

Mother Knows Best!

She Wore Them Then

KAYSER

She Wears Them Now

Hosiery

Gloves

Underwear

Mir-O-Kleer *

Just look at the excellent choice of styles to be had. Every pair of KAYSER stockings is flawlessly clear. The season's smartest shades are available.

WALKING SHEER: 4-thread, sheer for 75c smartness, serviceable for day in day out wear

LIGHT SERVICE: Flawlessly clear, splendid for service—and easy on the budget 75c

DAY TIME SHEER: Looks like 3-thread but is actually a 4-thread. For sheer loveliness \$1.00

DULL CREPE: Smart because of its clearness, dull surface and excellent wearing qualities \$1.00

HEAVY SERVICE: The kind the older woman prefers. Not too transparent but flattering in their sheerness \$1.00

FIT-ALL-TOPS* Their stretchy tops make them ideal for the woman who requires that extra give above the knee \$1.00

MERE WISPS: Designed for life's brighter moments. 3-threads that are a mere haze of color \$1.00

When you are paying tribute to your "First Lady" on HER day choose a gift worthy of the sentiment itself. All women appreciate the quality, beauty and style found in KAYSER merchandise.

\$1.00

KAY-TITES: The snuggest fitting little panties you could ask for yet knitted so that they fit free and easy. In three different lengths.

GRANDEES* Mere nothings of ventilated silk chiffon in panties and vests.

Spring Gloves

Such a smart selection. You really could buy more than one pair—a pair of the new beige—or white—and a pair in bright color.

KAY SPUNS are silk Milanese, the slimmest, firmest, springiest glove she could ask for, SEA BREEZE, cool, meshy and exhilaratingly smart. BASKETTES* so smartly fashioned, so firm in fit—and the classic KAYSER LEATHERETTES.

They're all here at \$1.00 pair.



Moore & McLeod Limited

(* Trade Mark Reg.)

"BE WISER — BUY KAYSER"

MODEL SCHOOL

Honor Roll for April:
Grade VIII (Jr.)—1. Doris Boisner.

Grade VII—1. Jean McLean; 2. Lloyd McAulay.

Grade VI—1. Ann Duffy; 2. Inez Marie McDonald.

Grade V—1. Ruby Hudson; 2. David Bentley.

Grade IV—1. Douglas MacDonald; 2. Rose Ann MacDonald; 3. Keith Lank.

Grade III—1. Hope Hudson; 2. Kilmer MacMillan; 3. Joyce Gay.

Grade II—1. Shirley J. Dunning;

2. Doris Kays; 3. Betty Lou Howatt.
Grade I—1. Sally McDonald; 2. Ivan Mitchell and Marcel Plourde (equal); 3. Noreen Smith.

KING SECOND YOUNGEST OF THE SIX GEORGES

George I was 54 years old when he became King of England. George II was 44. George III was 22. George IV was fifty-eight. George V was forty-five. King George VI celebrated his forty-first birthday four days after coming to the throne.

Honeymoon Mountain

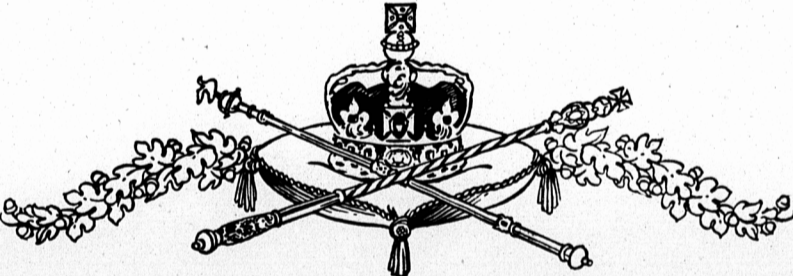
By Frances Shelley Wees

(Continued)
Deborah sat up and moved the silver spoon beside her plate. She looked across at Grandmother. Grandmother was wearing her gray satin dress for the first time since Grandfather's death. Her white hair was pinned more loosely than usual, and fluffed out softly around her face. Her eyes were sparkling, alight, happy. There was pink in her cheeks, and a thread of it in her lips. It was as if she had come to life again, too. An hour ago, when they had come up the weed-grown drive, Grandmother had been standing at the side door, dressed from head to foot in the black she had worn for so long, with one hand pressed to her heart in the old familiar gesture, and a look of fearful questioning in her eyes. The man had stopped the big battered-looking motor-car, and helped Deborah out. Grandmother had not looked at Deborah at all, except for one quick encompassing glance as if to make sure that she was still intact. Her eyes had gone to the man, and he had stood tall and straight and smiling that faint steady smile of his, waiting. The sun had glinted on his raven hair, and had made his brown skin look very clear and wholesome. Grandmother had looked into his eyes for a long time, a tense, silent, searching look; and then she had drawn a deep breath and put out her hand. She had smiled back at him, a fluttering relieved happy smile, and he had taken both her little white hands in his own. Oh, he was living up to his bargain. He seemed to understand the situation at a glance and decide what it was he must do. It was perfect acting and Deborah knew that she should have been grateful and appreciative, but instead she was angry. Angry because... well, because, watching him with Grandmother, she had realized suddenly that all the way up from San Francisco he had been acting with her, too, amusing her, making her laugh, telling her interesting things, thinking of her comfort because it was part of the bargain. On the trip she had forgotten the bargain, the fact that he was going to be paid well, as she had expressed it, for giving their marriage the appearance of a happy one, the appearance of a real marriage between two young people who had... had fallen in love with each other at first sight.

note one must remember to strike: impersonality. Deborah straightened her shoulders and leaned back in her chair, calm, cool in full control of herself.
Grandmother was gazing at him again as if she could scarcely take her eyes away. It was unfortunate that he meant so much to her if Grandmother approved of him too highly. It might make it difficult, at the end of the year, to explain why Deborah would be happier without him. And Grandmother in the meantime might think... she might expect... Deborah moved uneasily.
"My dear boy," Grandmother was saying, "I cannot see that there is the slightest resemblance between you and your father. You are so much taller than he was, so much more... perhaps I mean athletic looking. But perhaps I shouldn't have expected you to look like the Grahams. My husband told me years ago, after he had been East to see you, that you looked very much like your mother's people."
"Did he?" the man murmured.
"A number of people have mentioned it. I never could see it myself."
"And I cannot see it," Grandmother said, decidedly. "Your mother's people were very dark. Why, her two brothers were quite swarthy, and I never thought of her as being in the least fair, or clear-skinned. I never could understand..." Grandmother said, and stopped. "But of course," she went on hastily, appalled at what she had almost said, "she was a very fine woman, my dear Stuart."
I always believed so.
Of course you did. Although you would scarcely remember her, I think."
He doesn't remember her at all," Deborah said quickly. She died when he was only three, Grandmother. He couldn't possibly remember her."
The man looked across the table. His eyes were twinkling, amused. Deborah looked back at him, coolly.
It wasn't going to be exactly easy to carry off this situation. But no matter how difficult it might be it was better than marrying Stuart Graham. Anything was

better than marrying Stuart Graham. Deborah shut her eyes for a moment as she remembered that other face, dark and angry and sneering. There had been very little dissembling on Stuart Graham's part, even in Mr. Holworthy's presence. Apparently it hadn't seemed necessary to him to pretend gentleness and courtesy even for the few necessary hours. It had been perfectly obvious that he hadn't dreamed for a moment that she could or would refuse to marry him, refuse to go through with the horrible bargain. When she did summon up her courage, after two hours of listening to his talk with Mr. Holworthy, when the words sprang to her lips and she heard herself saying in a queer cold little voice that she could never marry him no matter what happened, he had been terrible. He had called her prudish, ignorant, insane.
Grandmother wouldn't have believed it, couldn't have believed it, if she had been told. It would have killed her to bring Stuart Graham here and let her see him as he was. She and Grandfather had told themselves for years that in a miserably unhappy world one star would always shine as bright as the sun; no matter what happened, the Grahams were gentlemen.

been giving the palace tailors plenty country at such an important event. The Prince and his party will embark on which he will represent his Rumanian cruiser Regina Maria for the last stage of his journey to London.



Inside the Abbey when a King is Crowned

... a marvelous picture in colors ...

Star Weekly MAY 8

The actual moment of the Coronation inside the Abbey will be depicted in full colors in a painting occupying the entire front page of the rotogravure section of The Star Weekly May 8.

Pictures of King George VI, as a sportsman, of the Queen Mother, and of the royal fleet which will visit the Thames from May 7 to May 13, will make the rotogravure section an outstanding one. King George VI in his actual coronation robes will be shown on the front page of color magazine section No. 1. This portrait will illustrate an article on the Coronation. There will also be a full length portrait of Queen Elizabeth in her coronation robes in four colors in the color magazine section. A map of that portion of London that will be traversed by the Coronation procession will be printed for the use of listeners to the Coronation radio broadcast. It will enable people in Canada to visualize the progress of the parade.

Order your copy now to be sure of getting it.

The Toronto STAR WEEKLY

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PUTNAM'S Corn Extractor

KEEP TAILORS BUSY
BUCHAREST—(C P-Reuters)—Fifteen-year-old Prince Michael, heir to the Rumanian throne, intends to be one of the best-dressed royal representatives at the Coronation in London. The Prince has