

HOW DO WE KNOW.

How do we know whose hearts have vilest sin? How do we know? Many like sepulchres are foul within Whose outward garb is spotless as the snow;

How can we tell who sinneth more than we? How can we tell? We think our brother waltheth guiltily Judging him in self-righteousness!

Dare we condemn the wrong that others do? Dare we condemn? Their strength is small, their trials not a few;

God help us all, and lead us day by day! God help us all! We cannot walk alone the narrow way.

Evil allures us, tempts, us and we fall! We are but human, and our power is small; Not one of us may boast! and not a day Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to say, God help us all!

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

A Church Erected in the Village of Mohawk, in Albany Diocese. The erection of their own house of worship, a project 50 years deferred, has been realized at last by the Catholic people of the village of Mohawk, in the diocese of Albany, as a worthy fruit of the Iliac pastorate of Rev. Father John V. Quinn.

An interesting recital is the Catholic history of Mohawk. In 1845, Rev. John McMenomy, pastor at Little Falls, established an out-mission in that village and looked after the spiritual interests of the people. His successor at Little Falls, Rev. B. McLaughlin, did the same and appointed a committee to promote the project of a new church at Mohawk.

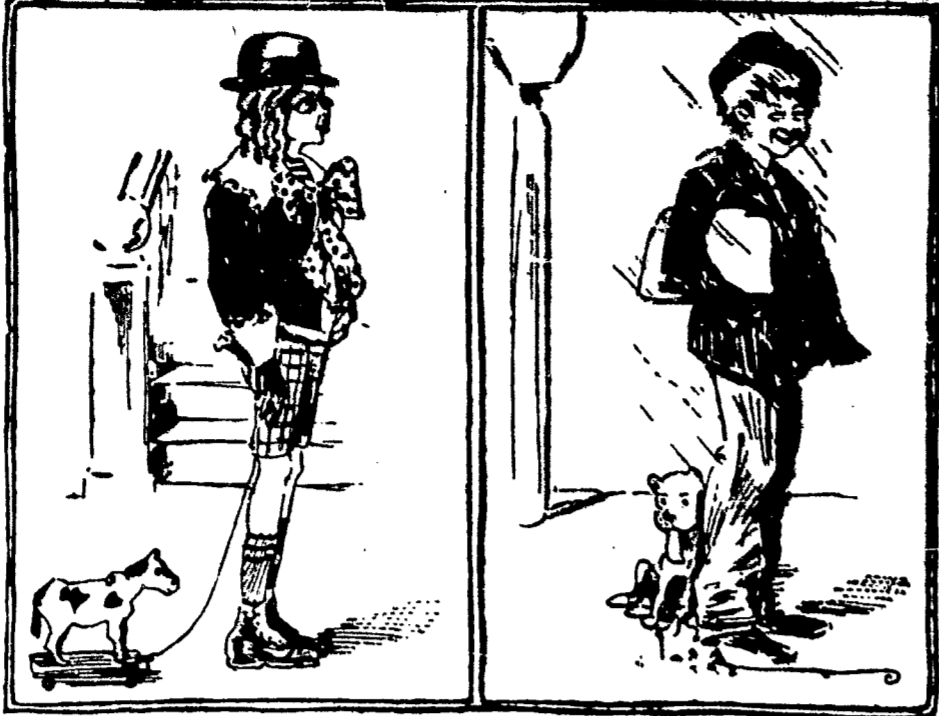
The Scallop, of more than one kind, lies buried deeply in the mud or sand. Some of these have been called "sea butterflies." There is one kind of a dark brown color, beautifully marked with red and white.

A SOLDIER OF CHRIST.

Father John Weig, who was captured by the Boxers while in charge of a mission of the Jesuits in the Province of Shantung, China, arrived at New York recently aboard the White Star Line Teutonic from Liverpool and Queenstown. The mission house was destroyed and the missionary took refuge among the reeds of a pond, where the Boxers found him.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York was crowded to the doors last Monday morning when Father Lavelle celebrated requiem mass for the late Archbishop Corrigan. A choir of sixty voices was heard in the service.

TWO OF OUR BOYS



THE DISCONTENTED BOY.

THE CONTENTED BOY.

DICK, THE BLUEJAY.

A Pet Bird That Developed Wonderful Intelligence.

"I want to speak a good word for the bluejays and tell you what a nice pet Dick was. Some people think they are always cross and troublesome, but you know they stay in our orchards all winter, and when the cold is bitter and the snow deep one cannot help but love to see this beautiful blue bird, with his kingly topknot, as he braves the winter storms and flits about from tree to tree when other birds are gone.

"They love to be near houses and barns, and we used to throw our crumbs on the snow for them. We said the buds were their meal and our crumbs their dessert. They like to build their nests of roots and sticks in an old apple tree, quite low down and near the trunk.

"One spring a pair of bluejays built the nest so low we could peep in, and we saw five eggs of a greenish gray color, spotted with brown. We were very careful and quiet, so as not to frighten the dear mother bird. At first she used to sit near and scold a good deal, but at last she would sit and look at us with a saucy twist of her head and a sort of 'Well, what do you want to see now?' in her eye.

"After many days we saw five little hills sticking up in the nest and five hungry mouths opened wide, and, oh, the nest seemed so crowded! The babies grew, and I used to help feed them. Then I took one of them to the house every day for a little while. I used to feed him on warm bread, yolk of egg and potato and talk to him and stroke his beautiful feathers, then I would take him back to the nest.

"We got to be great friends. He would follow me around outdoors or into the house if we were at the table. He was not a bit afraid. Indeed, if we did not watch him he would fly into the middle of the table. When the other birds left the nest, Dick seemed to want to stay with me. He would let no one else feed him.

"So I gave him an old tin lantern for his home. I never shut him up in a cage. He was free to fly where he liked, but he always slept in the lantern. "When I had to go to school in the fall, Dick was lonesome and followed me one day as I started off. I let him go as far as an old willow that grew by the path; then I was afraid he would get lost if he went farther, so I took of my sunbonnet and chased him part way home. Do you know, after this Dick always went with me to this tree, and what was more wonderful, he used to come there to meet me as I came from school. That made me very happy. I had no brothers or sisters, but Dick and I had good times walking home together. He used to light on my basket and tease and coax until I gave him the bits from my lunch, which I always saved for him."—Child Garden.

The Seashore Inhabitants.

Very numerous are the shells which the shores yield at low tide. Often it happens that the shells that are picked up have not come to the shallows by chance, but have been flung upon the shore with masses of seaweed in which they were entangled.

The shells or mollusks are not only beautiful in themselves; some of them are valued as articles of food; some, again, produce pearls, especially those of warmer climates.

The scallop, of more than one kind, lies buried deeply in the mud or sand. Some of these have been called "sea butterflies." There is one kind of a dark brown color, beautifully marked with red and white. To get the remarkable shell, which has the name of the "razor," one must dig deeply in the sand. Its shell is very brittle. It is long, narrow and toothed. Below the shallows, or in the mud, are many of the beetle tribe, which thrive in salt water and hunt up worms. Some of them can nip sharply if they are annoyed.

Birds Shun This Tree.

A German authority has recently announced the discovery of a tree in the forests of central India which has most curious characteristics. The leaves of the tree are of a highly sensitive nature and so full of electricity that whoever touches one of them receives an electric shock. It has a very singular effect upon a magnetic needle and will influence it at a distance of even seventy feet. The electrical strength of the tree varies according to the time of day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight. In wet weather its powers disappear altogether. Birds never approach the tree, nor have insects ever been seen upon it.

SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

[A recitation for two children.] THE SUNSHINE (proudly): I am the beautiful sunshine bright, So fair and lovely to see; I shed o'er the world my warmth and light, And none can compare with me!

THE RAIN (simply): I am the beautiful, soft, cool rain, And the sweetest comfort I bring; I open the little green buds again; I am the joy of spring!

THE SUNSHINE (indignantly): But I am the sunshine, bright and gay And make all around me glad; You cannot compare with me, I say, For the rain is dreary and sad!

THE RAIN (respectfully): Yet the tender, soft, refreshing rain, When the land is parched and dry, Will revive the drooping flowers again, Such wonderful power have I!

THE SUNSHINE (angrily): Pray, what is your power compared to mine? I ripen the corn and the fruit As over the land I beam and shine; My power you cannot dispute!

THE RAIN (emphatically): The corn would never spring from the rain, And the fruit and the flowers would die Without the help of the gentle rain. My power you cannot deny!

THE SUNSHINE (proudly): Oh, think how great and how grand am I, How my radiance shines afar, And think of my rainbows fair in the sky, How beautiful, too, they are!

THE RAIN (conclusively): But where would your beautiful rainbows be Without the help of the rain? With no little glistening drops from me They'd soon disappear again!

THE SUNSHINE (thoughtfully): That didn't occur to me, you know, But now it is perfectly clear, 'Tis the rain and the sun that make the bow, We do it together, my dear!

THE RAIN (joyfully): Yes, little sunshine, that is the way With the rain and sunbeams fair; We work together every day, And blessings spread everywhere!

THE SUNSHINE (sweetly): I am the beautiful sunshine gay, And I am the sweet, cool rain!

THE SUNSHINE AND THE RAIN TOGETHER (joining hands affectionately): Which is the better we'll leave you to say, But we'll never quarrel again! —Constance M. Lowe.

A Smart Doggie.

This bright little dog was the pet of the men at a recruiting station at Reading, Pa. During the Spanish war he was as much a part of the force at the station as the sergeant himself. He examined every recruit carefully and barked his approval or disgust at



BEING THE RECRUIT.

each applicant. He seemed to understand and take a part in everything going on, and it was most amusing to see his actions during the examination of an applicant for the army, as if he understood every part of the performance and enjoyed it all thoroughly.

Why Johnny Wanted the Ends.

Mamma was serving the jam pudding. "Johnny, will you take a little pudding?" Johnny—Yes. Will you give me the ends, please? Mamma—But why do you wish to have the ends, Johnny? Johnny—Why, when I was in the kitchen I heard Mary say to cook, "Put a good lot of jam in the ends, cook, because, you know, the ends are always left for us."

EFFECTING A SETTLEMENT

By Frank S. Calswick

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When Orrin Payton left the law school, he decided that he would confine himself to criminal cases as offering better pay and greater credit than the usual work which falls to the lot of the beginner. An ample fortune enabled him to decline cases which less fortunate young lawyers might have been glad to take up.

He had already figured in one or two trials of considerable importance, but his practice was not large, and his principal occupation consisted in wondering about the pretty girl in the office across the court. By a judicious expenditure of tips among the elevator boys, who in turn questioned the letter carrier, he finally discovered that her name was Maude Kingdon and that she was a stenographer for Massey & Keller, architects.

This information, while of interest, did not materially aid him in formulating her acquaintance. He could think of no excuse for intruding on the architect, and Miss Kingdon was not the sort of girl one could get acquainted with in the elevator. Both dress and manner indicated an amount of refinement and acquaintance with social customs that necessitated a formal introduction.

Payton moved in good society, but he had acquired an intense dislike for the girls with whom he came in contact and whose god was Mammon, not Cupid. The little typewriter across the light shaft was of far greater interest to him, and her apparent inaccessibility made him the more eager to form her acquaintance. Once he met Massey and excitedly told himself that this would at least afford him an entrance to the office. But even this hope was dashed to the ground when in saying good-bye Massey expressed a desire to meet him on returning from a business trip that would occupy several months.

He had about given up all hope when one afternoon the young clerk who formed his entire office staff broke in on his solitude.

"There's a lady outside," he said, handing Payton a card, "who wants to see you about taking up a claim against the street car company."

"Tell her," said his employer, "that we don't take up damage suits." And then as the clerk turned to go he acc-



"THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS," SAID THE GIRL.

identally turned over the bit of pasteboard between his fingers and with a gasp caught his retreating assistant by the coat-tails. "Tell Miss Kingdon to come in," he commanded. "The case may be worth looking into." A moment later Maude Kingdon was seated by his desk.

"They told me, Mr. Payton," she said quietly, "that you take up only criminal cases, but I work for Massey & Keller on the same floor, and I thought you might be—er—neighborly enough to consider my case."

Payton bit his lips. Her eyes had said so plainly, "And you don't seem to be very busy." "Quite right of you to come over. I'll be very glad to look into the matter. I did start out with a sort of definite policy, and I can afford to wait for something good."

Something in his tone offended the girl and she rose. "In that case I beg pardon for my intrusion," she said icily. "Probably my suit would not appeal to you."

"Quite the contrary!" he cried, alarmed. "I am sure—that is to say, I assure you I wasn't referring to your case."

Half appressed, the girl sat down again. "It is a comparatively simple matter. While my mother was alighting from a car last night the conductor signaled the motorman to go ahead, and she was thrown heavily to the street. She fractured two ribs and was severely bruised. I should like to make the street car company pay the expense of her illness, for, to be frank, we can hardly afford to let the matter pass." Payton jumped up excitedly. "They ought to be made to pay punitive damages. We'll sue them for \$25,000."

deavor to rush the matter through as quickly as possible. This afforded him an excuse for a daily visit to Miss Kingdon, and the more he saw of her the more he was satisfied that she was the one woman who could make him happy. The claim progressed slowly, as claims always do, but finally he secured from the company an offer of \$630, the maximum payment in cases settled out of court.

"This is outrageous," said the girl when he communicated the decision. "They know we need the money and that we will have to take this rather than wait several years until the case has been finally settled on appeal."

"Something like a sob ended the sentence, and then she smiled bravely. "You must not think me mercenary, Mr. Payton, but my salary is all we have, and mother has never been strong, and the hospital bills must be paid."

The office was empty, and Payton's sympathetic brown eyes looked straight into her own. She could stand anything just then save sympathy. Two great, round tears rolled down her cheeks. Payton suppressed a wild inclination to kiss away the tears and took her hand gently in his.

"Believe me, Miss Kingdon, I have done my best. The greatest lawyer in New York could do no more. Six hundred and fifty is little enough to win from a corporation; but, whether you have guessed it or not, you have won something more—the heart of your attorney. If you'll marry me, you—you won't have to worry about the street car company."

She looked at him with brimming eyes. "You are very good, Mr. Payton," she said simply, "but I could never permit you to make such a sacrifice. You have done as much for us as any man could do. Don't think that because you failed to get more, you must offer yourself in marriage."

Payton was nonplused for a moment. "Sacrifice!" he echoed. "If you argue along those lines, you'll be accusing me in a moment of marrying you for your money. Can't you realize that I've been interested in you more than a year and that I've loved you ever since you came into my office?"

She looked up, a smile breaking through the tears. "In that case"—she said softly.

"In that case," he retorted jubilantly, "I think I'll take my fee."

Had Pat It to Proof.

Most of the men who went west in 1840 were from the north. There were, however, a few southerners, among them a Baltimore family who took along an old slave, Samuel Jefferson. Samuel was a patient traveler on the long journey across the plains, but very skeptical about the success of his master's expedition. It was not until his master became one of the gold kings of California that Samuel stopped shaking his head in silent protest.

Samuel lived to a good old age and after the war was the special attendant of his master's children. One day Hugh, the youngest son, was explaining to Samuel the spherical shape of the earth.

"If you should go straight ahead far enough, you'd come right around to where you started from." "Now look here, chile, yo' cyan' mek me 'b'leve dat. I ain't helped yo' daddy tote his things all de way out heah 'fr' Baltimore 'fr' nuffin. If what yo' tells me was true, we'd 'a' come back to Ma'yan' about fo' times. I knows 'm 'sp'rance, honey, drivin' 'cross dem plains, dat de worl' am flat out—dat-ter'n a hockeak, clean till yo' bump inter de ocean."

The Man Chase.

A convict had broken bounds and the dogs were put on the trail, that was still warm. It was an exciting scene. No one was near except a few prison officials in charge of a hundred desperate felons, and I felt the exciting sense of a sentinel on a lonely outpost as the six bloodhounds bounded through tangled forest, baying madly at every leop. Eager was my desire to see the finish. It came soon. The negro's force was spent, and he took to a tree in his effort to save himself from the baying dogs. I could not help thinking of the scene when a possum is treed, but I doubt whether the simile occurred to the wretched felon. He had broken off a branch and was desperately lashing dynamite, one of the finest bloodhounds in the state, whose mouth was only a foot or two below him. Dynamite has been known to climb trees and to make a spring of ten feet in getting up to the first branches. Then the dogs were called off, and the negro, unharmed, was taken back in less than an hour after he began his run for liberty. —Leslie's Magazine.

A Poet's Little Story.

"Magazine poetry," said a young Philadelphian who dabbles in verse, "is always a source of wonder to me. For a long time I have read it and tried to understand it, but many of the poems I couldn't make head or tail of. For five years I have sent verses of my own to one magazine and always got them back, usually with a printed rejection slip, but occasionally with a polite note from the editor explaining why the particular verse was not available. One day it occurred to me that obscurity was the open sesame to the pages of this magazine, and, more in jest than anything else, I scribbled off a sonnet that meant absolutely nothing. My only thought was to string together a lot of meaningless words that would rhyme. I couldn't help laughing to myself when I read it over. I called it 'Oblivion' and sent it off. After three months had gone by, I got a check for it and a letter from the editor complimenting me upon having a length attained the depths of true poetry. What a humbug it all is!" —Philadelphia Record.

NEW YORK CENTRAL

A WOMAN NEVER LIES THE FOUR-TRACK TWIN LINE

Trains leave from and arrive at Grand Avenue Station, Rochester, at following times: EAST BY MAIN LINE

A. M.—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, 6:15, 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: