## SPECIALLY PRICED AT \$1.00 A stylish and charming new model, for medium and petite figures, combining the advantages of the girdle top, with those of the medium long hip corse: DOMINION CORSET CO., Mafra.

# PRINCESS ZARA

BY ROSS BEECKMAN.

## Fashion Hint for Times Readers



### Mr. Justwed Has That Gone Feeling

On the fifth day after Mrs. Justwed's tearful departure to visit "Mommer" Mr. J. began to doubt the truth of that poplar song that alludes to the "poor married man" and concludes with that plaintive, bachelor-joy plea—'I'm with you in everything you do, but please don't take me home!" When he did realize, however, that there is no one on the face of the earth more miserably unhappy than a married man whose wife is away on a visit, that "gone" feeling came over him all in a rush. He couldn't enjoy the carefree frolics of his bachelor days—because he was married. He couldn't revel in the comforts of home—because the flat wasn't anything but a place to sleep, since his wife wasn't there. He wasn't since his wife wasn't there. He wasn't a bachelor. He wasn't a married man.

the the commonts of home—occause the flat wasn't anything but a place to sleep, since his wife wasn't there. He wasn't a bachelor. He wasn't a married man. He wasn't—he was neither fish, flesh hot. The first day after Mis. Justweds absence he had wandered into the restaurant for his dinner with a feeling that wasn't so worse after all—this buga-boo of dinner away from his own family hearth. The next evening, though, and for all the succeeding evenings those half dozen little expelber and him to heave long, deep sighs for the partilly arranged Justwed table with a trim little maid serving.

And then with a peculiar feeling that perhaps he was doing wrong he had gone out with the boxs one evening. Not awild ambrored. No, indeed! Just was the perhaps he was doing wrong he had gone out with the boxs one evening with the perhaps he was doing wrong he had gone out with the boxs one evening. Not awild ambrored. No, indeed! Just was the perhaps he was doing wrong he had gone out with the boxs one evening. Not awild ambrored. No, indeed! Just was the wast to his bachelor pale who took their diraks in moderation. But somehow his beer dirink is in moderation. But somehow his beer dirink taste as it did in bygone days. The conversation seemed triflig and trie and uninteresting to him, accustomed as he was to his soriely burden of household plans and details. The jokes were stale, flat and unprofitable. The jokes were stale, flat and unprofitable.

wed relaxed until a broad grin suffusehis countenance, and he slapped his knee out of sheer joy and enthusiasm over his

Sure! That was it! Why hadn't Sure! That was it! Why hadn't he thought of it before!

Hurrying to the phone he called up the bell-hop on duty downstairs and sent him scurrying out for a telegraph blank. In the meantime Mr. J. ambled around the apartment in that self-satisfied and complacent attitude that usualy betokens the sudden stumbling upon a "good-thing."

