

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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CLEAN UP.

The City at present is full of visitors; more are coming shortly, including His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, his suite, and a number of other distinguished visitors from England and from different parts of the Dominion.

The greater reason is that we are here ourselves, that our children are growing here into manhood and womanhood, that their characters are being formed by their surroundings and that the mental and physical health which they shall bring to bear upon the problems of the near future depends to a very large extent upon the cleanliness and the healthfulness and the beauty of the city of today.

In this work every citizen, young and old, can take part. Lawns, streetsides, back yards, can be cleaned up and, where possible, planted with flowers and shrubbery.

Let us beautify the city; let us be proud of it and grateful for its natural advantages for there are few cities in Canada or elsewhere that possess as much natural attractiveness as Charlottetown.

COMMUNITY SPIRIT.

Speaking before a deputation at Buckingham Palace the other day, His Majesty King George made a notable speech on the needs of the hour. The following extract contains the very essence of Christianity, and is well worth preserving:

"The potentialities, physical, mental and spiritual, of every community should be developed to the fullest extent. A true education would embrace all these, would cultivate them all in due proportion, and would transform our national life in a generation.

"A true education would embrace all these," said His Majesty. It would not be too much to say that the education that does not embrace these is not education at all and certainly not Christian education.

Community and national uplift should be one of the strongest factors in education. Under strenuous Twentieth Century conditions education is essentially selfish, self-seeking. To "get there" one's own self without thought of one's neighbor is the main idea of modern education, and the few "get there" with their wealth and their enjoyment while the many are in want and in ignorance.

SOURCE OF MODERN PROFANITY.

A cynic has discovered the cause of increasing modern profanity. The telephone, he contends, is the main cause, and with the profanity has come irreverence, ill-temper, dyspepsia and kindred ills. He instances numerous cases to illustrate his point. A mild-tempered, God-fearing man immersed in his business, wants to call up a neighbor before taking the train for Borden.

MEMORY DAY END OF AN ERA

Full Throated Roars and Cheers Greeted the King-- Many Monarchs Would Give Their Lives to Taste King George's Popularity.

BY PHILIP GIBBS LONDON, August 7.—The history of an old heroic people, our people, was gathered up in the spirit of that day which has now passed into our chronicles. More memories than those of the five years which tried us by fire, so that even the living have come out scarred, were in the echoing tumult of those multitudes who massed to see the march of the soldiers and seamen with garlands of victory on their standards, and to salute the spirit of their dead.

and five of his generals and leading on company after company of American troops, marching in steel helmets of bronze color, varnished. They were tall, strapping, lithe and easy in their way of marching. In a flash like the click of a shutter, I saw such men as these. I first saw them in Crecy Forest on the way to the edge of the battle and then into the flame of it.

In Woods of Crecy

It was good to see them there, for our men were hard pressed, but it was strange to find them in these woods of Crecy where English men-at-arms had fought before the New World was known. Before there were any Americans, English men and women had gone out across the great grey sea for "Liberty's" sake. Their descendants whose blood was merged with many strains, had come to Europe to fight against the powers which menaced many liberties and challenged their own right of way.

It was beautiful when these standards passed the white gates to Constitution Hill, 160 of them I counted, and the greetings of our crowds was not less warm than the welcome home of that victory march I saw four months ago in New York City. Surely those men who marched through London on our great day will take back a message to their people, a message of friendship from us to them, killing the suspicions of hostility, and saying, "We are comrades of the Britishers; we know they are generous in heart; between us and them there is no enmity, nor ever shall be."

On Saturday there was staged a march of great remembrance for those who proved those things by their bodies and by their souls and men of many nations joined in this tribute to the British people for that was partly the meaning of their presence.

This sense of remembrance of the hour of the race was about me where I stood by the Victoria Memorial, facing the pavilion of green and gold where the King was to take the salute. Hours before the King came the people were there in hundreds of thousands, massed along each side of the Mall and in the far vista through the white gates up to Constitution Hill, the bells tolled as it was midday. The band stood at attention and played the national tune when the King and Queen passed to their places in the pavilion with Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary and a little crowd of people from the Palace.

Full-Throated Roars The King stepped forward and saluted that multitude of people around him stretching away before him. They answered him back with full-throated roars and that high shrill bird-like cry of many women. There are many kings in exile who would give their lives almost to hear that sound again. It must have been comforting to the single figure there with his hand to his military cap.

There was no doubt of that crowd's loyalty that day. "Now we shan't be long," said a soldier, and he was right. Ten minutes before and there came, the men we had been waiting for. Our men and those who held the lines with them across the waters and the fields of war in the years that came back to one overwhelmingly if one had seen, as many there had seen the flame and the fury of them, the agony that filled them, and a part of that spirit which endured through them.

Some mounted police led the procession (that was astonishing, I am told, to Marshal Foch) and behind them came a mounted soldier of the American Army, carrying a flag. He leaned over his saddle and dipped the flag as he passed the King's pavilion. A single figure followed with his sword at the salute, and from the crowds came the shout of his name—"Pershing."

Hundreds of rattles were reviving, thousands of little trumpets blow, and the band was playing "Over There." It was the band of the American soldiers with enormous silver instruments coiled about their bodies following their commander-in-chief of the United States Army

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers

Furnished by W. S. Louison

NEW EVERY MORNING

Every day is a fresh beginning. Every morn is the world made new. You, who are weary of sorrow and sinning.

Here is a beautiful hope for you. A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over. The tasks are done and the tears are shed.

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;

Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled, Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Let them go, since we cannot re-live them. Cannot undo and cannot atone; God in His mercy receive them, forgive them;

Only the new days are our own. Today is ours, and today alone.

Every day is a fresh beginning; Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain; And spite of old sorrow and older sinning.

And puzzles forecasted and possible path, Take heart with the day and begin again.

-Susan Coolidge

HINTS FOR The Motorist

BY ALBERT L. CLOUGH

"INTERNAL BATHS" FOR THE ENGINE

An Occasional Flushing Out is Beneficial

After an engine has been run for some time, the oil especially if not of good quality is in part, decomposed by the heat, into a gummy, sticky substance, which is deposited upon the internal surfaces where the absence of friction permits it to collect. For instance, it accumulates in the grooves in which the piston rings are placed and it finally forms to such an extent as to glue the rings in a fixed position and to prevent their expanding to tightly pack the pistons against leakage. It also is likely to form upon the stems of the valves, preventing their free and prompt motion in their guides and also upon valve faces and valve seats, tending to cause them to leak. This is particularly true of the exhaust valves, through which the oil ejected from the cylinders must pass and which run so hot as to favor the "baking" upon them of the gummy deposits. If this deposition of oil progresses far enough, compression may be seriously reduced through faulty piston ring action, the sluggish closing of valves and leaks under gummy valve faces. In order to counteract this effect, it is considered very good practice periodically to give an engine a "kerosene bath," for kerosene is an active solvent of oil residue. The usual way of applying kerosene is as follows: With the engine fully warmed up and running briskly a good sized squirt can is filled with kerosene and this is injected directly into the carburetor air intake as fast as it can without causing the engine to stop. As much as a pint can be supplied to an engine with good results. The kerosene is caught up by the entering air and drawn through the inlet valves, whose faces and stems are thus prettily well cleaned and thence into the cylinders, where it works down into the ring grooves softening the gummy deposits there and freeing the rings, when it passes out through the exhaust valves, removing the sticky deposits upon their stems and faces. Considerable kerosene, of course, entirely passes the pistons and enters the crank case, thinning the oil there to a certain extent, so that the most favorable time for the kerosene treatment is just before the crank case is to be emptied and fresh oil supplied. Kerosene was formerly incrustations is now discounted. It is however, capable of removing objectionable deposits of thickened oil.

Then there was a hush in our place, while we listened at another wave of noise, beating up from the crowds we could not see, growing louder into a surging tumult. "Beatty and his men," said a voice by my side. Wounded soldiers who had been sitting still in front of me rose to their feet or balanced on one foot and cheered. The Admiral of the fleet was afoot, sturdy seamen leading the way. For all his men he had a smile in his eyes and as the people yelled at him, he looked glad because his navy was getting the honors they deserved. It had been a silent navy behind a veil, but England knew and understood. They had kept the liberty of the seas in spite of the submarines; they had done some rough work in rough weather. It was the army that followed, small groups of men from the great battalions who fought and fell. In the crowd there were more soldiers than in the processions. Most of them were in plain clothes now, with just a badge in their button hole or not even that. They knew what the war meant; many bore its scars on their bodies and all of them had its unhealing wounds in their souls. With them were their women and the wives of the men who had fallen and the mothers of some who will never come back and the children of young dead fathers. So when the army came the masses of people did not look at those marching men as a fine pageant to see. They knew that these were the survivors of a greater army, the ghost army, saluted in spirit by the lowering of swords and a quick turn of the head past a column in Whitehall.

COAL

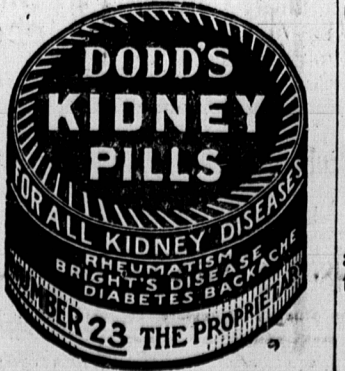
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