

Fashions and
Personals

SOCIETIES and THE HOME

Theatres and
ConcertsRadio
Programs

SUNDAY, JULY 22.
KDKA—326 Metres—E. Pittsburg.
 10:00 a.m.—Church services.
 1:30 p.m.—Bible Story, "What God Wrote."
 1:45 p.m.—Concert.
 6:15 p.m.—Baseball scores.
 7:00 p.m.—Baseball scores.
 8:00 p.m.—Union community services.
WBZ—337 Metres—Springfield, Mass.
 7:30 p.m.—Church services.
KYW—345 Metres—Chicago, Ill.
 6:00 to 8:00 p.m.—Classical and semi-classical musical selections.
WGY—380 Metres—Schenectady, N.Y.
 9:30 a.m.—Service of First Reformed Church, Schenectady, N. Y.
 6:30 p.m.—Religious service from WGY Studio.
CFCA—400 Metres—Toronto Star.
 8:45 to 9:45 p.m.—Concert of sacred and classical music.
WWJ—Detroit—400 Metres.
 11:00 a.m.—Services of St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral.
 4:00 p.m.—Concert.
 5:00 p.m.—The Detroit News Orchestra.

MONDAY, JULY 23.
Station KDKA—326 Metres—East

9 a.m.—Music. Report of the Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg, Pa.
 11:30 a.m.—Music; weather forecasts; U. S. Bureau of Market Reports; time signals.
 2:15 p.m.—Baseball scores.
 5 p.m.—Baseball scores.
 5:15 p.m.—Dinner concert.
 6 p.m.—Baseball scores.
 6:05 p.m.—Dinner concert continued.
 6:30 p.m.—Women's evening program.
 6:45 p.m.—The visit to the little folks by the Dreamtime Lady.
 7 p.m.—Baseball scores; "home furnishing hints"; "reading for your spare moments."
 7:20 p.m.—Concert.
 8:45 p.m.—Baseball scores; market reports.
 9:55 p.m.—Time signals.

WBZ—337 Metres—Springfield, Mass.
 11:55 a.m.—Time signals; weather reports; Boston and Springfield market reports.
 5 p.m.—Baseball scores; dinner concert.
 6 p.m.—Baseball scores; news from farm and home.
 6:30 p.m.—Bedtime story for the children.
 6:50 p.m.—Laughs from Life.
 7 p.m.—Baseball scores. Concert.
 7:40 p.m.—Talk by Charles A. Frazer, president of the Atlas Trust Company.
 8:20 p.m.—Bedtime story for grown-ups; baseball scores.
 10 p.m.—Time signals.

KYW—Chicago, Ill.—345 Metres.
 8:30 a.m.—Late news and financial comment.
 9:00 a.m.—Market reports.
 9:30 a.m.—Late financial news and comment.
 9:58 a.m.—Time signals.
 1:00 a.m.—Market reports.
 10:05 a.m.—Weather report.
 10:30 a.m.—Late news and financial comment.
 10:35 a.m.—Table talk.
 11:00 a.m.—Market reports.
 11:30 a.m.—Late financial news and comment.
 12 noon—Market reports.
 12:20 p.m.—Closing market quotations.
 1:15 p.m.—Late financial comment and news bulletins.
 1:30 p.m.—Closing stock quotations.
 2:00 p.m.—Late news and sport bulletins.
 3:00 p.m.—Late news and sport bulletins.
 4:00 p.m.—Late news of the day.
 5:30 p.m.—News. Market and sport summary.
 5:50 p.m.—Children's Bedtime Story.

SILENT NIGHT.
WGY—Schenectady, N.Y.—380 Metres.
 11:30 a.m.—Stock market quotations.
 11:45 a.m.—Weather report.
 11:55 a.m.—Time signals.
 1:00 p.m.—Music and address.
 5:00 p.m.—Product and stock market report and quotation; news bulletins; baseball results.
 7:40 p.m.—Baseball scores.
 7:45 p.m.—Musical program.
CFCA—Toronto Star—400 Metres.
 12 noon—Weather forecasts. Opening stock markets.
 2:30 to 3:30 p.m.—Grain, produce and dairy markets. News items. Music.
 5:30 to 6 p.m.—Closing stock market. Late news.
 7:55 to 8 p.m.—Baseball scores.
 8 p.m. to 9 p.m.—Concert program.

WWJ—Detroit—400 Metres.
 9:30 a.m.—"Tonight's Dinner."
 9:45 a.m.—Public Health Service bulletin and talks on subjects of general interest.
 10:25 a.m.—Official weather forecast.
 11:55 a.m.—Arlington time.
 12:05 p.m.—The Detroit News Orchestra.
 4:00 p.m.—Official weather forecast.
 4:05 p.m.—Market reports.
 5:00 p.m.—Baseball scores.
 7:00 p.m.—The Detroit News Orchestra.

MISSION CIRCLE CONVENES
AT DORCHESTER HOME

Special to The Advertiser.
 Dorchester, July 20.—The monthly meeting of the Mission Circle of the Methodist Church was held on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Jack Pettit, the president, Mrs. C. Thompson, in the chair. The circle enjoyed an inspiring address by Miss Mary Long of London. "A Mite-Box Story" was an interesting reading given by Miss Gretta Gill, and a reading by Mrs. F. Neely was also enjoyed. The circle decided to hold their sale of home-made cooking on the second Saturday in August. A dainty lunch was served by the hostess. Next meeting will be at the home of the Misses Dundas.

MARIAN KEITH CLUB.
 The members of the Marian Keith Club of St. Andrew's Church held a farewell picnic this week at Port Stanley in honor of Miss Dorothy Sartain of the Pipe Lake road, who is leaving shortly for Windsor. Following a dainty supper, Miss Madeline Roddick presented the guest of honor with a copy of Homer Hunt's picture, "The Light of the World." Mrs. Quigley acted as chaperone of the picnic.

Weddings of the Month

BLAY—HOWE.
 Dundas Center Church was the scene of a pretty wedding yesterday morning at 11:30 when Wilda Howe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew W. Howe, was married to Arthur B. Blay, son of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Blay, also of Dundas. The ceremony, which took place at 11:30, was performed by Rev. J. Garbutt.
 The bride who was given in marriage by her father, wore a graceful gown of gray chiffon, with tiny frills of net. Her hat was gray, trimmed with an ostrich plume, and her shoes and hose were also gray, and she carried a colonial bouquet of pannies and for-get-me-nots.
 The wedding march was played by J. Parnell Morris, and during the signing of the register, Miss Elizabeth Kunz, sang "O Promise Me." Following the ceremony an informal reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, on King street. Quantities of pink and white roses decorated the house, and a buffet luncheon was served on a table adorned with roses. Mrs. Howe, mother of the bride, wore a handsome gown of camel shade canton crepe with a hat to match. The guests numbered 24.
 Mr. and Mrs. Blay left on a honeymoon trip up the lakes to Duluth, and upon their return will reside in London. The bride traveled in a brown tailored frock, with brown hat and a fox fur.

LANG—POAD.
 The marriage took place at the home of Mr. G. H. Poad, Hale street, Thursday afternoon, at 1:30 o'clock, when his daughter, Pearl Beatrice, was married to Thomas Charles Lang.

All the Theatres

ALLEN'S
 TODAY—Cullen Landis in "Masters of Men."
 MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY—"The Tiger's Claw," with Jack Holt.
 THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—English film, "Tilly from Bloomsbury."

LEWIS
 TODAY—Dorothy Dalton in "The Law of the Lawless"; vaudeville.
 MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY—"Diana of the Crossways," with Fay Compton; vaudeville.

PATRICIA
 TODAY—Tom Mix in "Three Jumps Ahead."
 MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY—Charles Jones in "Showdrift."
 THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—"Hoot" Gibson in "Single-Handed."

The Doo Dads—The Flies Invade Dooville



"Oh, Mercy, what a mess!" said Mrs. Malone, as she sweated over her cookie board in her hot, stuffy little kitchen. "Oh, dearie me! Oh, dearie me! Where do they all come from?" said a little Doo Dad mother, as she was rocking her little Doo Dad baby to sleep. And well she might wonder, for Doo Dads, black hungry flies—were everywhere, and from the East they continued to come in great swarms. Just a few days ago Doctor Sawbones had opened a new candy shop. It had nice shiny show cases, and they were fairly crowded with sweets. Just like an army, the flies came from over the hill, and headed straight for the candy store. Doctor Sawbones is almost distracted. In the front door he stands with a fly swatter in each hand, and all day long he is swatting at the horde of flies. He called Flannelfeet to help him, but Flannelfeet has nothing but a handkerchief and his billy, and the flies buzz and buzz, and bite his nose. Doe had also given a swatter to a little Doo Dad. A fly lit on the big plate glass window of the candy shop, and the little Doo swatted it. Poor Doctor Sawbones will have to buy a new window for his store. In the house across the street, the flies

buzzed and buzzed and buzzed. There were a dozen or more of them on the window, and the little Doo Dad lady threw her flat iron at them. Now the flies have no trouble in escaping, but—more may come in. The little old Scotch vendor has been doing a rushing business in sticky paper and swatters. Tiny has one on each end. I am afraid there won't be many eggs left in the little wagon when Tiny will have finished. It wouldn't surprise me, either, if Nicholas made Tiny go without his supper for killing the fly that had settled on his ear. I am quite sure that the little lady Doo Dad in the upstairs window caught the flies that were feasting on the pie she had placed on the ledge to cool. She may have to bake another pie, though. Old Sleepy Sam is in luck! A wise spider saw a great opportunity and quickly spun its web. Soon it should have a good dinner. Roly has a new kind of a fly trap. I wonder what he will catch? Surely, not as many flies as the little fellow who has placed the piece of cheese on the lamp post. The little Doo Dad missed the fly that was scampering around on Old Man Grouch's nose. I wonder—just wonder what Old Man Grouch is thinking.

Zona Gale Says:

"This Isn't Spiritism. Tom Only Knows That Zdelka Lives Again In Him."



MISS KATHLEEN ENGLAND.
 Elected "Big Chief" of the girls' camp now in progress at Orendaga, Port Bruce.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Nichol, Elmwood avenue, of this city, was married to Mr. Royce Blaine Smith of Detroit, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Smith, on Sunday afternoon, July 15, 1923. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. B. Weaver.

The house was attractively decorated with quantities of summer flowers, combined with palms and ferns. The bride looked lovely in a gown of white canton crepe, trimmed with robin's egg blue, and a smart blue and white hat to match. Her corsage was of Ophelia roses and sweet peas. Mrs. Reid acted as matron of honor, and wore a smart gown of sand shade, with a hat to match, and a corsage of sunset roses. Mrs. Caruthers, of Detroit, also sister of the bride, wore a smart dress of navy canton, a gray hat and a corsage of orchids and roses. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left by boat for Buffalo, from where they will leave on a motor trip through New York State. On their return they will spend a few days in London during old boys' week before leaving for their home in Detroit.

Following the ceremony an informal reception was held, followed by a dainty wedding breakfast. Mrs. Draper of this city, sister of the bride, wore a becoming gown of cocoa shade crepe with a hat to match, and a corsage of sunset roses. Mrs. Caruthers, of Detroit, also sister of the bride, wore a smart dress of navy canton, a gray hat and a corsage of orchids and roses. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left by boat for Buffalo, from where they will leave on a motor trip through New York State. On their return they will spend a few days in London during old boys' week before leaving for their home in Detroit.

After the reception and wedding luncheon, the happy couple departed by motor for Hamilton, and will spend their honeymoon among the Thousand Islands. On their return, they will reside in Hamilton.

SMITH—NICHOL.
 A pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Reid, 1084 Detroit avenue, Detroit, Sunday afternoon, July 7, at 3 o'clock, when Amy Kathleen, youngest daughter of

Our Tom Fitzgerald is like the Taj Mahal in India. Of course, to see any similarity between our quiet, pleasant Tom and the marble mausoleum which an Oriental monarch built on the banks of the Jumna River as a memorial to the woman he loved, one has to have known the wonderful Zdelka.

Since many have heard of, but few ever saw Zdelka, it follows that most of Tom's fellow villagers do not think of him as sharing with the great triumph of Mohammedan art the distinction of being a symbol. The Taj Mahal and Tom, each in their different way, are symbols of the power of a woman to project herself across whatever chasm separates this world from some other. The marble symbol proclaims the hold which Shah-Jehan's queen must have held over her emperor's heart; the living symbol tells all the world that Zdelka what she must have meant to Tom.

Zdelka's voice is a magic memory in the music world. But Zdelka herself towers over it. For she is remembered as a great woman. Great in the simplicity with which she accepted fame. Great in the naturalness she retained when many were trying to make her artificial. Great in the way she mothered Tom. For she did not mother him in spite of the fact that she was his wife. She mothered him in the sense of helping him to be his better self.

How our humble Tom happened to become the husband of Zdelka is a longer story. How she died is another. How Tom married again and became the notable obscurety he is in our village is still another. All that matters in the present narrative is the fact that a woman, whose fame in one of the most evanescent of the arts has survived for more than twenty years, has her greatest monument in Tom.

For Tom, in many odd little ways, is Zdelka. Her gentleness is in his manner toward children and old people. Her joy in living is in the way he lifts his head high when he faces the morning sun in our village streets. Her blend of simplicity and dignity is in his attitude toward his fellows. Her art in creating a fine and a tender relationship in the difficult situation of marriage—doubtless difficult when the woman is the man's worldly superior—is in the delicacy of his feeling for his invalid wife.

Yet Tom is only a businessman, a small manufacturer, just a little off of Main street, while Zdelka was a Bohemian singer. Zdelka's manager caught the suppressed drama of our unostentatious Tom when he made a special trip out from the city nearby (where he had his winter quarters), to see the husband of the woman whose sup-

den death interrupted a just and tranquil business relationship.

"She couldn't tame him while she was alive, but she has done the job efficiently from wherever she is now," he commented to one who had known what a restless boy-husband Tom had been. "It isn't so much a taming as a softening. No, it's even more than that. It's a merging of what she was into him. Why, he almost looks like her. Not a feature in common and yet, looking at him, one thinks of her. Perhaps Zdelka's mannerisms that come out in him when he gets a bit excited help along the illusion. Even the voice has certain modulations that make me think she is speaking in that quiet way she had, only with a heavier and a deeper tone. What an interesting study in post-mortem influence. Say, he sure must have been fond of that woman!"

The most reliable witness on this is Tom.

"The best in me," he once said, "is a heritage. It always amuses me a little, when anyone likes me. For the likable part of me is not Tom Fitzgerald at all. It's Zdelka. Some extensions of Zdelka. Some incarnation of Zdelka guiding me, advising me what to do, whispering gently when I need her help, 'Do this,' or 'Do that,' or 'Do nothing at all.' There is nothing so definite, though, as a voice. I don't believe in voices or anything like that. It is just an influence, a kind of perfume she left with me that has changed me. I have to be nice, for instance, just have to be nice, in my attitude toward women. For am I not under an immense debt to a woman? When she was alive I resisted her. I thought it was manly to assert myself, to be rough and direct and crude. But now, when I can do anything for people, especially for a child or someone old and a bit of a nuisance to others, I feel as though I were paying some little part of what I owe. When I have done anything kind or gentle or just decent it is as though I had offered a flower—to her."

"No, this has nothing to do with spiritism, nor with any phase of the question of personal survival after death. I only know Zdelka lives again in me, in these little ways. In that which restrains me from things I feel she would not like. In that which impels me toward things she would like. I really have no other standard than my remembrance of her exquisite spirit."

Tom isn't much. But if he needed help he'd get it in a hurry from almost everyone in our town. Even the dogs, if they knew, would doubtless try to be in on it. So Zdelka seems to have done something for him. And for her he appears to have built a Taj Mahal not made with hands.

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Umbrellas Are Smart.
 New York, July 20.—It is considered smart to carry an umbrella with your tailored costumes today. The umbrella must be short and stubby and should have a wood and ivory handle.

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If you have your sandwiches made at home, ask for these tomorrow:

No. 3—Egg and
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Chop two hard-boiled eggs fine, add twelve large stuffed olives which have been minced, season and moisten to a paste with mayonnaise. Spread between buttered slices.

No. 4—Pimento and
Cream Cheese.

Chop two pimentos fine and add to one cream cheese. Season and mix well, moistening with mayonnaise. A pleasing variety is given by using white bread for one-half of the sandwich and whole wheat bread for the other.

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