

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

How
The Eclipse
Struck "Progress."

Townpeople
indulged
in a novel
sensation
Monday

morning last, occasioned by the sun's eclipse. Pretty nearly everybody saw it, through the agency of colored or smoked glass, blue tissue paper etc. and around ten o'clock and until 10.30 business and household duties were somewhat neglected, so rare an attraction did the sun's covering prove. The eclipse as seen from this city was not total, although almost so, the great burning orb being diminished to a very thin crescent, like a moon a day old. It was indeed a rare view, and when the astronomical performance was put on those who witnessed it on Monday will have the weight of an additional quarter century upon their shoulders.

The day of the eclipse dawned bright and fair, it was a glorious early summer morning in St. John. The sun shone his very best, as if not in the least discommoded in anticipation of his approaching ordeal. Business men and others who work went to their labors in the usual first-of-the-week manner, and the housekeeping maternity and sisterhood busied themselves in their daily routine.

Shortly after eight o'clock a strange chill came into the air, a very foreign quality of coldness, which bit at those without their spring overcoats like a snapping cur. Still the sun was shining, but an unusual grey shadow seemed to be cast about everywhere. Even in the open sunlight this film or haze was quite noticeable. Looking from indoors the town appeared as if it were being protected from the sun's rays by brown or yellow stained glass. People moving about did not seem quite the same, their complexions were tinted as if afflicted by jaundice, and the colors in their apparel took on new shades. The only thing the general aspect of the streets can be truthfully likened to, is an occasion when a great fire is on, the smoky clouds serving to dim and filter the sun's rays, casting a muddy light about.

Gradually the air grew more pinching and the streets greyer and browner. The whole of town, at least the business portion, was on the sunny side of the streets looking heavenward through bits of smoked and colored glass. The smoked article was more popular because the eclipse could be seen through it with less pain to the eyes, and because it was available to everybody.

On Newspaper Row the promenade of fair Luna across the track of Old Sol evinced a lot of interest. In the excitement old windows were broken out and pressrooms invaded, where the process of manufacturing improvised Lick O'scravies, with the valuable aid of a smoking lamp and a jagged piece of the forehead window, went on breathlessly, lest the firmamental demonstration should be hastened to its completion before a good view of it was obtained. Everybody saw it however, and technical knowledge of the

eclipse, gained from a half year's acquaintance with "eclipse reprint" from all the journals in the business, flowed in paragraphs while the observations were being made. Nobody could tell newspaper Row anything about the sky high event, they knew it all.

Prince William street suspended the activity of business for a short while and took a look at the eclipse. Smoked glass was here brought into play as well, and the brick-red crescent was gazed almost out of countenance. Indeed if the Queen of Night did administer a cold shoulder to Monsieur le Soliel, he should not have taken it greatly to heart, for in truth he was the object of all eyes on Monday. King street looked queer under the new style of sunlight, and Charlotte street was not quite like the Charlotte street of an ordinary fine May morning. The harbour had on an appearance like that preceding a big thunderstorm or gale, while high in the heavens, about over the Court House from King street, the star Venus was plainly visible until after eleven o'clock. Every corner had its crowd of sky gazers and kodak finds were active in "shooting" the opened-mouthed knots of people and the sun itself.

About 10.15 warmth gradually returned to town after a short stay abroad, and the true light of day crept back as of yore. Almost imperceptibly the chilly atmosphere left and by 11.15 o'clock the town was in the hey day of its usual bustling routine, as if nothing at all had happened.

Quo Vadis
Criticism by
Plebeians.

The production of the new play Quo Vadis by the Harkins Company in this city caused more of a sensation than one would expect. The fact of the piece being the real genuine Quo Vadis was in itself worthy of interest, but outside of that a great deal of curiosity and wonder was caused by its being brought to town, for instance.

The liberal distribution of lithographs depicting the various scenes of the play were veritable sources of amusement to the youthful and unsophisticated classes. They stood before the expansive pictures on the dead walls with eyes dilated and mouths gaping, wondering if there was going to be a "really truly" wild bull on the Opera House stage and if the flames of burning Rome would not be a dangerous experiment within the limited space of the Union street playhouse. Here's a conversation that PROGRESS overheard on South Market street last Tuesday, where a small party of Supt. Martin's men were putting on a first class burlesque of manual labor.

"Oi say, they don't be going to have a real buffalo in the play, do they?"

"Sure they do, they do," answered a

tellow workman gazing knowingly at the poster of the circus scene.

"It's no buffalo at all, at all," joined in another, "it's a bull and a wild wan at that, an the devil's toime they'll have 'git it to stay an the platform bedad!"

"No datter o' moine I'll go to that theater, its on decent. Luk at the weeman all undressed," said the man with the hoe. "Go lang wid ye," interposed still another scavenger, "its toights they all bow on, doan ye know."

Well, they talked on this way between their spittings upon their hands, and their askings of the time of day, until they had picked and shovelled themselves out of sight of the flaring lithographs.

Another
Bar-Room
Victim.

Another man has been found dead in town from the effects of alcohol, which makes three cases of the kind, or nearly alike, in about three months.

The last victim's name was Morrison, a fellow of good address and intelligence, but who was allowed by grasping rum-sellers to drink himself beyond all sort of reason and into his very grave. A citizen told PROGRESS he saw Morrison Saturday night when he was so utterly helpless from liquor that he could not open his eyes let alone lift a limb. He was simply saturated with alcohol, poured into him by barkeepers as long as their victim was able to cling to the bar and pay over his ten cents for each drink. After he became unable to reason sufficient to find his money and ask for more rum he was thrown into the street, and friends who thought they were doing him a kindness put him in an old shed off Mill street, where he was found in death next morning. Still, selling to intoxicated persons goes on without even a stray example being made of some avaricious mixologist.

Of Interest to
Kodak FI

Perhaps no branch of summer amusement is gaining as much popularity as photography, in fact the whole year round this diversion is being greatly indulged in. St. John has now a veritable regiment of kodak and tripod camera fiends, regardless of sex, and not a day passes but the ranks of this regiment are receiving newcomers. Soon there'll be a brigade. But to say what I started out to say there is a new kind of camera in town, known as a panoramic instrument. It is oblong in shape with the long side of the camera to the front. The lens is worked with a swivel movement and when the scene desired looms up in the "finder" and the "level ball" is well centred, then the button is pressed, and the lens sweep around in a semi circle, gathering in an incredible expanse of land-

scape. Fan brakes of various sizes regulate the speed of the instrument from a fraction of a second to a whole minute. Prints made from the products of these panoramic cameras are excellent and show the scenery of St. John up in a new light altogether.

A Barber
Shop
Episode

A crowd of men were in the Royal Hotel barber shop the other evening just before supper when the tall man of the Empire Tobacco Advertising duett—the one who represents "the size of our plug"—came in in his regimentals and of course being so exceedingly long and lanky attracted considerable attention. His turn soon came and it was in the midst of the lathering process that he started to acquaint the waiting customers of his travels, dilating upon the beauties of this particular place and speaking his dislike for other sections of Canada.

"You can talk as you like," he said. "But Toronto's the Queen City all right. She's the finest city in Canada."

"Yes," replied one of the waiting customers with a wink to the crowd, "but the place is so damndably hilly!"

The crowd waited for the long fellow to fall into the trap.

"That's so," he agreed when the tonsorial artist released his upper lip, "but do you know I enjoy a few hills in a place!" Of course the commercial travellers and others in the shop almost burst in trying to suppress their mirth, for everybody knows that Toronto is a veritable plain.

The 62nd battalion
Minister
Gorden
Was Funny.

The 62nd battalion marched out on Monday evening last to be reviewed by Minister of Militia Borden, which procedure was gone through with a lot of formality and military furbelows. The militiamen themselves looked and acted very well, although some awkward files were very noticeable, as of course is the case with every volunteer corps in the recruiting season. Major Sturdee was not altogether at home on the colonel's horse but he stuck to it well and commanded the battalion in a manner worthy of the genial Hugh H. himself. Bandmaster Jones should feel gratified with the quality of the tones his end of the show produced.

The Minister of Militia was in a very jovial mood apparently. When under the glare of a shovelful of red fire on the Royal balcony he reviewed the redcoats as they stretched in a long line on King street, and waved his gold headed cane in time to the serenade of the band. Then he swayed his stately body to and fro, nodding and gesticulating as if in highest glee, to the amusement of the soldiers and thousands watching him.

All this time Col. McLean kept telling

him of the battalion before him, but apparently the information being so freely given was finding an equally free vent on the other side of his head, for he simply nodded an occasional nod to the Colonel as if to say, "Oh yes, that's all right, I know." Without a soul-stirring air or even a national selection the band pulled up stakes and led the battalion off to the drill shed where Minister Borden talked and talked and talked again to the wearied soldiers for nearly an hour, while the politicians present were delighted, but the redcoats were ready to drop. They didn't want any official utterances, it was the "dismis" they were anxiously listening for.

Carted on
a Sloven.

Tuesday afternoon an old woman upon whom the evil one, through the agency of strong drink had laid his governing hand, was arrested at the corner of Clarence and Brunsela streets and carted to the Central Station on a sloven. The sight was disgusting to say the least, to see a grey-haired woman lying full length on a bumping, lumbering sloven cart, with a brawny policeman standing over her like the Colossus of Rhodes, while now and then in her mandolin senses the aged prisoner would kick her heels high in the air. What about that police patrol wagon? The Women's Council have offered to start a movement to get one, for they like most residents are conscious that it takes some sort of a "popular movement" scheme to get the necessities of public life for this town, and as they have proved their worth in securing the hospital ambulance, why not let them make a try for a patrol. If we don't we'll never get one, that's sure!

Unenviable
School
Site

The Aberdeen School on Erin street has not the most enviable situation in the world, indeed its situated in a very unhealthy neighborhood. It is within a hundred yards of a public dump and backs up against the slimy, muddy Courtney Bay creek. Here in the warm days the aroma of these combined disease breeders waits incessantly in through the school windows and over the street upon which the scholars play, for as yet they have no play ground. Messrs. Peters have not yet started to build their tannery on the Fraser shippard so the matter of a school yard is yet a very open question. Perhaps the children will get a spot to spend their recesses in and perhaps they won't, it's a ten to ten shot. At any rate the school authorities have to talk business with Messrs. Peters about the space, and you know the Peters are not any too kindly disposed toward our civic rulers, on account of that fire incident and water discussion.

Magnetic Dyes have been giving satisfaction to thousands of home dyers for twenty-five years. None give better results.

PRINCE OF WALES IS TIRED.

He Longs For Private Life and a Little Quiet.

The Prince of Wales's engagement book is overfull just now with functions chiefly arising from the war. When he dropped in late last night at a well known bohemian club, whereof he is an honorary member, the members remarked what a worn look he had. As usual, he was left alone to enjoy the quiet of a cigar and a chat with two or three literary, artistic and dramatic friends.

On these occasions he generally comes accompanied perhaps by some Russian grand duke or German princelet, who is amazed at what he considers the prince's condescension. Wales, however, never regards it in that light, and makes himself as thoroughly at home as if in his armchair at Marlborough house. It is surprising how professional is his talk upon the subjects chiefly discussed at the club—pictures, plays and books. Born in another sphere of life he would make an admirable critic.

On the authority of an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales it is said that, when staying with Lord Rothschild some time ago, he said with sadness:

"Your life, Rothschild, may at times be arduous, but it is easy compared with mine. I long for private life. Every look, every gesture of mine is noticed. If I appear in public without a smile on my face the papers announce that His Royal Highness looks worn and sad, and we fear that

revelation of a startling kind may shortly come to light. If, on the contrary, I appear with a smile it is given out in the papers that the Prince of Wales looked pleased and happy and is in the best of health, whereas perhaps I am feeling extremely unwell and upset."

"What sort of clothes I wear, the pattern of them, the color of them, the color of my ties, whether I shook hands with Mr. So and So or only bowed to him—all these little things are noticed and made public; but whenever I read a paper or magazine and see my name figuring in it I turn away from it quickly, for I know were I to read about my self in the paper I should have to read a lot I know already and a lot I don't want to know."

The Duke of York, being younger, doesn't take such a gloomy view of his position. Writing to a friend, he said:

"I had a trying day yesterday. I attended a small cattle show, examined pigs, looked pleased, and told the staff the pigs were magnificent. I paid three official visits and for each visit had to change my uniform. In the evening I went to the theatre, afterward to Lady Blank's dance, and went to bed very late and woke up this morning to find that I have a still harder day before me than yesterday. Be thankful that you are a plain and not Duke of York."

Able to Hear It.

It is well known that Joseph Medill, late editor of the Chicago Tribune, was some-

what deaf, although his ability at times to hear was frequently remarked. It is related of him that he dropped into the business department of the office one day to make an inquiry about something that had occurred to him, and a young man who had been in his employ only a few months undertook, in a loud tone of voice, to enlighten him.

"What did you say?" asked Mr. Medill, putting his hand to his ear.

The young man repeated the question in a still louder voice.

"I can't hear you," said the editor.

"Oh, chase yourself around the block, you old granny!" muttered the impatient employe, just above his breath.

"I am not an old granny," said Mr. Medill, turning away, "and I shall not chase myself around the block."

The fresh young man made immediate arrangements to say good-by to his job; but the great editor probably thought that the lesson he had received was sufficient, and did not disturb him.

Daughter—No, mamma. Harold has not proposed as yet; that is, not in so many words.

Mother—Mercy me, Jane! You must not wait for words! Proposals are mostly made up of sighs, gurgles, stammers, coughs, hams, haws, and looks, you know!

"What sort of a legal light is a pettifogger?" asked Diming, when a discussion arose about lawyers and lawyers.

"A pettifogger is a legal lightweight," replied Larkins.

CATTLE KING TO COUNTER JUMPER.

Gillette, Late Millionaire Plunger Now Sells Shirt Waists.

Grant Gillette, who less than two years ago could borrow \$100,000 or more from almost any big bank in the section, whose cattle and acres were counted by the thousands, whose liabilities when the bubble burst ran up into the millions, is selling shirt waists and millinery to the senoritas down in Chihuahua. Gillette and his wife have a little shop in the Mexican town and the husband sells the shirt waists the loyal wife makes and the hats she trims.

Two years ago Grant Gillette's herds were the most extensive in the whole State of Kansas. Careful cattle feeders, like "Wheat" Robison, George M. Munger, the Plumbs and the Lantys, looked on in amazement at his operations. His paper was good in every bank in the country. He brought cattle to Kansas City by the train loads, and the men who counted their cattle in hundreds wondered why Grant Gillette could talk so glibly of the thousands in his herds. The banks had confidence in him and his paper was good anywhere. He could come to Kansas City and borrow a hundred thousand as easily as some men who are reliable could borrow a thousand.

Two years ago in March he organized a cattleman's association at Abilene. It was to be a rival of the State association that had been fighting the railroads on the rate question. The big railroad companies sent their live stock commissioners from Chicago

and from the far West. Cattlemen came from the big ranges on the Arkansas and the short grass country, as far north as the Platte in Nebraska and as far west as the base of the Rocky Mountains. Gillette's own cowboy band entertained them with music. After the convention a special train on the Rock Island, chartered by Gillette, took them to Gillette's farm, where they were guests of the cattle king of Central Kansas.

It is hardly eighteen months since Gillette sent a train load of cattle from one of his ranches to another in Kansas, and a night passenger train had to wait for Gillette's cattle train to get out of the way. The collapse came two days before Thanksgiving in 1898. Gillette, the millionaire plunger, became a defaulter and a fugitive from justice. Cattlemen and banks are still fighting in the courts over the remnants of the great business he has left behind.

"Don't criticise him," said the Kansas who told a reporter about seeing Gillette in Chihuahua. "The sight of the man whose check for \$100,000 was good anywhere two years ago selling skirt waists to the Mexican girls swept away from me all the condemnation I had felt for his action."

Mrs. Bronxborough—Did you tell the cook that the beefsteak was burned?
Mr. Bronxborough—Not exactly. I told her it was just right, but that we preferred it a trifle undone.



Ask the girl
who has tested it.

Ask any one who has used Surprise Soap if it is not, a pure hard soap; the most satisfactory soap and most economical. Those who try Surprise always continue to use it. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

TENDERS FOR STREET LIGHTING.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the office of the Director of the Department of Public Safety of the City of Saint John, N. B., up to 12 o'clock noon of FRIDAY, the 29th day of June next, for lighting the streets of said city according to specification to be obtained at said office.

St. John, N. B., May 18th, 1900.
ROBERT WISELY, Director
of the Department of Public Safety.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

CHEAP EXCURSIONS

Canadian Northwest.

from Canadian Pacific Stations in
New Brunswick.

Round trip Colonist class tickets.
Winnipeg, 28.00.
Montreal, 30.00.
Regina, 30.00.
Yorke, 30.00.
Prince Albert, 35.00.
Calgary, 35.00.
Red Deer, 40.00.
Edmonton, 40.00.
Tickets good only June 15th, July 15th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th