

## Poetry.

## A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,  
Love him. Yes, and let him know  
That you love him, e'er life's evening  
Time his brow with sunset glow.  
Why should good words never be said  
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you  
Sing by any child of song,  
Praise it. Do not let the singer  
Wait deserved praises long.  
Why should one who thrills your heart,  
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you  
By its humble, pleading tone,  
Join in it. Do not let the seer  
How before his God alone,  
Why should not your brother share  
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling  
From a brother's eyes,  
Share them. And, by sighing,  
Own your kinship with the skies.  
Why should any one be glad  
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh is rippling  
Through the sunshine on his face,  
Share it. "The wise man's saying—  
For both grief and joy a place.  
There's health and goodness in the mirth  
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy  
By a friendly helping hand,  
Say so. Speak out bravely and truly,  
Ere the darkness veils the land.  
Should a brother workman dear  
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,  
All enriching as you go;  
Leave them. Trust the harvest Giver,  
He will make each seed to grow;  
So, until his happy end,  
Your life shall never lack a friend.

—Selected.

## The Fireside.

## WHO RANG THE BELL.

He had sat there almost as long as I could remember. The little hollow seated chair, with its short legs, unpainted and unvarnished as it was, had taken a polish of its own from such continuous use. In summer he sat just outside of his glass door on the north side of the house, and in winter just inside of the door, and I never knew his name, and I don't know how it was I first came to him, but somehow I found myself saying "Good morning" whenever I went around the corner at the other end of the bridge, being well rewarded by the flash of pleasure which always flashed across the plain, almost repulsive face. He had a little Spitz dog for company, and was often surrounded by a flock of tame pigeons, who hopped about on the pavement and ate easily out of his hand, so nearly as they were, that he never took three feet high, yet with the head, shoulders and chest of a man, and the legs and feet of an infant. A wearisome existence, one would think; yet he never looked dull, and when our acquaintance ripened into a speaking one, he never spoke as if he felt so.

I was riven, for I do not believe in forcing one's self upon the poor any more than on the rich, and I waited to be met half way. I think it was the dog that first drew my eye. I was a great lover of animals, and my cat being in need of something that the home lady did not supply, gave me an excuse for entering the little shop. After that we were friends, and I used to bring newspapers with stories in them; and, second-hand though they were, they served to while away many weary hours. His mother told me his story one day. A fine, healthy child of eight months, he had fallen through the banisters at the head of the stairs, and from that time his lower limbs had begun to grow proportionally with the upper part of the body, until it was not until he was eight or ten years old that the permanent and repulsive deformity began to show itself. Since then, for twenty-seven years, he had sat in that chair. Can anyone imagine a more purposeless life? Yet he did not seem to see it so. Once he said—

"If I only lived in the city now, I could make a great deal of money and help support mother."

"How?" I asked.

"Oh, I would have a stand and sell apples, oranges and nuts."

"Indeed, I couldn't spare him," said the mother, "he's such a companion for me. You see all my other boys grew up and had to go away and leave me, but this one will be mine always. I don't know how I should get along without him."

The flush of absolute delight which lit up the poor fellow's face at these words caused me to say, "How pleasant it is to be of use, if only just by living; and I went on with my way, going on with what seemed to me as pretty a piece of real sentiment as I had ever heard, albeit spoken by an old, not-over-clearly Irish mother of her deformed, repulsive looking boy."

It was quite winter when I again saw my country home. City visits, fall shopping, and other claims detained me till just before the Christmas holidays, when according to custom, all the bachelors of the family came together to keep the old-time festival. As usual we spent many hours of those delightful preparation days down at the church, tending the shining green garlands and shaping the illuminated texts which were to make beautiful the footprints of the coming King. Here among much of the neighborhood gossip I learned the particulars of the autumn inundation which had ruined so much property, and had at one time threatened utter destruction to low-lying parts of the town. The village calamity had, of course, been announced to me by letter, but the details were all new, and a large part of the conversation was devoted to recounting them. It seemed that a great stream of water, liberated by the broken dam above, had overflowed the whole lower portion where stood the thickly clustered dwellings of the poor, flooded the lower and in some cases the second stories, and sweeping away or destroying whatever was in the path of the waters. But the people warned by the mysterious ringing of the church bell near the bridge, had been able to remove all the women and children and the greater part of their valuables in time to a place of safety. Who had rang the bell, and discovered the danger so opportunely, was one of the village mysteries.

At last, at night-fall on Christmas eve, the church work was finished, the last garland twined and hung, the last shining twig of holly put in its place. The shadows crept up from the corners, and the smell of pine and balsam spoke like the altar incense of old of the sweet mystery of the morrow's service. Then leaving the sexton to strew up the fragrant refuse, I armed myself with a sprig of glossy leaves and scarlet berries, and with my younger fellow-workers climbed noisily up the hill, I turned to say a few words of Christmas cheer to my little friend. He was not at his usual post outside, nor yet inside of the door, and the store was empty save that in the low chair which I knew so well the white Spitz was curled up in an after-dinner nap. I entered, and as I stood hesitating what to do next, I heard muffled footsteps upon the stairs.

"Whist," a voice said preceding them, "he's asleep now, an' I won't wake him troubled. I'll not tell anything this Christmas eve." Then seeing who was there, the speaker advanced into the shop, shaking my hand more warmly than I thought the extent of our acquaintanceship warranted, "I'm

right glad you've got back, he's been weary 'n' to see you, an' I was afraid you wouldn't come in time." In time for what? "Is my little friend ill?" said I, looking sadly at the low chair where only the Spitz was "company" now.

"Yes, honey, he's that bad with the rheumatism—'flamatory they call it—that the doctor's give him up, and he said he wanted so much for to see you and tell ye something."

"But how did it happen?" said I, thinking with a mixed sensation of the mother's loneliness and his blessed release from that monotonous life. "Did he get wet in the inundation?"

"Yes, shure, if that's what ye call the big freeze. He never was well, a bit since he rang the bell."

"Did he ring the church bell?" They told me no one knew who it was. How could he do it?

"Deed, an' he did thin, an' when I found him where he'd been up to his neck in water, he was that cold as if he'd been dipped in ice. Ye see I was runnin' 'bout distracted lookin' for him, while all the people was busy gettin' out their things an' carryin' out the childer, an' o' course I never thought of lookin' in the church. Thin when the water came, I had to run with the rest, an' when it was all over, an' we ventured to come back, I heard his voice a callin', an' me an' the sexton opened the church door an' went into the bell tower, an' there he sat upon the winder ledge soaked through an' through."

"But how could"—I was beginning, when a moon up-stairs caught the ear of the watchful mother.

"It's the pain, poor darlin', and she ran quickly up-stairs. She returned again directly, however, saying, "He says he knows the lady's voice and wants her to come up and see him. Will you come?"

Of course I followed, and there upon my poor bed of suffering lay my little deformed friend. His deformity was less conspicuous now that the sheet and coverlet lay above it. The hands were visible and fearfully contorted with pain, but the face had a refined, spiritual look which I had never seen upon it before. As of old, a crimson flood of de-light spread over it at my greeting, then died away and left the blue-veined forehead deathly white and chill.

"You said it was noise to be of use, an' I tried to be," said the pale lips; "but couldn't just reckon up how, as I sat alone in my chair, till the freshest came, an' thin I rang the bell. I wanted to thank you for tellin' me. It is noise like."

"But what made you think of it? How did you know?"

"I've sat by the bridge there many a long year an' listened to the roaring of the waters. I know thin a fender's count, and I knowed this 'ud be the biggest ever we'd seed. I looked at all the little children playin' round, children with long legs an' straight backs, and I thought how their mothers 'ud miss them if they were drowned. I called out, but there didn't no one hear me. Mother was up street and left me to mind shop. So I crawled along to the church—'tis next door but one you know—but I never went there before. It seemed an awful long way to go on my hands an' knees, an' I was afraid I'd be too late. I crept in through the place where they put in the coal, an' I found the tower where the bell is, an' got hold of the rope which hung down to the door, an' pulled real hard. I'm strong in the hands."

"And then?" said I, as the poor fellow stopped, apparently having finished his story.

"Then I was tired I thought I'd rest a spell. I must have fell asleep, for I felt cold, an' the water was all round me; so I managed somehow to climb up by the rope an' sit in the window, an' the water came up to my neck."

"Were you not tired and frightened sitting there so long?"

"Not much. I'm used to sittin'. I felt like as maybe I'd be drowned, but I remembered as how you said it's noise to be of use even by livin', an' I thought such a crooked little fellow couldn't be of use that way; but maybe it's just the same if you die by dyin'. I thought, 'no'—and the voice dropped still lower—"of the picture I saw hangin' there as I crawled through the church, and minded how I was told once that He, as hung on the cross there saved the people by dyin' Himself, an' I thought maybe He'd think I was of use, too."

I went quietly out of the room then, placing my Christmas apron in the thin, pale hand, and receiving a last bright smile as recompense. I was not quite in the mood for the Christmas gaieties which your young folks were already commencing, as I thought that possibly before the midnight brought in the glad Christmas time the poor mother, who had expected to keep her deformed son always, would be without her "company" and when she was quiet, and I looked from my window up into the starlit night and thought of the new voice that possibly added to the "multitude of the heavenly host," singing its Gloria, the Christmas peal sounded out loud and clear, and I rejoiced in remembering how and how my little deformed friend had rung the bell.

## HONESTY REWARDED.

George and Harry worked in the same shop; but as the working season was almost over, and then would be little work to do during the summer months, their employer informed them that they were to be sent to the country, and when they settled up on Saturday evening that he could only give one of them work hereafter. He said he was very sorry; but it was the best he could do. He told them both to come back on Monday morning, and that he would then decide on the one he wished to retain. So the young men returned to their boarding-house a good deal cast down; for work was scarce, and neither knew where he could ob-tain a situation as they counted over their week's wages, Harry said to his friend—

"Mr. Wilson has paid me a quarter of a dollar too much."

"So he has me," said George, as he looked at his.

"How could he have made the mistake?" said Harry.

"Oh! he was very busy when six o'clock came; and, handing so much money, he was careless when he came to pay my trade," said George, as he stuffed his in his pocket-book.

"Well," said Harry, "I am going to stop as I go to the post-office, and hand the money to him."

"You are wonderful particular about a quarter," said George. "What does he care about that trifle? Why, he would not come to the door for it if he knew what you wanted; and I am sure you worked hard enough to earn it."

But Harry called and handed his employer the money, who, after hesitating for a moment and went into the house. Mr. Wilson had paid them each a quarter of a dollar too much on purpose to test their honesty.

So when Monday morning came, he seemed to have no difficulty in determining which one he would keep.

He chose Harry, and entrusted the shop to his care for a few months while he was away on business, and he was so well pleased with his management, that when work commenced in the fall, he gave him the position of superintendent.

Five years afterward, Harry was Mr. Wilson's partner; and George worked in the same shop again, but as a common laborer.

HAY FOR HOGS.—Few men are aware of the fact that hay is very beneficial to hogs, but it is true nevertheless. Hogs need rough food as well as nutritious food. To prepare it you should have a cutting box or hay-cutter; and the greener the hay the better. Cut the hay as short as you can, or shorter, and mix with bran, shorts, or middlings, and feed as other food. Hogs soon learn to like it, and if soaked in swill as other food, is highly relished by them. In winter use for the hogs the same hay you feed to your horses, and you will find that, while it saves bran, shorts, or other food, it puts on flesh as rapidly as anything that can be given them. The use of hay can be commenced as early as the grass will do to cut, and when run through the cutting box can be used to advantage by simply soaking in fresh water until it is soft.—*Nebraska Farmer.*

## A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

Just as God leads me, I would go;  
I would not ask to choose my way;  
Content with what He will bestow,  
Assured He will not let me stray.  
And so He leads, my path I make,  
And step by step I gladly take,  
A child in his confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content;  
I rest me calmly in His hands;  
That which His will has decreed and sent,  
That which His will for me commands  
I would that He would all fulfill;  
That I should do His gracious will  
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I will resign;  
I trust me to my Father's will;  
When reason's rays deceptive shine,  
His council would I yet fulfill;  
That which His love ordained as right,  
Before He brought me to the light,  
My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide,  
In faith, in hope, in suffering true;  
His strength is ever by my side—  
He cannot let me go—  
I hold me firm in patience, knowing  
That God my life is still bestowing—  
The best of kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go;  
Oft amid thorns and briars I tread;  
God does not yet His guidance show—  
But in the end it shall be seen  
How, by a loving Father's will,  
Faithful and true, He leads me still.

—Lampertus, 1625.

## CHINESE DWARF TREES.

We have all known from childhood how the Chinese dwarf trees, and so manage to make them keepers at home; but how they contrive to grow miniature plants in pots, in flower pots for half a century has always been much of a secret. They aim first and last at the seat of vigorous growth, endeavoring to weaken it as much as may be consistent with the preservation of life. Take a young plant—say a seedling or cutting of a cedar—when only two or three inches high, cut off its top as soon as it has other roots enough to support it, and replant it in a shallow earthen pot or pan. The end of the tap-root is generally made to rest on a stone within it. Allot day is then put into the pot, much of it in bits of beans, and just enough in kind and quantity to furnish a scanty nourishment to the plant. Water enough is given to keep it in growth, but not enough to excite a vigorous habit. So likewise is the application of light and heat. As the Chinese prize themselves on the shape of their miniature trees, they use strings, wires, and pegs, and various other mechanical contrivances to promote symmetry of habit or to fashion their growth. Thus, by the use of very shallow pots, the growth of the tap-root is out of the question; by the use of poor soil and little of it, and little water, any strong growth is prevented. Then, too, the top and side roots being within easy reach of the gardener, are shortened by his pruning-knife or scissor by his hot iron. So the little tree, finding itself headed on every side, gives up the idea of strong growth asking only for life, and just life enough to look well. Accordingly each new set of leaves become more and more stunted, the buds and scrodes are diminished in proportion, and at length a balance is established between every part of the tree, making it a dwarf in all respects. In some kinds of trees this end is reached in three or four years; in others ten or fifteen years are necessary. Such is fancy horticulture among the Celestials.

—Boston Watchman.

The other morning a gentleman and his wife were in such haste to the railway train that they were obliged to omit family worship. The next time they sat down to read the mother remarked that the first chapter of Ephesians was the place.

"No, mamma," said one of the little girls, "it is the second chapter; we read the first chapter; after you were gone."

The children were all under ten years old, but they had conducted family worship in the absence of their parents. How many other boys and girls are ashamed to do their duty under such circumstances!

TO KEEP WELLS PURE.—A correspondent of the "Inter-Ocean," writing from Battle Creek, Mich., says that he purified his well of water which was so subject to many worms, bugs, and other insects in the well, a couple of good-sized trout. They have kept perfectly healthy, and have eaten up every living thing in the water. In the winter season crabs of bread and cracker are thrown in. The water is perfectly pure and sweet.

THE POWER OF SONG.—A touching story is told of a little girl sent by her parents from Spain, during a time of religious persecution there, to take refuge with some friends in England. The vessel was lost on a rock-bound coast during a severe storm; but the little girl, brave enough to the effort of some heroic men. She was too young to tell the story, but by a series of providential events was brought at last to the house of a friend of her parents, just as, released from imprisonment, they arrived in England to seek their child. A familiar tone the mother had taught her little girl in former days became the clue that led to their joyful meeting.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in work, but not in play;  
My second is in love, but not in prayer;  
My third is in whisper, but not in talk;  
My fourth is in music, but not in meek;  
My fifth is in love, but not in wide;  
My sixth is in love, but not in wide;  
My seventh is in love, but not in wide;  
My eighth is in love, but not in wide;  
My ninth is in love, but not in wide;  
My whole we all should surely prize.

AN INSCRIPTION.

[We believe the couplet below was first found in a chapel in England, where it excited the attention and curiosity of the wise men for many years. At length some discovered the key to the mystery and brought to light its true meaning. Who can tell what the key was?]

PRVSRPFRCTMN,  
VRKPTSPRPTSTN.

DECRYPTIONS.

1. Behold a portion and leave duplicity.  
2. Behold to put on and leave a prophecy.  
3. Behold a wild animal and leave a spike of corn.  
4. Behold to revolve and leave a vase.

MELANCHTON.

IF FIVE MEN, working five hours per day, do a piece of work in five days, what time will be required for six men, working six hours per day, to perform the same work?

UNCLE CLAUDE.

RIDDLE.

In all enigmas and charades,  
In all their shapes and all their shades,  
What's the first or second best,  
The last is always found in rest.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Our Mutual Friend."  
CURTAILMENTS.—1. Pent, pen. 2. Bowl, bow. 3. Pent, pen. 4. Pent, pen. 5. Pant, pan. 6. Made, maid.

TRANSPORTS.—1. Part, part. 2. Pear, pear. 3. Act, cat. 4. Dog, dog. 5. Run, run.

DOUBTLESS LETTERS.

"Of all and words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are those that might have been."  
TOWNS AND CITIES.—1. Trenton (ten-ten-ton).  
2. Albany (all-ban-ny). 3. Dear-born. 4. Can-ben. 5. Fair-feld.

HOME EVIDENCE  
IN FAVOR  
OF THE  
PAIN-KILLER.

WHY experiment with unknown mixtures without character or reputation, when this world-renowned PAIN-KILLER which has stood the test of over 40 years, can be had for the same price at any Drug Store in the Dominion!

READ THE FOLLOWING.

OTTAWA, Ont., February 16, 1880.  
The writer has been using Perry Davis' Pain-Killer for the last 10 years, and can confidently recommend it to the public as a sure remedy for Croup, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Chronic Coughs, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, and all other ailments of the Throat and Lungs. It is a most valuable medicine, and has been used by thousands of people in all parts of the world, and has been found to be a most reliable and effective remedy for all the above-mentioned ailments. It is a most valuable medicine, and has been used by thousands of people in all parts of the world, and has been found to be a most reliable and effective remedy for all the above-mentioned ailments.

MAINTAIN, Ont., February 16, 1880.  
I have much pleasure in adding to the number of the numerous testimonials you have already received, as to the value of your PAIN-KILLER. I have used it in my family for over twenty years, and have no hesitation in saying that it is a most valuable medicine, and has been used by thousands of people in all parts of the world, and has been found to be a most reliable and effective remedy for all the above-mentioned ailments.

SPRINGFIELD, Ont., February 16, 1880.  
We have much pleasure in certifying that we have kept Perry Davis' Pain-Killer constantly in stock for upwards of twenty years, during which time it has been used by thousands of people in all parts of the world, and has been found to be a most reliable and effective remedy for all the above-mentioned ailments.

MAINTAIN, Ont., February 16, 1880.  
It gives me much pleasure to state that during a long career of more than a quarter of a century, I can testify that your PAIN-KILLER is a most valuable medicine, and has been used by thousands of people in all parts of the world, and has been found to be a most reliable and effective remedy for all the above-mentioned ailments.

STOCK, Ont., February 16, 1880.  
I have been using the PAIN-KILLER for many years, with results that I can testify to. It is a most valuable medicine, and has been used by thousands of people in all parts of the world, and has been found to be a most reliable and effective remedy for all the above-mentioned ailments.

PORTLAND, Ont., March 9, 1880.  
I have been using the PAIN-KILLER for many years, with results that I can testify to. It is a most valuable medicine, and has been used by thousands of people in all parts of the world, and has been found to be a most reliable and effective remedy for all the above-mentioned ailments.

EXETER, Ont., March 9, 1880.  
We hereby certify that we have used Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in our family for many years, and can testify to its value as a most reliable and effective remedy for all the above-mentioned ailments.

MAINTAIN, Ont., February 16, 1880.  
I have used your PAIN-KILLER for the last twenty years, and I can testify to its value as a most reliable and effective remedy for all the above-mentioned ailments.

PORTLAND, Ont., February 16, 1880.  
I have sold the Perry Davis' Pain-Killer for over thirty years, and I have much pleasure in recommending it as a most reliable and effective remedy for all the above-mentioned ailments.

PERKINS, Ont., February 16, 1880.  
I have sold your PAIN-KILLER for the last fifteen years, and I can testify to its value as a most reliable and effective remedy for all the above-mentioned ailments.

CHICAGO, Ont., March 9, 1880.  
I have been selling Perry Davis' Pain-Killer for the past six years, and have much pleasure in stating that it is a most reliable and effective remedy for all the above-mentioned ailments.

MAINTAIN, Ont., February 16, 1880.  
Your PAIN-KILLER as a family cure has been in constant use in my household for a long time, and I would never do, this a good use. It is a most reliable and effective remedy for all the above-mentioned ailments.

TAMMIS, Ont., March 9, 1880.  
For twenty-three years past I have sold Perry Davis' Pain-Killer, and have always found it to be a most reliable and effective remedy for all the above-mentioned ailments.

MAINTAIN, Ont., February 16, 1880.  
I have been using Perry Davis' Pain-Killer for the last six years, and I can testify to its value as a most reliable and effective remedy for all the above-mentioned ailments.

JAS. AYLWORTH.

## The PAIN-KILLER

is recommended by Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Work-shops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals, in short, everybody everywhere who has ever given it a trial.

TAKEN INTERNALLY, it cures Diphtheria, Cholera, Cholera, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Diarrhoea, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Sudden Cold, Sore Throat, Coughs, &c.

USED EXTERNALLY, it cures Bruises, Pains, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Old Sores and Sprains, Swellings of the Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism, Chapped Hands, Frost-bitten Feet, &c.

THE PAIN-KILLER is put up in 2 oz. and 5 oz. bottles, retailing at 25 and 50 cents respectively—large bottles are therefore cheapest.

PERRY DAVIS & SON & LAWRENCE,  
PROPRIETORS,  
MONTREAL AND PROVIDENCE, R. I.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1880. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1881.  
ON and after MONDAY, the 29th November, the Trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

EXPRESS for Halifax, connecting at Moncton with accommodation for North, 7:50 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 8:15 A. M. 8:30 A. M. 8:45 A. M. 9:00 A. M. 9:15 A. M. 9:30 A. M. 9:45 A. M. 10:00 A. M. 10:15 A. M. 10:30 A. M. 10:45 A. M. 11:00 A. M. 11:15 A. M. 11:30 A. M. 11:45 A. M. 12:00 P. M. 12:15 P. M. 12:30 P. M. 12:45 P. M. 1:00 P. M. 1:15 P. M. 1:30 P. M. 1:45 P. M. 2:00 P. M. 2:15 P. M. 2:30 P. M. 2:45 P. M. 3:00 P. M. 3:15 P. M. 3:30 P. M. 3:45 P. M. 4:00 P. M. 4:15 P. M. 4:30 P. M. 4:45 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 5:15 P. M. 5:30 P. M. 5:45 P. M. 6:00 P. M. 6:15 P. M. 6:30 P. M. 6:45 P. M. 7:00 P. M. 7:15 P. M. 7:30 P. M. 7:45 P. M. 8:00 P. M. 8:15 P. M. 8:30 P. M. 8:45 P. M. 9:00 P. M. 9:15 P. M. 9:30 P. M. 9:45 P. M. 10:00 P. M. 10:15 P. M. 10:30 P. M. 10:45 P. M. 11:00 P. M. 11:15 P. M. 11:30 P. M. 11:45 P. M. 12:00 A. M. 12:15 A. M. 12:30 A. M. 12:45 A. M. 1:00 A. M. 1:15 A. M. 1:30 A. M. 1:45 A. M. 2:00 A. M. 2:15 A. M. 2:30 A. M. 2:45 A. M. 3:00 A. M. 3:15 A. M. 3:30 A. M. 3:45 A. M. 4:00 A. M. 4:15 A. M. 4:30 A. M. 4:45 A. M. 5:00 A. M. 5:15 A. M. 5:30 A. M. 5:45 A. M. 6:00 A. M. 6:15 A. M. 6:30 A. M. 6:45 A. M. 7:00 A. M. 7:15 A. M. 7:30 A. M. 7:45 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 8:15 A. M. 8:30 A. M. 8:45 A. M. 9:00 A. M. 9:15 A. M. 9:30 A. M. 9:45 A. M. 10:00 A. M. 10:15 A. M. 10:30 A. M. 10:45 A. M. 11:00 A. M. 11:15 A. M. 11:30 A. M. 11:45 A. M. 12:00 P. M. 12:15 P. M. 12:30 P. M. 12:45 P. M. 1:00 P. M. 1:15 P. M. 1:30 P. M. 1:45 P. M. 2:00 P. M. 2:15 P. M. 2:30 P. M. 2:45 P. M. 3:00 P. M. 3:15 P. M. 3:30 P. M. 3:45 P. M. 4:00 P. M. 4:15 P. M. 4:30 P. M. 4:45 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 5:15 P. M. 5:30 P. M. 5:45 P. M. 6:00 P. M. 6:15 P. M. 6:30 P. M. 6:45 P. M. 7:00 P. M. 7:15 P. M. 7:30 P. M. 7:45 P. M. 8:00 P. M. 8:15 P. M. 8:30 P. M. 8:45 P. M. 9:00 P. M. 9:15 P. M. 9:30 P. M. 9:45 P. M. 10:00 P. M. 10:15 P. M. 10:30 P. M. 10:45 P. M. 11:00 P. M. 11:15 P. M. 11:30 P. M. 11:45 P. M. 12:00 A. M. 12:15 A. M. 12:30 A. M. 12:45 A. M. 1:00 A. M. 1:15 A. M. 1:30 A. M. 1:45 A. M. 2:00 A. M. 2:15 A. M. 2:30 A. M. 2:45 A. M. 3:00 A. M. 3:15 A. M. 3:30 A. M. 3:45 A. M. 4:00 A. M. 4:15 A. M. 4:30 A. M. 4:45 A. M. 5:00 A. M. 5:15 A. M. 5:30 A. M. 5:45 A. M. 6:00 A. M. 6:15 A. M. 6:30 A. M. 6:45 A. M. 7:00 A. M. 7:15 A. M. 7:30 A. M. 7:45 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 8:15 A. M. 8:30 A. M. 8:45 A. M.