matters, Dewey said: "Well, I'll tell you, Judge, I'm trying to get a dollar a word for every word I'm speaking."

"Well, go ahead and speak, then," said Judge Sherman.

Explaining very courteously to the Court that some of his witnesses must be unavoidably detained and desiring that the trial should not halt, Judge Dewey announced that he would take the witness stand himself, put questions to himself, answer them and submit himself to cross-examination. There was no objection, Judge Dewey was sworn, and upon taking the stand traced his life by asking himself questions and replying to them. This took about one hour and later some of Dewey's witnesses were examined.

**Moth Killers, Etc.**  
Moth camphor balls, 5c lb.; gum camphor, 3 ozs. 25c; camphorated x's, 25c lb.; cedar flakes, 25c tin; lavender flakes, 25c tin; camphor compound, 25c lb.; moth bags, 25c up. Also lightning, camphor and western bug destroyers, 25c; western roach killer, 25c tin; hellebore, 25c lb.; also insect powder and Paris green. At Gerrie's drug store, 32 James street north.

**HURT BY AUTO.**  
Detroit, Mich., June 7.—Florence Marr, six years old, daughter of Alvin Marr, of London, Ontario, who is visiting in Detroit, was hit by an automobile on Woodward avenue last evening and badly injured. Dr. Andrews thinks she will recover. The little girl had just stepped from a street car and did not see the approaching automobile.

**SAW KAISER.**  
Potsdam, June 7.—Arthur Von Briesen, President of the Lega! Aid Society, of New York, was received in audience by Emperor William to-day.

## TRAVELERS' GUIDE

### GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Niagara Falls, New York—2.20 a.m., 6.25 a.m., 10.05 a.m., 10.50 p.m.  
St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo—5.55 a.m., 10.05 a.m., 10.50 p.m., 11.50 a.m., 11.55 p.m., 12.15 p.m., 12.30 p.m., 12.45 p.m., 1.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., 1.40 p.m., 1.55 p.m., 2.10 p.m., 2.25 p.m., 2.40 p.m., 2.55 p.m., 3.10 p.m., 3.25 p.m., 3.40 p.m., 3.55 p.m., 4.10 p.m., 4.25 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 4.55 p.m., 5.10 p.m., 5.25 p.m., 5.40 p.m., 5.55 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 6.25 p.m., 6.40 p.m., 6.55 p.m., 7.10 p.m., 7.25 p.m., 7.40 p.m., 7.55 p.m., 8.10 p.m., 8.25 p.m., 8.40 p.m., 8.55 p.m., 9.10 p.m., 9.25 p.m., 9.40 p.m., 9.55 p.m., 10.10 p.m., 10.25 p.m., 10.40 p.m., 10.55 p.m., 11.10 p.m., 11.25 p.m., 11.40 p.m., 11.55 p.m., 12.10 p.m., 12.25 p.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 1.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., 1.40 p.m., 1.55 p.m., 2.10 p.m., 2.25 p.m., 2.40 p.m., 2.55 p.m., 3.10 p.m., 3.25 p.m., 3.40 p.m., 3.55 p.m., 4.10 p.m., 4.25 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 4.55 p.m., 5.10 p.m., 5.25 p.m., 5.40 p.m., 5.55 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 6.25 p.m., 6.40 p.m., 6.55 p.m., 7.10 p.m., 7.25 p.m., 7.40 p.m., 7.55 p.m., 8.10 p.m., 8.25 p.m., 8.40 p.m., 8.55 p.m., 9.10 p.m., 9.25 p.m., 9.40 p.m., 9.55 p.m., 10.10 p.m., 10.25 p.m., 10.40 p.m., 10.55 p.m., 11.10 p.m., 11.25 p.m., 11.40 p.m., 11.55 p.m., 12.10 p.m., 12.25 p.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 1.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., 1.40 p.m., 1.55 p.m., 2.10 p.m., 2.25 p.m., 2.40 p.m., 2.55 p.m., 3.10 p.m., 3.25 p.m., 3.40 p.m., 3.55 p.m., 4.10 p.m., 4.25 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 4.55 p.m., 5.10 p.m., 5.25 p.m., 5.40 p.m., 5.55 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 6.25 p.m., 6.40 p.m., 6.55 p.m., 7.10 p.m., 7.25 p.m., 7.40 p.m., 7.55 p.m., 8.10 p.m., 8.25 p.m., 8.40 p.m., 8.55 p.m., 9.10 p.m., 9.25 p.m., 9.40 p.m., 9.55 p.m., 10.10 p.m., 10.25 p.m., 10.40 p.m., 10.55 p.m., 11.10 p.m., 11.25 p.m., 11.40 p.m., 11.55 p.m., 12.10 p.m., 12.25 p.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 1.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., 1.40 p.m., 1.55 p.m., 2.10 p.m., 2.25 p.m., 2.40 p.m., 2.55 p.m., 3.10 p.m., 3.25 p.m., 3.40 p.m., 3.55 p.m., 4.10 p.m., 4.25 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 4.55 p.m., 5.10 p.m., 5.25 p.m., 5.40 p.m., 5.55 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 6.25 p.m., 6.40 p.m., 6.55 p.m., 7.10 p.m., 7.25 p.m., 7.40 p.m., 7.55 p.m., 8.10 p.m., 8.25 p.m., 8.40 p.m., 8.55 p.m., 9.10 p.m., 9.25 p.m., 9.40 p.m., 9.55 p.m., 10.10 p.m., 10.25 p.m., 10.40 p.m., 10.55 p.m., 11.10 p.m., 11.25 p.m., 11.40 p.m., 11.55 p.m., 12.10 p.m., 12.25 p.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 1.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., 1.40 p.m., 1.55 p.m., 2.10 p.m., 2.25 p.m., 2.40 p.m., 2.55 p.m., 3.10 p.m., 3.25 p.m., 3.40 p.m., 3.55 p.m., 4.10 p.m., 4.25 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 4.55 p.m., 5.10 p.m., 5.25 p.m., 5.40 p.m., 5.55 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 6.25 p.m., 6.40 p.m., 6.55 p.m., 7.10 p.m., 7.25 p.m., 7.40 p.m., 7.55 p.m., 8.10 p.m., 8.25 p.m., 8.40 p.m., 8.55 p.m., 9.10 p.m., 9.25 p.m., 9.40 p.m., 9.55 p.m., 10.10 p.m., 10.25 p.m., 10.40 p.m., 10.55 p.m., 11.10 p.m., 11.25 p.m., 11.40 p.m., 11.55 p.m., 12.