"LILY OF THE VALLEY"
VEGETABLES and FRUITS

IN GLASS.

SPINACH	STRAWBERRIES
JUNE PEAS.	PEACHES
SWEET PEAS	PEARS
SLICED BEET	APRICOTS
LIMA BEANS	CHERRIES
WAX BEANS	RASPBERRIES
TOMATOES	FRUIT SALAD

10 HOUR VIGIL LIGHTS . . . . . 27c. dozen
15 HOUR VIGIL LIGHTS . . . . . 38c. dozen

SWANSDOWN CAKE FLOUR	WHOLE MEAL FLOUR in 7 lb. tins.
SPLIT LENTILS	SWEET PICKLED PEACHES, 40c. tin.
IXL COOKING OIL, 1 gall. tins.	LANTIC SUGAR, 2 lb. and 5 lb. packages.
VEGETABLE SALAD in tins.	LANTIC ICING, bulk & 1 lb. pkgs.
CRISCO by the pound.	

C. P. EAGAN
TWO STORES
DUCKWORTH STREET & QUEEN'S ROAD.

Confessions of a Used-Car Gyp

As Made to LESLIE V. SPENCER, M.E.

I used to be a gyp. At least I had a job for a while with a very successful gyp in a large Eastern city. At the time I took it I didn't realize just what a job it was. It didn't take me long, though, to discover what kind of an establishment I was in, and I got out as soon as I found another job. The things I saw in that place made my hair curl, and I'm telling them now in hope they'll serve as a warning to people who are thinking of buying second-hand cars from dealers they don't know.

There are two kinds of people in the used-car trade—legitimate dealers and "gyps." The legitimate dealers require no explanation. They trade in used cars just as honest people all over the world trade in other articles of commerce. They're in the business to make money, of course, but they make it honestly by giving their customers value and satisfaction to the best of their ability.

The used-car gyps, though, are entirely a different class. You'll find the word "gyp" in the dictionary, which says it means a "swindler or cheat." In acquiring and selling used cars the gyp aims to give nobody a square deal. His sole purpose is to turn over a usually worthless article as quickly as possible for the largest possible amount of money. If he can disguise an automobile that's really fit for the junk pile sufficiently to sell it to some unsuspecting person for a thousand dollars, he's put over a "good deal. That the car stops, never to start again, after going a hundred miles, bothers him not a bit; for the gyp is almost a fanatical believer in the old maxim of law and business—"Let the buyer beware!"

The boss of the place where I worked was called "Charlie." He had two floors in the automobile district. The ground floor was like any ordinary garage, but upstairs it was quite different. The cars that Charlie and his gang "picked up" were run up to this second floor on an elevator, and, when we mechanics and painters got through with them, they looked like real bargains—as far as outside appearances went. As to the service they'd give, that was something that Charlie didn't bother about. A lot more time and care were spent on making the cars look right than on making them run right. Charlie had learned from experience that if a car had plenty of shiny paint on it, the green buyer was likely to take its performance on faith.

The condition of a car when it came in and where it came from were by no means as important as the selling end. Once the engine was "doped" with high efficiency gasoline and with heavy oil to silence the rattles so the car would run through a demonstration, and the body was fixed up with paint, advertisements would be run in several of the daily papers. It rarely took more than three or four days to sell a car after it had come from the upstairs shop.

There were always cars going in and out, and I learned the history of some of them. For instance, a hard looking fellow drove in one day with a Packard touring car that was a fairly late model, but pretty badly used up. The mudguards were badly twisted, the windshield was cracked, the metal supports of the top were bent and broken, the top itself badly torn, and the car was covered with mud and dust.

This fellow told Charlie he had "picked up" the car in some Southern state. He was walking along a road, he said, when the car suddenly skidded and turned over a ditch. The owner, unhurt, walked away to look for a farmer to pull out the car. He was scarcely out of sight when a farm wagon drove up from the opposite direction. The man who brought the car to Charlie immediately got an idea. He stopped the farm wagon, told the farmer he owned the car and offered him $10 if he'd pull it out of the ditch.

A few minutes later the car was again on the road, and, while the farmer was hitching up his team, waiting to be handed the $10 he had been promised, our friend jumped into the driver's seat and drove off.

Charlie didn't bargain with the man. He just opened his safe and handed his visitor $300. Then he put the car into the elevator.

The old bus didn't look so bad after it had been washed. Charlie destroyed the automobile license plates, and then we started to work. We overhauled the engine, got new mudguards and other needed parts from the service station, changed the motor number, put a new glass in the windshield and installed new metal in the top. Then the car was painted, and when the top was folded back so that the tears didn't show, it looked realy for Fifth Avenue.

Meanwhile Charlie had faked a bill of sale that would have convinced a judge that he got the car in an honest deal from a reputable man. A couple of days later anybody who was looking for a bargain in automobiles would have found one advertised in most of the morning papers. And when the "suckers" started to troop in, Charlie himself played the part of the broker who had lost everything in the stock market and consequently had to sell his handsome car for a song.

The "song" was $2000, and, when Charlie found a man who would pay it, he made just about $1600, for besides the $300 he had paid for the car it cost him about $100 to repair it.

Another time one of Charlie's scouts called up on the telephone to say that a Dodge had been virtually demolished by a street car, and that he could buy the wreck for $50. Charlie told him to grab it and within a car had hauled in the most hopeless looking mass of junk I ever hope to see. Even after we'd taken off the ruined mudguards, the body, and the two broken front wheels, there didn't seem to be much left but wreck. The frame and the axles were bent, the springs were hanging loose, the thing looked just like what it had been sold for—junk.

We finally got a little encouragement when we found the engine would run after a fashion, although the crankcase and water jacket were cracked and the radiator had some big holes in it. We puttied the cracks, straightened the radiator cells, soldered them up and poured a lot of flaxseed in with the water when we filled the radiator. After a while it stopped leaking.

A coat of gray paint hid the putty on the engine and helped hold it in place. Then we straightened out the frame as well as we could without spending much time on it, put on a brand new body new front wheels and a set of new mudguards, and filled the gas tank with extra volatile gasoline. The next day the car was advertised in the papers.

Charlie's crack salesman, whose name was Jim, was given the job of disposing of this camouflaged wreck, and in three days he'd done it. He let his victim have it cheap, too—$800 with insurance thrown in, which represented a profit of $500 at least. The buyer was well satisfied apparently, too. How was he to know that that smart new body hid a sprung frame that eventually would make every operating part of the car go bad?

Another car that came in some time later had an engine that sounded like a concrete mixer. As an experienced mechanic, I was for taking the engine down, replacing the loose bearings and worn pistons, grinding the valves and so on. Charlie, though, had a simpler system that that. He merely had us fill up the crankcase with oil that was almost heavy enough for a transmission case! It silenced all the rattles; but I'd hate to drive that car very far away from home!

In another car we found two teeth out of the intermediate gear when we were putting in new grease. Ordinarily that would be serious, but it wasn't to Charlie. He had us shape two pieces of steel to conform as nearly as possible to the shape of the missing teeth—and we screwed them into place! Then we filled the transmission case with a mixture of oil and sawdust to cushion the meshing teeth and silence the noises. We never heard from the man who bought that car. I'll swear it didn't run very long, but maybee he was the kind who'd rather take his loss than admit he'd been swindled.

Every day you'll see in the papers advertisements that, besides offering a used car at an astonishingly low price, inform you that the car has run "only 500 miles."

Now, I suppose there are such cars on the market, but my experience in Charlie's place makes me doubt it. For one of the first things we did with a car when it came in was to reduce the mileage by resetting the speedometer. A pen-knife inserted in the slots between the numbers and a little patience were all that was necessary to turn an old warrior that had gone 50,000 miles into a "very slightly used" car with a speedometer that recorded a scant 500.

Very volatile gas—a high test fuel such as racing drivers sometimes use—is one of the secrets of the snappy motor performances which a gyp dealer's cars give on demonstration. This fuel makes starting easier, and gives more "kick" to the whole performance. Another thing that smart gyps like Charlie always are particular about is that the battery be fully charged. Of course, the battery may be "shot," but they get by that difficulty by overcharging it for the demonstration. When the plates of the battery are so far gone that not even overcharging will make it function, filling it with the acid from a good battery often will make it last long enough to demonstrate the car.

Platinum is expensive, and one thing the gyp hates is needless expense. Accordingly, if the platinum points in the timer are badly worn, Charlie and his kind don't bother to replace them with platinum. With a sharp knife they cut little chips from a ten-cent piece, and hammer these into the points. Of course, the silver points don't last, but somebody else has to worry about that.

Often you'll see used cars advertised as having new tires. In this case the gyp tells no untruth, but the tires are of the kind known among the gyp fraternity as "40-mile bolognies." In fact, it's the exceptional "bolognie" that will last 40 miles. However, they look good—especially if given a coat of white paint.

Charlie and Jim both were expert actors, and they'd think up all sorts of ingenious stories to help them sell cars. I've told you how Charlie played the part of a bankrupt broker. That was a favorite role for both of them. Other parts they played ranged from that of a struggling young business man, who was selling his car to take his dying wife to Arizona, to that of a wealthy physician who was retiring from practice.

Well, there's a lot more to the used-car game than that, but what I've told you ought to cause the man who starts shopping around for a second-hand automobile to watch his step. If you're going to buy a used car, my advice is to go to a dealer who is known to be reputable or to take along the best mechanic you can hire and believe what he tells you about a car, no matter how shiny the paint, how new the tires, how peppy the motor, and how low the speedometer reading.—Popular Science Monthly.

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Mrs. McMahon Tells How She Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chatham, Ont.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a run-down condition after the birth of my baby boy. I had terrible pains and backache, and was tired and weak, not fit to do my work and care for my three little children. One day I received your little book and read it, and gave up taking the medicine I had and began taking the Vegetable Compound. I feel much better now and am not ashamed to tell what it has done for me. I recommend it to any woman I think feels as I do."—Mrs. J. R. McMahon, 153 Harvey St., Chatham, Ont.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has for nearly fifty years been restoring sick, ailing women to health and strength. It relieves the troubles which cause such symptoms as backache, painful periods, irregularities, tired, worn-out feelings and nervousness. This is shown again and again by such letters as Mrs. McMahon writes, as well as by one woman telling another. These women know, and are willing to tell others, what it did for them; therefore, it is surely worth your trial.

Women who suffer should write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cobourg, Ontario, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women." C

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A GUEST

I'M GLAD TO MEET YOU.

"I'm glad to meet you!" Thus we say,
And this from strangers' lips we hear
When introduced along the way—
A phrase that's very old and dear.
We catch the name our friends repeat,
Two hands in newborn friendship meet,
With this the other each will greet:
"I'm glad to meet you!"

"I'm glad to meet you! Day by day
As strangers we shall pass no more;
From this beginning who can say
Just what the future has in store?
New bonds of friendship may be tied,
Perhaps our paths may soon divide,
But now we utter, side by side:
"I'm glad to meet you!"

Can this be but an empty phrase,
A sentence, formal and polite,
A relic of Victorian days
That is forgotten over night?
I often think it is, and yet,
Sometimes, somewhere, it was you met
And told the friend you can't forget:
"I'm glad to meet you!"

"I'm glad to meet you," here's my hand,
But time must prove the worth of friends,
And you and I well understand
How soon a mere acquaintance ends.
So when the years have flown away,
God grant you may recall to-day,
Run through my book of life, and say:
"I'm glad I met you!"

Britain's Liquor Bill

Great Britain spent £307,500,000 last year for alcoholic drinks as against £330,000,000 in 1922. According to a survey just completed by the United Kingdom Alliance, as reported to the Bankers Trust Company of New York by its English Information Service, the expenditure per head of the population for alcoholic drinks in 1923 was £7. 2s., as against £7. 13s. in 1922. Th relative expenditure per head in England and Wales were £7. 5s., in Scotland £6, and in great Britain £7. 2s.

Taxes on spirituous liquors in 1923 indirectly collected by the trade from consumers of acoholic drinks, in round figures were:—

Spirits	£51,500,000
Beer	81,500,000
Wine, etc.	3,200,000
	£136,200,000

In addition, the sum of £3,871,000 was received during the financial year of 1922-23 for license duty and monopoly value. The total exports of British spirits during the year amounted to 7,209,000 proof gallons as compared with 10,090,000 proof gallons in 1913. Of this total, the United States and its neighbors took 2,061,000 gallons as compared with 1,593,000 gallons in 1922 and 3,156,000 gallons in 1913.

The following are comparisons of amounts spent on drink and for other purposes in Great Britain during the year 1923:—

Drink Bill	£307,500,000
Interest on National Debt	307,000,000
Gross annual value of lands, houses and other property under Income Tax Schedule A. . . .	287,000,000
Capital invested on coal industry, 1921 (excluding coke ovens and by-product plants) . . .	180,000,000
Local Taxes collected 1922-23	176,000,000
Est. expenditure on Imperial defence Education	89,000,000
National Health and Unemployment Insurance	79,000,000
War Pensions	75,000,000
Relief of poor	48,000,000
Old-age pensions	24,000,000

One of the interesting facts brought out in this survey of the United Kingdom Alliance was that, while the consumption of milk in Great Britain in 1923 was estimated at 800,000,000 gallons, the consumption of beer was 930,000,000 gallons. The expenditure on milk was £93,000,000 and on beer £193,000,000.

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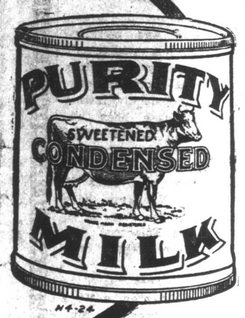

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Novelty gloves continue to be the vogue. Van Dyke inserts in contrasting color, eyelet embroidery and shaded braid are a few of the fancies for flaring cuffs.

Some of the new Paris hats for afternoon wear are extremely large. They may be of straw or silk, flower-trimmed or ornamented with fringed ribbon-ends.

SNOODLES — Soosie Doesn't Prefer to be Rainproof. — By CY HUNGERFORD