

SON & PAGE  
Goods  
Jewelry, Silver Goods,  
Goods, Clocks, etc.  
found in the Maritime Pro-  
vinces at  
NG STREET.



Although there are such a lot of things going on this week, I shall hardly have an opportunity of saying anything about them until next Saturday. I should have liked to have been able to have noticed some of the music at the St. George's society reception last week, but unfortunately I was not able to hear it. The audience talked so numerously straight through the programme that any one standing ten yards from the platform had a very poor show if he wished to listen. It was ever thus, and it will probably continue to be until the end of the chapter. Talking while anyone is singing or playing is just about on a par with big game in a theatre, but no amount of reasoning will eradicate either evil.

The musical service in St. John's last Sunday evening was well attended and was a decided success, the selections by choir and organist being finely rendered. Mr. Desoyers' sermon on church music might have been a revelation to the clergyman who said that "we have now a new organ, but I wish it understood that we are not going to indulge in operatic or artistic music," had he heard it.

At the time I am writing, the exhibition concert has not come off, but I hope to have something to say of it later.

Mrs. Babbitt, of Parrboro, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Wm. Bowden, Sidney street. Miss Flossie Bowden is also at home, after an extended visit in Parrboro.

If permission can be gained, Mr. J. S. Ford's setting of Rudyard Kipling's poem, "Tommy," will be published shortly.

There is a possibility of our being fortunate enough to have a visit from Gilmore's celebrated band in the near future, and I for one devoutly hope that the possibility may be realized. Apropos of bands, the exhibition is well supplied. Concerts are given every afternoon.

Mrs. John Berryman is expecting her daughter, Miss Fannie Massie, to make a short visit in St. John. Miss Massie has been studying singing in England since leaving her home about two years.

Mr. Katie Berryman is on her way from New Zealand to England, where she will spend the winter with her brother, Mr. Geo. Berryman. She intends returning to St. John in the spring.

Mrs. R. Percy Strand, who has been ill with typhoid fever, is now able to be out again.

St. John seems to have invested in some dreadful noises lately. Trivial crimes were had enough, but now it is almost a toss up between the siren on the electric light works and St. Paul's tubes. Either melodious sound is calculated to upset the average mind for a day at least.

Miss Hillebrand is in Boston for the purpose of securing a violin for her school.

#### TALK OF THE THEATRE.

After years of weary waiting and a few weeks of terrific rush and work the St. John opera house was opened Monday night by the New York Stock Company in *Marble Hearts* with nearly 1,200 people present.

I have said so much about the opera house since it was put before the people, first as a partly formed scheme, then in the hands of an unbelieving company, and finally in the grasp of energetic men who could not be discouraged by the lack of encouragement, who fought obstacles which seemed unsurmountable, who worked against prejudice and opposition, and who, in the end, and in their faith found money when there was no balance to the stockholders credit in the bank, that my best plan now will be to pass by the appearance of the theatre and speak of the performance.

It is not usual to see such an attractive audience in any place of amusement in this city. Those who patronize the drama do not, as a rule, consider it necessary to appear in evening dress. There have been many exceptions to this rule this week, and I must say that the effect was exceedingly pleasing. It would hardly be fair to speak of the lady of opening and the wait between acts the first night. It was difficult for anyone who had watched the progress of the building to realize that we were seated there on the night advertised for the opening.

*Marble Hearts* is one of those plays that fails to enthrall you. Just as you read a standard author and get solid satisfaction from the pages without finding anything to stir you or disturb your wonted placidity, so you can see *Marble Hearts* without a trace of emotion. For this reason, perhaps, it would have been wise for the management to have chosen a popular melodrama. St. John is not the best play town in Canada, and a pleasant, agreeable society play like *Marble Hearts* under ordinary circumstances will not draw twice.

Those who went to see the house and not the company were very agreeably surprised. So uniformly good a company has not appeared in this city for a long time.

Mr. Granville and Miss Chithrow were partially known here before this engagement. They were members of the McDowell company that played here last fall, and won the good opinions of all who saw them. I expressed mine at that time, and I have only to emphasize it now. Mr. Granville's part in *Marble Hearts* and in the *Magistrate*, the second play put on, gave him opportunities, but what little he had to do was done well.

The favorable impression formed of Miss Chithrow last year has been increased and strengthened this week. Her acting in both *Marble Hearts* and *The Magistrate* proved her a versatile and accomplished actress. As Marco she was in very truth the haughty, disdainful, and practiced flirt, toying with honest love and winding the eye of her net around the man with the V.I.C. account. Her description of her life, its wealth and ruin, poverty and riches was a powerful piece of acting which called forth round after round of applause. As "Cis," that dreadful boy—in *The Magistrate* she was bright and fascinating.

The rest of the honors in *Marble Hearts* fell in about even proportions to Messrs. Emery and Ramsdell, the sculptor and the editor. Mr. Ramsdell, who, by the way, belongs to this city, had a part that suited him to perfection. He was a model Frenchman, and an editor at that, volatile, excitable, narcissistic. His was the popular part, and again and again he was applauded to the echo. Mr. Emery has an agreeable and easy stage presence. His impersonation of Phidias, the poor and unhappy sculptor, in the prologue, and Duclatet, the prosperous and contented artist in the drama, was clever. As the applicant, beseeching love he was not so good but no fault could be found with his renunciation of Marco; when, jilted for a richer rival he turned and

told her that he, too, had been playing with love, when he snatched the emblems of purity from her brow, and later his grief at the death of his mother, who died in his absence. In these scenes Mr. Emery's work was of a high order.

The ending of *Marble Hearts* reminds one of a good story that carries the reader interestingly forward to an unhappy but artistic conclusion. There are plenty of people who care so little about the kind of a book that they invariably turn to the last pages before they begin to read the story. If they are satisfactory, they proceed to enjoy what leads up to them. Of course, this is not possible in a theatrical performance, and there are people who enter so thoroughly into the joy of the play that the characters that an unexpected tragic ending depresses them.

There is some opportunity for scenic effect in *Marble Hearts*. Liberal applause greeted the unveiling of the statue, and there were calls for Mr. Chidley when the curtain fell upon his part.

What shall I say of Mr. E. D. Lyons as Mr. Posket in *The Magistrate*? His impersonation of the London magistrate was as clever a piece of character acting as I have seen in St. John. Mr. Lyons' reputation as an actor, however, has preceded him. We know him by what he has done in other cities of Canada and in the United States.

*The Magistrate* is closely allied to *The Private Secretary*—sometimes called a companion piece. It is exceedingly ridiculous and mirth provoking. Mr. Posket, the magistrate, is induced by the son of his wife by her first marriage, a precocious youth whose age has been concealed by his mother and who is nineteen instead of fourteen—to accompany him to a hotel for a supper. Circumstances took his wife and sister to the same hotel, which was raided by the police. In the confusion Magistrate Posket and his wife's son escaped, while his wife, whom he thought was safe at home and in bed, was taken into custody. She appeared next morning before him in his official capacity and was sentenced to seven days. It can be imagined that the situations are ridiculous, and Mr. Posket is the centre of each of them. His make up was perfect and his conception of the part admirable.

Mrs. Hooker and Miss Fossette took the parts of Mrs. Posket and her sister in a fairly acceptable manner. Miss Fossette showed to better advantage as Marie, the poor orphan, in *Marble Hearts*, and I imagine that Mrs. Hooker will find many parts better suited for her than either of those she has yet attempted.

It can be said, however, that no member of the company is below the average. There are no highs. When we consider that they did not have the chance to rehearse on the stage before the first performance, that they knew nothing whatever of the acoustic properties of the house; that they were not even tolerably well acquainted with the exits and entrances to the stage it must be confessed that they did remarkably well.

I cannot close without complimenting Mr. Harrison upon an excellent orchestral arrangement of its improvement. It may be that I have not been as appreciative of this body heretofore as I might have been, or it may be that the acoustic properties of the new house are in their favor, but whatever the reason I do not think anyone could reasonably help being much pleased with the programme of the orchestra this week. The airs were new and catchy and Mr. Harrison and his associates seemed to be in their very best form.

#### FOOTLIGHTS.

President Skinner does not pretend to be as eloquent as his brother, but usually manages to express what he has to say. The drop curtain should get a move on when it starts downward.

There is no excuse after the first night for delaying the rise of the curtain until 8.30 when it is advertised for 8 o'clock.

Attorney General Blair has been a first nighter twice this week. Mrs. Blair accompanied him to the *Magistrate*.

The boxes do not seem to be too popular. The directors in full dress occupied them Monday night.

Except Ye . . . Become as Little Children. O calm and happy childhood, From care and trouble free, A time of brightest sunshine, When hearts are full of glee.

#### FORMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

**Battle of Kent.**  
Now glory to the men of Kent, who well have done their work,  
And glory to our leader bold, the noble son of York!  
Now let there be the joyful sound of music and the dance,  
Through all thy humble cottages, ye merry sons of France;  
And thou, Butoche, our own Butoche, fair village by the strand,  
Again let strains of sweetest flow from thy unequalled band.  
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
For stiffest of the stiff are they who wrought thy peace amoy.  
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the holy war of;  
Hurrah! hurrah! for Kent, and for our chieftain Andrew Blair.

Oh! how our knees were shaking, when, upon election day,  
We saw the opposition force drawn out in grim array;  
With all its Tory followers, and all its railway votes,  
And Stevens' bag of yeller hue distended wide with notes;  
There stalked the scolding Ashdown with vengeance in his eye,  
And Stockton was adjacent with his squeezer handy by;  
We thought as we looked on them of McKeown's holy war;  
And good McEllan massacred and Quinton's knightly gore;  
And we cried unto our Kentish men to dare what men might dare,  
And strike for dear Saint David! and our chieftain Andrew Blair.

Our chief has come to marshal us and winsome in his smile,  
And he has tied a sea-green knot upon his glossy tite;  
He looked upon his people, and gracious was his eye,  
He looked upon the foe, and stern and high;  
Right royally he smiled on us as rolled from rear to van,  
Up all our line in deafening shout, "Vote for the grand old man."  
"And if the boodle chance to fall, as fall full well it may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a sultry fray—  
Press where you see my beaver shine, amidst the ranks of war,  
And be your outfame today the sea-green crest of Blair."

Hurrah! The foe are moving. The onset has begun  
Of Phinney and Melanson and the roaring Hanington!  
And brave Goplin is driving fast across the Dundas plain,  
With all the hilling chivalry of Sheldale again.  
Now by Saint David's memory, fair gentlemen of Kent,  
And by your voices of boodle, let every bow be bent.  
Two thousand voices sound the charge, two thousand saints are blessed,  
Two thousand votes go pouring in behind the sea-green crest;  
And in they crashed, and on they rushed, while like a beacon's glare,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the gleaming tite of Blair.

Now, by the gods, the day is ours! Goplin hath turned his rein,  
Melanson calls for quarter, and stout Robideaux is slain,  
Their ranks are scattered like the leaves before the autumn gales,  
The air is blue with Phinney's woes and Haningtonian wails;  
And then we thought to jubilate, and all along our van,  
"Let's whoop her up till morning" was passed from man to man.  
But out spoke gentle Andrew then, "No foes have I in Kent,  
I'm sure this little dog-fight had no serious intent,  
Oh! was there ever such a chit in politics or war,  
As our sovereign liege and leader, which his christian name is Blair."

Ho! George McLeod and Billy—ho! Stevens of the Times,  
Weep, weep for all your prophecy, your squareface and your dimes;  
Ho! Alward, sell for crowfoot thy protestant equine,  
That Father Ouliet may absolve poor Phinney's Sunday sin;  
Ho! Crockett of the Gleaner, 'tis time thou wert to bed;  
Ho! Gregory, thy vengeance to grim despair is wed;  
For Blair again hath triumphed, and again his potent name  
Hath brought to naught his enemies who sought to wreck his fame.  
Then glory to the men of Kent and glory to Legere,  
And glory to our chieftain bold, Attorney General Blair.  
\*Canonized, January, 1890. SANCHO.

**Wait For It.**  
Edgecombe & Sons, of Fredericton, propose to make as large an exhibit as possible of fine carriages at the exhibition to be held in St. John, September 23 to October 3. Every person who has made up his mind to visit St. John at that time should make it a point to see the carriages, the makers of which carried off the gold medal and four other prizes last year.—A.

**Every Man His Own Barber.**  
There is no excuse for a man having a poor razor these days. We refer you to Messrs. Cragg Bros. & Co.'s advertisement in another column for further particulars.

**Infantile Skin and Scalp Diseases Cured by Cuticura.**  
EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP OF infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusty, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and Great-est of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.  
Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.  
Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and cured by CUTICURA SOAP.  
Kidney pains, backache, and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 50c.

**WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.**  
The Authentic "Unabridged," comprising the substance of 1864, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34,