Largest Camera In the World

THE Department of the Interior at Washington has the largest camera in the world. It weighs 7,000 pounds, occupies two rooms and takes pictures three feet square.

"MIDNIGHT"

A Mystery Story By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN.

Carroll Discovers Warren's Valet Calling At Evelyn Roger's Home, and Becomes Interested

"No, indeed. Ah, here we are!" The chocolate fudge sundaes were ribly old-fashioned." served, and for a few moments they gave themselves over to the task of enjoying them. It was Evelyn who

"What do you want me to tell "Almost anything. For instance— you knew Roland Warren pretty well.

"Oh, yes, indeed! I've known him forever and ever. He was an awfully nice boy, and crazy about me—simply wild. That is, he was before

'H-m! And you saw a good deal

"Oceans! He used to call at the house all the time. It was funny, too. Gerald used to think he was the one Roland was coming to see. and Naomi — she's my sister — used to think that he was coming to see her. And all the time I knew that I was the person he was calling on.
It's funny, isn't it, how old folks will get those queer ideas?"
"Your sister is so very old?"
"Terribly. She was 30 on her last

"Horrors! She is ancient, isn't "Awfully! Although Naomi isn't

so bad-looking—"
"Your sister couldn't be." "Aw, quit kidding! But she isn't bad-looking, really. Lord knows, she deserves a better husband than she drew. Honestly, when the divine providence was handling out shrubbery, they planted a lemon tree in his yard, just before he was born." "Probably your sister doesn't agree

with your opinion."
"Oh, yes, she does! Of course, she doesn't talk to me about it, but I know she isn't wild about Gerald.

How could she be? He's old enough to be her father-42 if he's a minute. Don't think of anything but business and making money. And he's terribly jealous!

"If I wrote what I thought about him, I could be arrested for sending it through the mails. Goodness knows, no husband at all is a hundred per cent better than a man like that. Not that he beats Naomi. Fact is, I'd think he was more human if he did. Only time I ever like him is when he flies up in a rage. He swears simply elegantly!"

"Indeed?"

"I love it. And I don't think it's wicked to love swearing, do you? thing about swearing being a perfectly natural mental reaction, or something—like a safety-valve on a steam engine. If the engine didn't have the safety-valve, it would blow the safety-valve that the safety-valve and talked. The picture ended eventually and I was reading in a book once somehave the safety-valve, it would blow up. So, if it's true that swearing is like that, then there can't be any harm in it; because anything that they left the theatre. Night had descended upon the city, and the busy thoroughfare was studded with keeps a person from blowing up must thousands of lights, which glared be pretty good, don't you think?"

loud, anyway-but sometimes, when permission to take her home in his I'm right peeved at Gerald or Naomi, or somebody—I get in my room and say swear-words right out loud. And I feel ever so much better for it!"

"Have you seen your residential district. Evelyn designated a white house which stood back in a large yard.

"Have you seen your residential district. Evelyn designated a white house which stood back in a large yard.

"That's it," said she. "You'd better heartless or anything like that; but turn first, so you can park against what's the use of crying all the time the curb." when there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught? I told her that, but it don't seem to do a single bit of good. She just keeps saying. 'Poor Boland is dead'.' just the curb.'

Carroll slowed down and swung around. He was tired of the loquacious girl, and anxious to be rid of her; but as he swung his car across when there are just as good fish in saying: 'Poor Roland is dead.' just the street on the turn, sometime as if I didn't know it as well as she happened which riveted his attention. The door of Evelyn's home opened. does—him having been crazy about me, even before he was about her. A man and woman stood framed in

"That's not unnatural, is it?"

"No-o, I suppose not; but it's ter-"Does she - discuss the affair

"What does she think about the woman in the taxicab??" "You mean the woman who killed

"Well!" Positively. "If I was that woman, I'd hate to meet Hazel Gresham-if Hazel knew it! "But she has no suspicion of any

certain person?' "Goodness, no! How could she have? Of course, we agreed that it was some vampire; but we can't decide which one. Most of the women we know don't go in for killing men; and a heap of them are mar-

"Anyway? You wouldn't expect a nice chap like Roland to be eloping with a married woman, would you?? Not

ried, anyway.

Carroll with difficulty concealed a smile. The girl was a refreshing mixture of world-old wisdom and almost childish innocence. She was a type new to him, and as such aba type new to min.
sorbingly interesting.
"How about Miss Gresham's
brother?" he inquired, idly. "How

"Oh. Garry seems all upset, too; but, then, the more I talk to people the more I think I'm the only levelheaded one in the world. I haven't got a bit excited over it, have I?" "Not a bit. And now rose and reached for the check

"suppose we go?"
"Where?" she asked naively. The opening was too obvious. "Where do you usually go with oung gentlemen downtown in the afternoons? "Picture show," "Picture show," she answered, frankly. "Wouldn't you just adore to see that picture at the Trianon

"A very complimentary picture you raw of him."

"If I wrote what I thought about "If I wrote what I thought about gether. Cn the way they passed gether. Cn the way they passed Eric Leverage. That gentleman in the carrested for sending the carried the carri today?

> behind the din of an orchestrion The picture proved not at all bad, although Evelyn excited adverse comment from spectators unfortun-

coldly through the December "It does sound reasonable."
"Not that I swear myself—not out what else to do, Carroll requested ear. She accepted with rather disarming alacrity.

Carroll had about run out of cor versation, and his ears were tired The conversation languished while by the incessant din of the girl's talk. she again attacked the sundae. Car- He followed her directions mechanically, and eventually they rounded a "Have you seen your friend. Miss corner in the heart of the city's best clearly in the glare of Carroll's headically, and eventually they rounded a

'Poor Roland is dead!' just the street on the turn, something I'm sort of afraid it's gone to the poor girl's head. She's simply horribly upset!"

The doorway. Then the door closed, and the man descended the steps, moved down the walk to the street, and strode swiftly away. For per-





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A Magazine Page For Everyone

Wonder What the New Efficiency Expert Thinks About?

EVERYTHING IS RUNNING HAVEN T. FOUND HOW PROVOKING! THE FIRM WILL SMOOTH BUT I MUST FAULT WITH ANY-THIS: 13 GETTING THINK I'M TAKING HING FOR TWO FIND . SOMETHING SERIOUS -- IT! WON'T NO INTEREST, IN MY WITH A FLAW OR DO --- | SHOULD DAYS .-I MUST WORK IF I DON'T DIG UP SOME -DISCOVER IMPERFECTION THING MY POSITION JUST FOR THE HERE --- THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO THE THING BE OFFENDED OVER WHAT DO ! SHALL MAKE HIM THERE - | FEEL GO . WE SHALL QUAIL AT THE SEE !! ? DELINQUENCY PIERCING LOOKS BETTER . NO LONGER REQUIRE 1 SHALL GIVE HIM YOUR SERVICES! DEPART-AND





HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS By J. P. Alley

DAT "TIN LIZZY" RUNNED WAY WID ME DIS MAWNIN' EN I JUMPED OUTEN IT; DEY KIN MAKE ER-NOTHER AUTO BUT DEY CAIN'T MAKE ER-NOTHER ME!



haps three seconds he had been held

When the detective spoke, it was

"Do you know him?" "Goodness me, no! He's been here she might find those hidden babies whose mother was so bravely leading efore, though." Carroll stopped his car at the curb. He assisted Evelyn to the ground. Then he made a strange request.
"I wonder, Miss Rogers, whether you'd allow me to call on you some

Evelyn's eyes popped open with the "You mean you want to come and call on me? Some evening?"
"If you will allow me."

"Allow you? Why, David Carroll a —I think you're simply—simply — I grandiloquent! When will you

"If your sister will permit—"
"Bother sis! Tomorrow night?"
"Yes; tomorrow night." She executed a few exuberant Grouse. Presently the three "Oh, what'll the girls say when I tell 'em?"

Carroll climbed thoughtfully back time they looked very much puzinto his car. He saw Evelyn enter zled.

"Well," said Mother Bear, "did with her. He was thinking of the wou catch that bird?"
The three little Bears shook their Carroll never forgot faces, and he had recognized the visitor.

The man was William Barker, for-

mer valet to Roland Warren CHAPTER XI.

Loose Ends.
Carroll's forehead was seamed with with her."

all. That was Mrs. Grouse, ar wasn't a single thing the thought as he turned his car townward and sent it hurtling through the frosty air. He drove mechani-cally, scarcely knowing what he was

oing.

He was frankly puzzled, enormousy surprised and not a little startled. The afternoon had been at first amusing, then interesting — then utterly boring. Evelyn's chatter had

There was something sinisterly sig-ificant in what he had seen. Not that way again."

facts which had come to him through the haze of girlish chatter began to the haze of girlish chatter began to And it was all the result of obedistand out and assume proper signi-

DICTATION DAVE

young lady's birthday comes she is romanuc with light han and diamond rings and will offer you the blue eyes about five feet eight tall and special discount ramed on page one what would we suggest has been re-In a case like this the Supremacy THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM.

Miss Hopper, take a letter to Mister | ers by going to the root of the situa-Woodrow Clemenceau Smith, Grand tion and what you need is a gift the Outlook, Indiana. Dear Mr. Smith think of and no young man from the aragraph.

Your letter telling us that a certain of our boudoir sets in light blue on the company of the compan week and that you have to make a hit mend that set and as an expression with her with the present you are of our confidence in this boudoir set going to give her on account of a to please this certain young lady with going to give her on account of a to please this certain young lady with young man from the city having just blue eyes and light hair on her birthmoved into the big house for the summer on her block and stating that she is romantic with light hair and she is romantic with light hair and constructed by the state of t

IF IT WILL SHINE

WE MAKE A POLISH FOR IT

STOVE POLISH

BRILLIANT

LASTING

lother Bear Explains Why Mrs. Grouse Was Pretending To Be Hurt,

By Thornton W. Burgess.

Mother Bear had not been fooled by Mrs. Grouse when she pretended to be so hurt that she could not fly. No. sir. Mother Bear had not been fooled for an interest. She had fooled for an instant. She knew all when the detective spoke, it was about that trick. Also she knew just with an effort to control his tone, to make his question casual.

"Did you see that man, Miss Rogers?"

"This latt. She knew just what it meant. She knew just where around Mrs. Grouse had a family of bables. So when the three little Bears, excitedly chasing Mrs. Grouse and trying to catch her, dis-appeared from sight. Mother Bear began to sniff about in the hope that

> the little Bears away. But Mother Bear had no idea where to look. She left the Lone Little Path and shuffled over to the place where she had first seen Mrs. Grouse when the latter began to flutter about in the leaves. With her nose to the ground, Mother Bear sniffed all around in a circle, gradually making that circle bigger and bigger. But, of course, she didn't find a single one of those babies. You a single one of those bables. 10u remember they were all close to the Lone Little Path above the place where Mother Bear had left it.
>
> Mother Bear didn't waste much time hunting, for she knew by experience that it would be just

> perience that it would be just pure luck if she found those baby Bears came panting back to join her. All three of them looked as if they felt very foolish. At the same time they looked very much puz-

heads. "She flew away," explained Littlest Bear. "I guess she wasn't so badly hurt after all."

"I guess she wasn't." chuckled Mother Bear. "She wasn't hurt at all. That was Mrs. Grouse, and there with her.

"Then what did she act that way for?" demanded Brother, while Sister and Littlest Bear wore the functiest looks on their faces.
"It was a trick," explained Mother Bear. "Somewhere around here Mrs.

"Somewhere around here Mrs.

"Then what did she act that way up colds and simple fevers and make teething easy. They are sold by treesting address, followed by a sold by Miss Jean Mitchell. Mrs. Lotan reported on the convention. Miss Bear. "Somewhere around here Mrs.

"Advt."

"Advt.

"Advt.

"Advt.

"Bear of Company are sold by medicine Company are sold by Miss Jean Mitchell. Mrs. Lotan reported on the convention. Miss greatly enjoyed.

Rev. Mr. Moorhouse gave an intending address. Followed by a sold by Miss Jean Mitchell. Mrs. Lotan reported on the convention. Miss greatly enjoyed.

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Rev. Mr. Moorhouse gave an intending address. Followed by Miss Jean Mitchell. Mrs. Lotan reported on the convention. Miss greatly enjoyed. "Somewhere around here Mrs. | -Advt. Grouse has a family. She was afraid that we would find her babies, so utterly boring. Evelyn's chatter had put him in a state of mental comaal lethargy from which he had been rudely aroused at the sight of William Barker leaving the residence of Evelyn Rogers' sister.

she pretended to be hurt and led you three scamps far enough away for her to feel sure that you would not find them. I let you go because I knew it would be a good lesson. Having been fooled that way once. she pretended to be hurt and led

There was something sinisterly significant in what he had seen. Not for a moment did he entertain the idea that Barker had been seeking employment. Negativing that possibility was the cold statement of the disinterested young girl that Barker had been there before, and, too, the fact that Barker was leaving from the front door, instead of through the servants' door.

Obviously, then, Barker's mission had little to do with the matter of employment. And now that he had stumbled upon something tangible—something definite—certain salient facts which had come to him through the haze of girlish chatter began to ence, perfect obedience. The only worry Mrs. Grouse had was that the feared Mother Bear might the

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

Reports of Successful Year and Outline Activities.

Kerwood, June 22.—The district neeting of the Women's Institute was held in the Methodist Church, Kerwood, Wednesday, with a morning and afternoon session. Annie Walker presided. The minutes

were then given. Appin spoke of helping the young folk in their sports. They also provided a library and a librarian. Mount Brydges reported aiding the fire sufferers and the Memorial Hospital. London, and also the Streethrov Hospital.

In for Mr. Bunny's inspection.

He examined it minutely. "Why," he exclaimed, "this is not genuine."

"Do you dare?" she challenged. whispering a few words in his ear. For answer, he took her in his arms.

Willard, wisely. "The only genuine thing about the whole matter is the love of Jean and Rod."

and the grown-ups in the evening. Robina Lanning had often met at They gave food and fuel to an aged man in the winter and helped fire ings were a matter of comment the country around—frigid how on the man in the winter and helped fire sufferers, hospitals and returned sol-

Delaware helped fire sufferers, Strathroy aided the hospital auxnorthern relief fire sufferers and hos-Kerwood paid for school fair sports.

Northern Ontario relief, flowers for sick and also paid \$10 to restrooms. Newbury donated fruit and flowers a warm, furry cloak covered her for the sick, aided the fire sufferers, dress. war memorial hospitals, also Strathroy Hospital. Napier gave fruit and flowers and

other dainties to the sick, also donated to Strathroy memorial wing, also gave for the filling of the children's "Well," Said Mother Bear, "Did You Catch That Bird?" stockings in the fire district in New Ontario into her head to go back to the Lone The nine branches have a mem-

Littlest Path, and so lead the little bership of 321, held 104 meetings, had Bears where they might stumble on Bears where they might stumble on her hidden babies. dresses. They donated for (Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.) 121.22, and have on hand \$1,394.27.

After the reading of the district The next story: "The Bears Scare report, which was adopted, the following officers were elected for the Thankful Mothers

I lowing officers were elected for the ensuing year: 'Mrs. Ed. de Gex, president; Mrs. J. M. Brunt, secretary-treasurer; district directors, Mrs. Hyatt, Mrs. Rev. Murphy, Mrs. P. McArthur, Mrs. J. H. Mathews, Mrs. J. S. Douglass, Mrs. de Gex, Mrs. J. W. Watson, Miss Jessie Mitchell, Mrs. J. J. Brady; auditors, Mrs. C. Kerswould use nothing else. The Tablets give such results that the mother has

would use nothing else. The Tablets give such results that the mother has nothing but words of praise and thankfulness for them. Among the thousands of mothers throughout Canada who praise the Tablets is Mrs. Lotan was appointed to represent the district at the convention, and Mrs. David A. Anderson, New Glasgow, N. S., who writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my children, and from my experience, I would not be without them. I would urge every mother to keep a box of the Tablets in the house."

The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach; drive out constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and make

gathering. After the address a much-enjoyed mouth organ solo was given by Roberta Armstrong of Newbury. Mrs. Shrier spoke very forcibly on low the directors should help the president. She also gave a short reading. Mrs. Neville McLean read a very interestting paper on the laws of our land. Mrs. de Gex moved a vote thanks to the Methodists for the use of their church, and all who aided in the program. Miss Frank moved a vote of thanks to the Kerwood branch for their hospitality, seconded by Mrs. Kerswell.

What Is the Strength of Wood? Because of disagreements and mis-calculations as to strength of lumber calculations as to strength of lumber, which have resulted in accidents, the United States Forest Service, the American Society For Testing Materials and sixteen other organizations have appointed representatives to settle the question and work out standard tests for timbers. Detailed specifications for testing steel, cement and other products have been worked specifications for testing steel, cement and other products have been worked out, but the exact methods of learn-ing the strength of wood have never been laid down.

District Organizations Present

do that, Roddy!' Special Cable to The Advertiser You suggest something." fascinating to watch her, and he reddened as she suddenly shot a look at him from mirthful eyes.

Reports of the different branches strained.

"She loves me. She would do anything for me," whispered Jean,

The parts of the different branches strained.

country around—frigid bow on the part of Mrs. Tamblyn—a faint, icy smile and a slight inclination from hospitals and bought a piano, gave Miss Robina. The young people were not supposed to know one another. One winter afternoon they were both taking tea with Mrs. Willard. liary, sick children and fire sufferers, both taking tea with Mrs. Willard.
No. 9 Mosa gave to the poor relief. The rector had dropped in, and they were talking about a game of bridge, when Jean Lanning came running in, rosy with cold, her dark eyes deeper and darker with a hidden fear. There was no hat on her head, but

kinswoman, and kissed her tenderly kinswoman, and kissed her tenderly. Miss Robina said: "Why, child!" in mild reproof, and when Jean dropped a graceful courtesy to Mrs. Tamblynand the rector, the former nodded not unkindly, and the rector beamed and twinkled. "I hate the thing." cried Jean, meaning the Tamblyn plate; "to think that a miserable piece of Wedgwood should cause so much

First Cruise To Hudson Bay

ON August 1 the Canadian Pacific steamship Montreal, of 9,500

cruise ever initiated to the Hudson Bay waters.

THE TAMBLYN PLATE.

BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

Rod Tamblyn nodded. "Our ances-

"And each word bitterer than the

drew lots for it, and — your grand-mother got the plate. Their beauti-

murmured Jean.

for 30 years?"

demanded Rod.

amily such as mine!"

"What can we do?"

"Bust up the plate."

up her glasses and say coldly:

"Put a stop to it."
"How?"

'quite impossible.' Fancy!

tons, will leave Montreal on the first organized thirty-day

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

and twinkled. "Take off your coat, Jean," said.

Mrs. Willard; and the rector received the garment and put it in the hall. Jean was standing, all in white, tors seemed to enjoy an endless feud over its possessions—why, Jean, do you realize that your Aunt Robina has not spoken a word to my mother a dainty, sweet young thing at which they all looked with yearning eyes. The rector wandered over to the win

"That began long before we were born. In those days they just wrandow and picked up a prayer book from the table. born. In those days they just wran-gled over the possession of the plate. I don't believe any of them really cared very much for it, but one word a word to her, and joined Jean in "And each word bitterer than the last. I wonder how it started?" Rod lightly touched a tendril of Jean's soft, black hair.

"I know—Aunt Robina told me one day: Your grandmother and mine were the dearest friends, and when they were to be married they decided to have a double wedding. Grandmother and her family journeyed to the Tamblyn place in Maryland, and the festivities began. Wedding gifts poured in for both brides, and among them was the Wedgwood plate. The wrapping paper and box had been deviced the clergyman. Just then the minister asked: "Who giveth this woman—" the older women were too astounded to notice, but Adah Willard stepped forward and laid Jean's hand in Rod's firm, brown one. When it was all over, Miss Robina gasped brokenly: "Jean, how could you?"

"Rodney! Rodney!" whispered Mrs. Tamblyn, as he came to kiss her.

Miss Robina arose and glanced at Jean's frightened, pleading rose-leaf face. "Adah Willard, this is too

wrapping paper and box had been destroyed, and there was no evidence of a card, so that it could not be determined to whom it belonged.

"They love each other," said Mrs.
Willard, in her gentle voice.
"You—know — er—the — feeling?"
trembled Miss Robina's voice. mined to whom it belonged, nor who didn't they toss a coin?" manded Rod.

"They quarreled politely after the and led her to his mother."

Rod clung tightly to Joan's hand, and led her to his mother. honeymoons were over, and so many unkind things were said that Mrs.

"This is my wife, mother Tamblyn determined to keep the plate in the stern belief that it was intended for her—and my dear gran-ny felt so resentful that at last they draw lots for it and a said that Mrs. nave done a starting thing, I know, and it's a poor 'sort of wedding for Jean—no wedding presents or anything that girls love. Will you give us a wedding gift?" have done a startling thing, I know, thing that girls love. Will you give "Of course, my son," she said with dignity. "I will not fail-even though

ful friendship was broken, and the " she stopped abruptly to hide feud was on—" she sighed.
"And has continued for nearly 50 her emotion. "The gift is in your hands—unwrap it, please—you see? That is all we years. It has risen like a wall be- it, please-you see?

tween us and happiness. I want to marry you, Jean, plate or no plate, that is, if you dare trust your object They all stared at the round, flat object in Mrs. Tamblyn's shaking precious self to the scion of a foolish hands.

The Tamblyn plate!
"It is yours, my dear," she said, giving it to Jean, who was crying Jean giggled. "My own family is and has been perfectly idiotic about giving it Why, Aunt Robina, who softly. "Miss Robina's face raised me from a child, said you were working in a remarkable manner 'Thank you, mother. And now,"

"Hum!" scowled Rod, "and mother Rod smiled boyishly at the older wo called you 'that Lanning girl."

Thank you, mother. And now, Rod smiled boyishly at the older wo man—"now that the Tamblyn plat man-"now that the Tamblyn plate belongs to both families—half and half—why cannot the family feud be drowned in a friendly cup of tea? Jean and I want to catch the 9:36 "Coh! And have Aunt Robina put for the South."

From nowhere in particular Mrs.

has broken our plate!' No; don't Willard produced a small wedding cake which just fitted the Wedgwood plate, and the wedding ended in a buzz of friendly talk and laughter. Jean wrinkled her pretty brows and concentrated. Rod found it very and tearful farewells, as the happy "May I give you a lift home?"

asked Miss Robina of Mrs. Tamblyn.
"Thank you, my dear; and I will Annie Walker presided. The influtes were read by the secretary, Mrs. J. M. Brunt. It was moved by Mrs. Macfie, seconded by Mrs. Neil Gillis, Macfie, seconded by Mrs. Neil Gillis, they be adopted "Yes—she belongs to a branch of the family that mother visits," he rustled away, after gracious good-nights to Mrs. Willard and Mrs. nights to Mrs. Willard and Mr.



warm, furry cloak covered her liggett's, Cairneross & Lawrence Robert J. Childs, Sumner Drug Company, and Standard Drug Company.

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