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London, Ont., Thursday, Sept. 21.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.

THE REPORTED proposal of the Teutons to restore in some form the Temporal Power of the Papacy recalls to our grandfathers an institution almost forgotten. It was in 1870 that the Temporal Power, in the strict, actual sense, was dissolved by the entrance of Victor Emmanuel into Rome and Italy's appropriation of her ancient capital.

The Temporal Power means the Pope's rule as a sovereign, old-fashioned and undemocratic, quite apart from his spiritual position. In the Middle Ages the Pope's secular authority, much interlarded with his spiritual functions, was twofold. First he was the ruler or duke of the Duchy of Rome and some other territories in Central Italy. Secondly, he had vassal states, received taxes from various countries devoted to his see and appeals from national courts to his judicial tribunal, wielding a sort of imperial overlordship, an international or supranational potentate, acting as universal arbiter in Western and Central Europe.

In the renaissance, especially after the reformation, the pope lost this latter power, but increased his secular dominions in Central Italy, forming "the papal states," which extended in a belt across the middle of the peninsula. Here he reigned like any other renaissance and early modern "benevolent despot." His temporal power was a territorial power.

In the nineteenth century the Italian people developed a yearning after national unity and especially the people both in and out of "the papal states" wanted Rome once more to be the capital of a united and democratic Italy. Austria was the prop of the princelings, dukelings and popes, who shared among them the rule of the divided land. But with British, French, and later Prussian assistance, the Italians rid themselves of Austria, except in Trieste and Trentino, and finally in 1870 turned the pope out of his last stronghold in Rome itself. He became a purely spiritual authority.

Many Roman Catholics have welcomed the divorce of the spiritual from the worldly functions of the supreme pontiff. It has been felt that not only does he stand in a higher and rarer air, rid of "the appearance of evil" that clings to political power, but the Roman Catholic Church can pursue a more democratic course under a head that no longer leans upon a prop of arbitrary rule such as Austria, nor himself exercises a sovereignty unlimited by a constitution in the modern and democratic sense of the term. To attempt to restore the temporal sovereignty of the pope would be a step back to the Middle Ages or renaissance quite to be expected from the Teuton enemies of democracy, and a blow at the best interests of the Roman Catholic Church as well as at the welfare of civilized Europe.

TEMPERAMENT.

"SUFFER little children to come unto me" is part of the gospel which Billy Sunday preaches, but he indignantly breaks off in the middle of his sermon and declares the meeting closed when a child in his audience Detroit strays into the aisle, at least so says a dispatch.

One wonders if every child who attended the gatherings where the Master, whose Sunday professes to follow, spoke sat still or if every one who wandered around was reprimanded? Would the Master have refused to continue a message which he believed the people needed because a child was inattentive?

Temperament is an asset of the great musician or the eminent artist, serving well as an advertising medium. In some others it is excusable, but in one who is preaching the gospel of peace on earth, self-control and especial love toward the child, it is, to say the least, a hindrance. It emphasizes too clearly the difference between him and his Master.

GERMAN METHODS.

THERE has been a determined effort by Germany to divide the Allies and cause disaffection in order that their strength may be weakened and their magnificent co-operation be ruined. The latest trick is to belittle the British part in the war, and to try to persuade the French that they are being required to make too great sacrifices in order to continue the offensive. How ridiculous such insinuations are it is not necessary to state here; every intelligent soldier and civilian knows otherwise.

But there are in France, as in all other countries, a few men who are so glib and so inherently selfish, that they seize upon these lies as choice food and forthwith begin to preach them among their compatriots. Among these must be included two members of the French Chamber of Deputies, M. Roux-Costadau and M. Bryzon; the former al-

leged, by inference, that Britain and Russia are not doing their full share, and the latter begins to pine for peace, inevitably peace at any price. These two are plying contentedly under the stroking of the treacherous official German hand, failing to notice how the fingers itch to reach their throats and choke them.

There is reason for thankfulness that their fellow-members, led by Premier Briand, are of a different mental and moral stripe and evince their disgust at such unworthy thoughts in no uncertain manner. The premier's ringing denunciation of Bryzon was a masterpiece and will be read with delight throughout France. It stripped the "trimmings" from the other's speech and left it standing naked, as an impudently, illogical and altogether despicable jumble of words; a request to France to throw aside her nationhood and bow her neck to the foot of the tyrant.

Every German attempt to cause trouble among the Allies is directed to the basest qualities of man, jealousy, selfishness, indifference to honor, or personal greed. In civil life he began the war, with the vilest of methods she has conducted it, and now she would end it by introducing treason and treachery among her foes. The rottenness of Germany becomes more apparent every day.

NEW TRIAL WANTED.

THERE is a feeling in Manitoba that there should be a new trial of the ex-ministers charged with conspiracy, and to the proposal there should be little opposition.

If the ex-ministers are innocent, the disagreement of the jury, in which nine men stood for conviction and three for acquittal, cannot but be most unsatisfactory to the accused men. They will surely not be content to rest under the stigma thus cast upon them.

On the other hand, if they are guilty they should be punished.

Since they hold they are innocent and the crown prosecutor holds they are guilty, both sides should welcome a new trial.

LIKE PUNCH AND JUDY.

THE Mutt and Jeff cartoons, known to a large public now for several years, and even acted on the stage or in the "movies," recall in some respects the somewhat obsolescent Punch and Judy show. In the one case you have pictures, in the other marionettes.

Jeff is, of course, the Judy of the modern show. Mrs. Mutt, the grass widow, is only a pale shade in the distance, reverently unmentioned for the most part—or is it just pure oblivion? Jeff knows his place. Required on one occasion to register for military purposes, Mutt gave his age as 60, but his little friend said: "I'm a woman."

It is Jeff who suffers most of the knocks, sometimes terrible disaster or sudden death, but only to rise again, through miracle and his own or the author's Will-to-Live. The modern domestic drama is less tragic than the old, and it goes on with world without end, day by day, for the author's lifetime, or until he winds it up like the rest of his affairs, some day, and gives us first Jeff's murder and lamentable burial, then the intervention of the policeman and the law, and lastly the electrocution of Mutt. Possibly there may be an intention like that of Byron in his "Don Juan" of closing the "strange eventful history" with the taking off of the two heroes, arm in arm together and with their escort, to the Infernal Darkness.

To return to our comparison, "Mutt and Jeff" resembles "Punch and Judy" again in a decided crudity and crudity of humor. Both have plenty of bits, or certainly a "punch." They hit the million between the eyes and entertain the children with "good ones." Both abound in ugliness, meanness, brutality, physical and spiritual, but so did Hogarth's pictures and parts of Dante's Inferno. On the whole, Jeff is better off than Judy, as Mrs. Mutt certainly is; wife-beating was one of the salient matters of course in the 17th century, but somewhat decayed of late in these degenerate times. Really to appreciate modern life you have to consider the old puppet play and Hogarth.

There is a suggestion of the puppet or the unreal mask in Mutt and Jeff. While they look like men, they look as much like what might be cleverly cut out of a pumpkin shell on Halloween. Only the light that never was on sea or land, the poet's or artist's nightmare, ever revealed such Jack-o'-lantern eyes as Mutt's, or the straight-gash whiskers of Jeff. The faces, like those of Punch and Judy, have the fixity of carved masks. They never change, never grow old. That is where Keats says art is better than common, ordinary real life.

As the stage manager pulls the strings of the puppets, so the creator of Mutt and Jeff not infrequently makes a flaccid mechanism of his performance. The two cronies talk together of their Mr. Fisher, or responding to "requests," he has them do this or that, puts them through the required antics or into the desired predicaments.

Mutt and Jeff are seldom if ever drunk, seldom profane. Art is on dangerous ground, however, in the heroes' frequent slipping toward the insane asylum. But Shakespeare's plays are full of madmen, real and pretended fools, clowns and zany. Zest of life seems to mount or to toboggan towards madness. Was Punch thoroughly sane and normally intelligent? Was Toby a mad dog? Sad dogs are Mutt and Jeff.

Both these famous diversions, the older taking off the wife-beating days of centuries ago, the other dealing realistically with the modern world of sport, street cars and high explosives, are full of the joy (three parts pain) and hard-hitting energy of life. Jeff, like Falstaff, prefers life to honor, so does Mutt. It has to be admitted that the New Yorkers have not yet the ad-

Katrinka Finally Discovers a Way To Keep the Ice-Man From Tracking Up the Side Entrance and Walk.

BY FONTAINE FOX.



vantage enjoyed by the 17th century London couple of being rendered semi-sacred or classic or "truly artistic" by antiquity; they are under the disgrace of being new or in a newspaper. But may their end be deferred, and may Jeff go on like "the cannibal who the more it is trodden on the faster it grows."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Von Papen has an important post on the Somme front. That should make allied progress easier.

The thieves who steal fountain pens, pencils and inkwells must have literary aspirations.

Aside from the difficulty of getting drunk now, it costs at least a \$10 fine. Hardly worth while.

It's not a coalition Government Germany needs, but the casting out of the present one and the substitution of some sane ministers.

The Bulgars have not declared war on Rumania; they are simply trying to invade the country, a la Germany with Belgium.

Unkindest cut of all. An American firm claims the new "tanks," excepting for the armament, were built in Peoria, Ill.

New York strikers cannot be included in those "too proud to fight." They're doing their best with the weapons at hand.

As it is lion, Bob Rogers who says there will be no Dominion election until after the war, it behooves the country to be prepared for an early election.

These enthusiasts for German submarine warfare might change their minds if they were forced to man one of the pirate craft on active service.

Montreal police gather in 15 boys under 16 years of age who were smoking. London force could beat this almost any day if it tried.

There is something really funny in the idea of a pro-war campaign in the Greek press to prepare the people for entry into the struggle. They might have suspected the move without a campaign.

German bankers are seeking money in Switzerland in spite of their boast that they have plenty. A loan of any kind to Germany is a good thing for the Swiss to avoid.

German politicians should get together and agree on some course of action. Some shouting that Britain, as a foe, is a negligible quantity, and others calling her "our arch enemy," make an absurd spectacle.

An American-owned ship, with American crew, carrying a cargo of American grain to Sweden, is seized by the Germans, her grain stolen, and then made to carry coal to Denmark. There is perchance ground here for a protest on trade restriction or for retaliation?

UP-TO-DATE.

A lady was giving a scripture lesson on the prophet Elijah and the wicked children who reviled him. She described how the aged prophet was finally making his way up into the children came about him, jeered and ridiculed him and called out, "Go up, thou bald head!" She then proceeded to impress upon the class the duty of being kind, considerate and respectful to elderly people. "I hope," she said, "if any of you had been there you would not have been so rude and unmanly." "No, mum," decisively responded an urchin in front. "And what would you have done?" asked the lady. "I should have walked up to him kindly, mum, and said 'I'm old' 'ad got 'is old-age pension'."

IT OFTEN IS.
Employer—Can you write shorthand?
Applicant—Oh, yes, only it takes me longer.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Back to the Soil

By Susan E. Claggett.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"It cannot be done," the speaker was one of three young men. The place had untold possibilities and John Gray glanced down at the girl beside him, wondering if the thought in his mind could be in hers, but the eyes she raised to his were clear and he turned away rather than let her read what he felt written upon his face.

They entered the large living room from the porch. In it and the one on the opposite side of the house were huge fireplaces, and as John Gray looked about, he said:

"If you people will take mother and me for the summer we will both appreciate it. Only this morning she said she wished she lived with an hour's ride from town. She would be delighted with the place."

"Weeds and all?" Bob asked with a slight laugh. "I think you could find a more desirable place to spend the summer months."

"Of course it will require time to make it look as it should," Gray answered, "but Jane will make it home before then and you two will benefit by such outdoor exercise as will put the yard in order. I venture you will not know the place by the end of June. I grant it is not desirable for you to give up your positions just yet, and if you feel you cannot take care of the land I shall be glad to lease it of you."

Jack was looking frowningly through a back window at the evidences of an old-fashioned garden. He turned now. "You can have the land, of course, if you wish. Our living here is impossible."

"Before you decided, look well at Jane," the other said quietly. "The girl is in desperate need of the very things she can get on this old farm. You can take no risks with her. Try it this summer at least. Give her the chance to get strong."

The three were watching the girl as she moved here and there among the old flower borders. She looked up and called to them delightedly. "Lilies of the valley are blooming in this corner, Jack. Do come quickly, all of you. But before they joined her they had seen her as she really was, a slip of a thing with eyes too large for a face that held no vestige of color and moving with an inertness utterly unlike her usual briskness. Jack caught his breath sharply and John knew he had won consent although no word was spoken.

This was in April—the middle of it. The first of May found the Darrels in their grandfather's old home, and none of Jane's strength had suddenly failed during the last days in the apartment, and they carried her into the big living room she had so longed to make into a home for her boys.

It was here John found her one evening and as he stood before her, the early June nights, he felt he could no longer keep back words that for months had been clamoring for utterance. The girl was almost here, and she was telling him about her.

"John," she was saying, "it is a veritable treasure trove. Every day I find something new coming out of the ground. When you come out in the late roses will be a blaze of colors and so many other plants are showing buds. I—"

But he interrupted her. "Jane," he said simply, "I love you dearly. Have you a thought for me?" She answered as simply as he had spoken:

"Until the day you won Jack over into making this our home."

FLOOR COVERINGS.
Sexton I.—Do you have matins at your church?
Sexton II.—No, we have oilcloth.

'TIS HARD.
Younghub—But our honeymoon can't last forever, you know, and I so Wife—Oh, no—I realize—but I so dread to take up the frivolous things of life.

SAFETY FIRST.
Traveler (on Irish railway)—Will there be time to get a drink here, guard?
Guard—Yes, sir; plenty of time.

Traveler—What guarantee have I that the train would not go without me?
Guard (generously)—Oh, begorra, I'll go and have one along with you.

WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

Camp Borden will be a great camp, undoubtedly, but some of us are not anxious to live forever.

In San Francisco women voters need not give their ages. It seems as if they are trying hard to popularize the ballot.

A man has been shot in mistake for a bear. It is always the open season for the boobs.

The Sultan of Turkey has composed a poem in praise of his troops. The dead do not seem to appreciate it, however.

Chicago is not so much on highway robbery any more, but private banks fail regularly enough to keep the ordinary man poor.

"You're a Dangerous Girl," is the title of a new hymn, being ragtamed to death nowadays. It was dedicated to a husky cook.

They are making a survey of smokestacks in Pittsburgh, which is our idea of a regular busy time.

After reading what the millionaire blackmail gang pulled off on a lot of rich men who fell for the scheme, one is led to wonder why some folks have money.

The gent who could not even keep water on his stomach, will have rather a hard time these dry days.

Maine has gone Republican, so the bewhiskered team, Hughes and Fairbanks, are rather happy. However, there is always a chance for a change.

Ohio's onion crop is very large, which is enough to bring tears to anybody's eyes.

"The Woman Without a Shadow" must be the dramatization or the setting to music of the life of the living skeleton.

We are informed that the residents of the Far North are not as honest as they used to be. The blessings of civilization have apparently reached them.

Sir Sam Hughes is coming back. Now we will hear something.

A moving picture concern is going to photograph surgical operations. We suspected all along that some bird would kill the game.

Villa says he has no grudge against the United States. He hopes that he will be recognized again.

Some of the movie concerns that photograph scenes in Alaska and the northwest should at least have some winter clothing on the birds that make the trip. We saw some not long ago with summer hats and aprons, hitting the old Klondike trails. It was rather amusing, yes.

A German officer says that London will be destroyed in October. This prophecy is cousin in blood to the one that had the Kaiser chawing his Christmas turkey in Paris.

A Michigan man wants to have a new Bible constructed. He should attend a theological college.

Hypatia takes up our bet: "Hypatia H. F.—You can bet all your 'perfect good quarters' and 'bad dollars' that 'Hypatia' would not appear on the street in the uniform worn by some of the flappers; but she can see them without turning a hair. Why, wrong? It is only a phase. The original prevent her from being torn to pieces by an infuriated mob who objected to the furnishings of her mind. You men are queer creatures. It is your keen desire to hang perfection on 'woman' that makes you so critical, so we forgive you. Why not try to improve your own clothes—peg style in summer's ugly? Go on with your little slaps. I like them—but more, oh much more, dear J. H. F., I love your hearty, rollicking laugh as an accompaniment."

DON'T GO INTO CONSUMPTION; CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW

When your throat rattles, your lungs and chest are sore, your throat is stuffed with cold—don't fear consumption—use Catarrhoxone and get well. It clears the throat, cures hacking, relieves tight chest and soreness in the throat, lungs or bronchial trouble. Prescribed by many specialists and used by thousands every day. Get the dollar outfit, it lasts two months and is guaranteed. Small size, 50c; trial size, 25c; sold everywhere.

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2906 Residents of Canada



TIMES SQUARE

At Broadway, 44th to 45th Streets—the center of New York's social and business activities. In close proximity to all railway terminals.

has become general, everybody says we look like William Jennings Bryan.

Chin Chin is in Detroit this week, and we are not saying a mean thing about anybody.

Hypatia said a heap about men's clothes, too, and we say that there should be a decided uplift there. As for women, the lack or otherwise so far as clothes are concerned does not make or mar modesty.

Beef is \$400 per cwt. in Vienna. Ox-tail soup must be more costly than champagne.

A Methodist minister in Toronto says there is no material, but a psychological, hell. So long as it is hell, and the kaiser goes there, we will not worry.

There is one thing about the "tanks" in France. They made good, which is something more than the "tanks" used to do here.

As the Villa forces have been wiped out once more, we are expecting to read of some new atrocities by Villa in Mexico.

Some of the Michigan troops are now getting their summer underwear. They should get their Palm Beach suits by February.

Since this grape juice habit

Lame Back Strengthened

Stiffness Taken Right Out

Was Relieved in an Hour, and Cured Over Night.

A lame back? Quite unnecessary. All you have to do is to rub on Nervine. It's simply a wonder for backache—relieves after one rubbing. "Nothing possibly could cure an aching back faster than Nervine," writes Mrs. Arthur Kohler, of Lower Chelsea, N. S.

"I caught cold and was so prostrated with pain I could not bend over. We always have Nervine at home, and I had the neuralgia rubbed through my pain departed. The lameness was rapidly reduced and in an hour I was able to do about my housework. I was rubbed again just before retiring, and awoke as usual in the morning without sign of my back."

There is no sort of muscular pain that Nervine won't cure quickly. Neuralgia, sciatica and lumbago, sore of the spine—right through muscle, tissue and nerve—it penetrates where no oily, greasy liniment can go and invariably cures quickly. If you have any of these troubles—use Nervine. It will cure you. Family-size bottle, very large, 50 cents; trial size, 25 cents; at all dealers.

How to Rid the Skin of Objectionable Hairs

(Aids to Beauty.)

A simplified method is here given for the quick removal of hairy or fuzzy growths from the face, neck, arms, legs, etc. Treatment required: Mix a stiff paste with some powdered talc and water, apply to hairy surface and after 2 or 3 minutes rub off, with the skin and hair removed. This simple every-day treatment cannot cause injury, but care should be exercised to get real talc.

THE EASIEST WAY TO END DANDRUFF

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. This destroys it entirely. To do this, get get about four ounces of water, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive, and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail—Advt.

Hair Often Ruined By Careless Washing

If you want to keep your hair looking its best, be careful what you wash it with. Don't use prepared shampoos, alkali, or anything that contains too much soap. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is just ordinary mild soap and water (which is pure and harmless), and is better than anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it all. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dandruff and excessive oil.

The hair dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dandruff and excessive oil.

You can get mild coconut oil at any pharmacy. It's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months—Advt.

The Ontario Loan & Debenture Co.

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Incorporated 1870

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