

The Tangle of Fate

"Oh, God, you know it all, Bonnie; you understand—yet when I am saved your life, you spared me, you saved me! Yes, you little angel, I tried to murder you—you, my living little sister, that our dying mother confided to my care. Can you—forgive—me?"

"Imogen, I forgive you long ago. Ask God to forgive you, too."

"I am too wicked to look up to Him, Bonnie, yet, oh, I must stand in His dread presence now! Pray for me, Bonnie, you are so good, so pure! He will hear your prayers."

"Oh, Imogen, no, no! I have been very, very wicked since that night when Miles forced me into an unwilling marriage. I have told dreadful falsehoods to keep people from finding out!" sobbed Bonnie, who had always hated herself for these perjuries.

"How could any one blame you, poor little soul?" murmured Imogen. "Your little sins have been nothing compared to mine. But, oh, Bonnie, I'd give anything now to undo my wicked past. I am so sorry, so ashamed, so repentant!"

"What sweet music those contrite words held for Imogen! Her fair face beamed with solemn joy.

"Oh, Imogen, let us pray together that God will forgive us both," she exclaimed, and bent her golden head solemnly upon her folded hands.

Low, reverent words, audible only to Imogen's ears, breathed over her lips, and the poor invalid echoed them in her heart, joining aloud in the faint amen.

Then, after a long and solemn silence, she whispered:

"Bonnie, I have been selfish, cruel and wicked in the past, but if God lets me live I will try to be a better woman. I will never hate you, nor annoy you again. You have always been good and noble, and you deserve all the blessings that have fallen to your lot."

"I will pray Heaven to let you live, dear sister," returned Bonnie, softly, but the slightest as she thought of the humiliation awaiting the poor girl when she should learn that Miles meant to proclaim to the whole world her sad story.

"I know why you sigh, dear Bonnie," said Imogen's faint voice. "But I do not mind now, dear, for I never loved Miles much. I only married him because I believed he was very rich. I am well punished for my cruelty and my ambition. But if I should get well—only I feel sure I shall die—you will write to papa for me, will you not? Maybe he will forgive me, and let me come home again to live out my days in repentance."

"Why, Imogen, papa is here! But I forgot you did not know it, you have been so ill since he came. To-morrow you shall see him. But, dear, how tired and pale you look! We have talked too much, and you are so weak. Lie still and sleep."

Imogen was indeed exhausted, and the agitation of hearing that her father had arrived was almost too much for her strength. She gave a fluttering gasp, and her eyes closed heavily.

Bonnie was sadly frightened, and ran for Mrs. Baldwin, whom she found waiting in the hall.

The old nurse applied restoratives, and presently Imogen showed signs of life again.

But she was too weak to do more than open her eyes and smile faintly at her sister. Then she dropped off into a sleep so profound that to Bonnie's inexperienced eyes it looked like death. She thought, with a shudder, of some lines she had once read which said:

"Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

But the nurse soothed her fears, and persuaded her to return to her own room.

"Your sister will very likely sleep soundly until morning, and maybe, after all, she will get well," she said, hopefully, and thus encouraged, Bonnie left the sick chamber, her young heart throbbing with joy over the interview that had just ended between herself and sister.

Bonnie had been carefully reared by Christian parents, and held very orthodox views. Her sister's sin had weighed heavily on her young heart, and now she felt very glad that Imogen had repented and asked God's forgiveness.

"Happiness was born a twin," it is said, and Bonnie felt as if she could not resist enough alone over Imogen's return from the dark paths in which her feet had been wandering. She longed to share her joy with her father.

"He will be so glad, so very glad," she thought, and gliding softly to his door, pushed it open, and peeped in.

But a very unromantic snore greeted her ears, and she saw the dear old gray head lying on the pillow in such deep slumber that she faltered in her purpose to awake him even to communicate such good news. It seemed a pity.

"I will wait until to-morrow," she murmured, turning softly away.

But she was too much excited to think of sleep. An impulse seized her to go out on the porch into the silence of the night, so sweet and still.

Forgetting what Mrs. Cornwall had told her about the man lurking in the shadows of the shrubbery, Bonnie let herself out of the front door into the porch.

It was a lovely summer night. The full moon sailed high in the heavens, the flowers lay asleep under the shimmering dew.

"I will go down the walk and get some roses to lay on Imogen's pillow, so that they may greet her with their fragrance when she wakes," thought romantic Bonnie, and following her impulse, went down into the shrubbery.

Alas! she did not dream of the man hidden in the shrubbery night after night, watching for just such a chance as this, but scarcely had poor Bonnie crossed the moon-lighted path and entered the rose walk, before a dark form started from behind a tree, and suddenly, a heavy shawl was thrown over her head, she was caught up in a pair of strong arms, and borne swiftly to a carriage that was waiting in the road to convey her to a terrible imprisonment.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Miles Westland, for it was he who had so cleverly kidnaped Bonnie, succeeded in conveying his prize safely to a little woodland cottage about five miles away from Lloyd, where he placed her in charge of an old hag-like woman, whose services he had previously engaged for that purpose.

Bonnie, who had been kept under the

influence of chloroform during the long night dream, was so ill from the effects of the drug that the old woman was kept busy nursing her, and the next day the poor girl was unable to hold up her head, but lay pale and indignant on a little sofa in a shabby, ill-kept parlour.

"Who brought me here?" she demanded of her witch-like attendant, for Miles Westland had never shown himself to her yet.

"The old woman who was smoking a pipe, whose name I never learned," Bonnie answered coolly.

"Your husband?"

"I have no husband!" cried the girl, angrily.

"He told me you would say that. Oh, you do a bad job, you be!" retorted her companion harshly.

"What did he tell you about me?" asked Bonnie, curiously, as she guessed quite readily that Miles Westland had been her abductor.

"He said you were a bad 'un, and had runned away from him, and wanted to shute you up to make you behave yourself."

"Umph!" said Bonnie, then she was silent for a few minutes, during which her horrid old jailer watched her curiously through the smoke of her pipe.

"Beant' you ashamed of yourself?" she demanded, presently.

"Do you live here by yourself?" returned Bonnie.

"Inmosen, I do."

"Where's his wife?"

"Mr. Westland's."

"And you rent it from him?"

"The old crean nodded assent, and Bonnie continued her catechism.

"And are you poor?"

"None of your business," answered she of the pipe, curtly, and Bonnie laughed, contemptuously.

"Of course you are, or you would not accept a bribe to deprive an innocent young girl of her liberty."

"Inmosen, I do."

"My friends will be out looking for me, and when they find me you will be sent to prison for this outrage," continued Bonnie, coolly.

"Don't listen to her, granny. A man can do as he pleases with his own wife," exclaimed a ringing masculine voice, and Miles Westland, who had just arrived and was listening at the door, stepped boldly into the room.

Turning to the old woman, he said, roughly:

"Take yourself and that villainous old pipe outside!"

She went out, grumblingly, and then he turned to Bonnie, who was holding her head heavy defiantly upright.

"She shuddered with disgust as she met his burning eyes fixed on her fair face, and exclaimed disdainfully:

"You coward!"

"Bonnie, don't," he exclaimed, beseechingly, and she saw him wince under her scornful gaze.

"Don't care to call me Bonnie. That name is sacred to those I love," she said bitterly.

"You wouldn't like me to call you Mrs. Westland, I suppose," he answered, doggedly, throwing himself into a chair close to the sofa.

"How dare you?" cried Imogen, indignantly.

"I wish she were dead. It would make things easier perhaps. You might be willing to live with me, then, would you, my darling?"

She gazed palely with repulsion at that word from his lips.

"Oh, heaven, how I hate and despise you, Miles Westland!" she muttered, clinching her little hands in impotent fury.

He gave a savage laugh, yet her scorn stung, so as to it in the whitening of his face; but toward this man who was so cruel to her and to Imogen, she felt pitiless. Biting her lips until the blood came, she continued, bitterly:

"I would not live with you, Miles Westland, if you were the only man on earth. You are a brute, a scoundrel, and through your sin my father's head has been whitened, my sister's heart broken, and my own life wrecked. I hate you, and I wonder what you expect to gain by carrying me off in this high-handed fashion."

"Everything," he answered, boldly, feasting his burning black eyes on the lovely outlines of her face and form as she half reclined on the sofa. "For two years, Bonnie, you have been my wife in name only. I have brought you here to make you my wife in reality. You need not cry out! No one will hear you. This lonely cottage is in the woods, a mile from the main road. Your friends will never discover you here, and if they did they could not take you from me. You are mine—my chattel, in the eyes of the law. My right over you is superior to that of the whole world, and I will yield you to no one. Here you shall remain till I teach you to love me; then when my birdie is won I will take her to my home in London."

She listened with burning cheeks and flashing eyes; then she answered, icily:

"You are mad, simply mad. Why, if you kept me a prisoner here forever I would not even permit you to kiss my hand."

"You will get tired of your stubbornness; you will be glad of my love before I release you," he said, boastfully, but his heart quailed before her looks of ineffable disgust.

There was a moment's stillness, then she said:

"Imogen is ill, perhaps dying, Miles, and I cannot, must not remain away from her side. You love wealth and luxury. Name the sum that will tempt you to let me go free. I am rich, as you know. I will give you any amount."

Miles Westland sneered as he answered:

"You and your fortune both belong to me. You cannot bribe me with my own."

"Would you really wish to have a wife whose heart could never be yours?" she asked, in wonder.

"I would be sure to win your love, if I had the chance," he replied, with ineffable self-conceit, then shrank before her low laugh of scorn.

"In all my life, I have loved but one man—one man as noble as you are vile, made us for each other. I shall love no one else until I die," murmured Bonnie, half to herself, half to him, her splendid dark eyes upraised with a rapt glance, a beautiful blush staining the whiteness of her lovely cheek.

"You mean Lin La Valliere?" he hissed, jealously.

"Yes," Bonnie answered, fearlessly, and Miles Westland started to his feet with a terrible imprecation.

"He shall die, to atone to me for those wifely words of yours."

"He is a brave man, and knows how to protect himself," she replied, dauntlessly; but without another word he rushed madly from the room. Her jailer soon returned, saying maliciously:

"You've done just what I wanted to do, and he's gone off to swear to kill the man that you love better than him."

"Oh, heaven, protect my lover!" thought poor Bonnie. Her bravery all deserted her at the fear of Lin's danger, and, with a gasp, she fell swooning at the old woman's feet.

The old grenadier-like woman was not one whit abashed by Bonnie's swoon.

She only sniffed contemptuously at this evidence of the weakness of her sex, then took up the silver pretty figure of the girl, and carried her to an upper room and laid her down on a shabby bed, covered with a country-made patch-work quilt. Dashing some water in her face, she waited coolly for her patient to recover.

Presently Bonnie sighed, lifted her lids, and looked about her with heavy, dazed dark eyes.

She found herself in a strange room, small, close and shabby, with iron-barred windows and a tightly barred shut door, but the sight of the haze, her jailer, quickly restored her to a memory of all that had happened.

Stretching out her little white hands piteously to the ill-favored creature, the poor girl cried, imploringly:

"Oh, make me free, if you will only release me and let me go home, I will make you rich, indeed I will."

(To be continued.)

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
FAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure hemorrhoids, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

TIMES PATTERNS.



A Comfortable, Desirable and Convenient Creeper or Romper Dress

No. 8433.—When baby learns to play with its top and creeps on the floor, when it begins to toddle round about the house and learns to make mud pies out of doors, it becomes necessary to protect his clothes from dirt and soil, and at the same time dress it comfortably and conveniently. The model here shown covers every requirement of a creeping apron or pinafore, and serves as rompers also. It may also be used as a sleeping garment and will be such a help in very practical. The pattern is cut in three sizes, 6 months to 1 year, and 2 years. Gingham, flannelette, chambray, cambric or donet flannel may be used for its development.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Address, "Pattern Department," Times Office, Hamilton.

It will take several days before you can get patterns.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF RHEUMATISM

Caused by Uric Acid in Blood and Can Only be Cured Through the Blood.

Not many years ago doctors thought rheumatism was only a local pain caused by exposure to cold and wet. Now they know that rheumatism is caused by the blood becoming tainted with uric acid. This acid contracts the muscles, stiffens the joints, and irritates the nerves. Then the cold and wet make the joints and muscles grow sore and ache. You blame the weather, but the real cause is acid in the blood. If not promptly treated the stiffness spreads, and the pain grows worse each year until you are a helpless cripple, tortured day and night. If the disease touches the heart it means sudden death. You can't cure rheumatism with liniments, plasters or hot cloths. You must go to the root of the trouble in the blood. The one sure, scientific way to cure rheumatism is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they actually make new blood. They sweep out the poisonous acid, loosen the joints and muscles and bring ease and freedom where before had been pain and misery.

Mr. Fred Sabau, Canada Creek, N. S., says: "Three years ago I was taken with a severe pain in my right hip. It grew gradually worse until it finally settled in both my hips and legs. The pain was real, almost unbearable. At first I tried foot drafts and liniments, but this gave me only the most temporary relief, and I felt as if I was to go through the rest of my life as a suffering cripple. A neighbor whose daughter had been cured of rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advised me to try this medicine, and I purchased three boxes. Before they were all gone I was able to get my foot up on my knee and untie my shoe, something I had not been able to do for two years, and I began to feel as if I had at last found a medicine to cure the trouble. I kept on taking the Pills until I had used, I think, a dozen boxes, when I was completely cured, and I am as well and strong to-day as ever I was in my life. I want every sufferer to know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a sure cure for rheumatism, and that if they will give this medicine a fair trial, their pains and aches will disappear as mine did."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advised me for \$2.50 from the office, a man stole up behind him, caught him by the throat, choked him into unconsciousness, and made off with the pay roll, amounting to about twelve thousand dollars. Downie could not describe his assailant, who is still at large.

CASHIER ROBBED.

A St. John, N. B., Man Choked and Relieved of \$12,000.

St. John, N. B., Feb. 19.—A little before 1 o'clock to-day, while W. Herbert Downie, cashier for the T. S. Simms Co., was alone in the office, a man stole up behind him, caught him by the throat, choked him into unconsciousness, and made off with the pay roll, amounting to about twelve thousand dollars. Downie could not describe his assailant, who is still at large.

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. MONDAY, FEB. 22, 1909

HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

Selling Events for MONDAY of Unusual Importance

We have prepared a Monday of merchandising rewards that will be sure to stir your pride in our store. Line after line of new Spring Goods will be offered at prices that should be irresistible.

1909 Spring Dress Goods
Monday a Big Sale in the Dress Goods Section
 We have just opened up and passed into stock case after case of our new Spring Dress Goods, and Monday starts a Big Dress Goods sale, and we mention several lines here at very special prices.

Cream Panama Suiting, Regular 75c, for 49c
 2 pieces only of 54-inch wide Cream Panama Suiting, a very special cloth, fine weave, regularly 75c, on sale Monday for 49c

65c Chevron Suiting for 49c
 A beautiful Shadow Stripe Effect in Chevron Suiting, in rich shades of navy, brown, green, Copenhagen, red and black, regular value 65c, on sale Monday for 49c

\$1.25 Priestley's Black Voile 98c
 One piece only of \$1.25 Priestley's Black Voile, on sale Monday for 98c

\$1.00 Fancy Black Wool Taffeta for 75c
 Black Wool Taffeta, with a narrow silk stripe, will make a swell light-weight dress. Regularly \$1.00, Monday for 75c

1909 Spring Wash Goods
 American Novelties in Summer Wash Goods, in all the newest shades, with pretty narrow Persian borders, very swell for summer dresses; special 35c

Another line of Summer Dress Materials in pretty shades of brown, pale blue, champagne, and cream with narrow satin stripes, very stylish, at 40c yard

Special line of Sheer White Persian Muslin, with fancy satin cross-borders in different patterns, suitable for separate blouses, beautiful quality, at per yard 35c

Splendid Array of Values From Our Big Staple Section

Long Cloth 10c
 1,000 yards of fine, soft finish English Long Cloth, a special underwear quality, worth 12 1/2c, for 10c

Sheeting 17c
 Remnants of Sheeting, unbleached and bleached, ends 1 to 7 yards, worth up to 30c yard, Monday 17c yard

Cream Damask
 60-inch Cream Damask, firm, close weave, worth 25c, for 17c

Flannelette 10c
 35-inch Striped Flannelette, firm, soft finish, neat patterns, regular 12 1/2c, for 10c

Toweling 7 1/2c
 Bordered Crash Towelling, firm, absorbent weave, worth 9c, for 7 1/2c

Sheeting Specials
 Extra Heavy Unbleached Twill Sheet, 2 yards wide, worth regular 32c, special 27c

Plain Bleached Sheet, round, even thread, worth 30c, for 23c

Nainsook 15c
 39-inch Underwear, nainsook, soft, silky finish, splendid for covers, etc., worth 18c, for 15c

Sale of Wide Shantung Silk at 55c

This lovely Silk sells regularly at 75c, it is 34 inches wide and is a deep rich shade of the natural color. Secure a dress or waist length Saturday and save almost 1-3 of the regular price on every yard.

Do not miss this golden opportunity, this is positively the most genuine sale of Shantung Silk ever offered, sale price Monday, 55c

MEN'S Special Values for Monday—MEN

Another large shipment of Men's Soft Front Shirts, English make, all sizes, patterns correct, the regular price is \$1.50, Monday will sell at 98c

Boxed and Men's odd Underwear, will be sold Monday at a great reduction, this underwear is worth up to \$1.50, summer and winter weight, sale price 75c

Heavy Ribbed Heather Socks, worth up to 35c and 40c, Monday will clear at 19c

Men's Fancy Vests, summer and winter weight, these are worth up to 55c, Monday special bargains, 35c

We also make Men's Shirts to order, 100 samples to choose from, and regards to fit, satisfaction guaranteed.

R. MCKAY & Co.

HARDEST STEEL. MARATHON DANCES.

U. S. Manufacturers Trying to Beat little English Discovery.

New York, Feb. 19.—The gauntlet was thrown down to the English steel makers today at the Waldorf-Astoria by J. M. Flannery, General Manager of the American Vanadium Company of Pittsburgh, and W. M. Wilson, President of the Union Steel and Iron Works of Chicago, in a talk before the deputation before a number of steel and railroad men and engineers on the hardest steel made in America.

The pace maker of the evening was Paul Gray, who has been practicing a new discovery in the manufacture of high-speed tools is rather amusing," said Mr. Flannery, "when the fact of the deputation was announced several years ago. We are as well advanced, if not further, in steel tool making than England. We are more than willing to enter into any test with our British competitors."

Californians Start Endurance Tests in Ballroom.

Los Angeles, Feb. 19.—Eight young men and four young women entered upon a "Marathon dance" at the Venice Pavilion last night. The twelve will compete for six nights, three hours each night. Gold and silver medals will be given to the victors. The longest number of laps around the big pavilion.

Despite the fact that three of the girl dancers fell to the floor last night before the three hours were ended, all the contestants were on hand again to-night, and started the second night's dance. Several have called upon the authorities to stop the contest because of the danger to their health, especially on the part of the girls.

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EMPIRE'S ARMY.

Summary of Points in General Staff Scheme.

London, Feb. 19.—The text of the scheme for an Imperial General Staff has been issued in a Parliamentary paper. Following are the points—

(1) All the forces of the Empire to be organized for war on the same principles by a General Staff, which must be an entity throughout the Empire.

(2) Uniformity in the training of officers for the General Staff to be secured by recognizing the staff colleges at Camberley for several years to come as the central school of military education for the Empire, and sending its graduates to cover each Dominion.

(3) Uniformity in the carrying out of staff duties to be attained by encouraging graduates of the staff colleges to undergo further training in England, India, and Australia, interchangeably Imperial General Staff officers throughout the Empire.

In the introductory letter it is stated that the Army Council have kept in view the convenience of the Empire, and the need to give help to the mother country in time of war, even though they only accepted a definite responsibility for local defence. The only reply so far received in from Canada, which agrees to the principles but safeguards its own Ministers in their control over local forces and promises to pay for sending Canadian staff officers to Camberley.

INSTANT RELIEF FOR HEAD-ACHES.

Probably no one knows the torture of headache better than A. J. MacArthur, of the N. C. College, Charlotte, N. C. E. J. who says: "A result of overwork manifested itself in the form of recurring headaches. They were so severe sometimes as to make me incapable of any serious study for days at a time. But since my discovery of 'Nerviline,' headaches are a thing of the past. A few drops taken internally is effective and when rubbed into the forehead and scalp, soon effects a complete cure. I heartily recommend Nerviline as truly 'The King of Pain.'"

Thousands say the same thing and so will you if you just buy one 25c bottle of "Nerviline."

HIT GHOST.

How Wm. MacKay Gave Proof of His Courage.

New York, Feb. 19.—At special to the Tribune from West Middlesex, Penn., says—David Mackey played ghost last night to test the courage of his brother William, and in consequence is in bed with three broken ribs to-day and no doubts of William's bravery.

William, in a ghost discussion several days ago, said that he would not run from an apparition. David donned a sheet last night and hiding behind the barn, leaped out in his brother's path. William did not run very much, instead, he picked up a stone and hurled it at the ghost, hitting it in the side. The sheet screamed with pain and ran into the house, where it fell on the floor. A physician found three ribs broken.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is
Laxative Bromo Quinine & Wilson
 on every Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
 Niagara Falls, New York—2:30 a. m., \$3.55 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 10:15 p. m.

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo—5:55 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 11:40 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 12:00 a. m., 12:10 a. m., 12:20 a. m., 12:30 a. m., 12:40 a. m., 12:50 a. m., 1:00 a. m., 1:10 a. m., 1:20 a. m., 1:30 a. m., 1:40 a. m., 1:50 a. m., 2:00 a. m., 2:10 a. m., 2:20 a. m., 2:30 a. m., 2:40 a. m., 2:50 a. m., 3:00 a. m., 3:10 a. m., 3:20 a. m., 3:30 a. m., 3:40 a. m., 3:50 a. m., 4:00 a. m., 4:10 a. m., 4:20 a. m., 4:30 a. m., 4:40 a. m., 4:50 a. m., 5:00 a. m., 5:10 a. m., 5:20 a. m., 5:30 a. m., 5:40 a. m., 5:50 a. m., 6:00 a. m., 6:10 a. m., 6:20 a. m., 6:30 a. m., 6:40 a. m., 6:50 a. m., 7:00 a. m., 7:10 a. m., 7:20 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 7:40 a. m., 7:50 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 8:10 a. m., 8:20 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 8:40 a. m., 8:50 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 9:10 a. m., 9:20 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 9:40 a. m., 9:50 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 10:10 a. m., 10:20 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 10:50 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 11:10 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 11:40 a. m., 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