



## “Just One More Record Before Bed-time”

IN the home where there are children—what a priceless possession is a Sonora! It sings them to sleep with Sand-Man Lullabys. It educates them to an appreciation of the world's masters of harmony.

Folks never tire of the Sonora—its glorious tone of crystal clearness, which won for it highest honors for tone quality at the Panama Pacific Exposition, is a source of ever-fresh enjoyment.

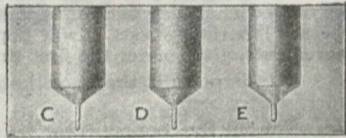
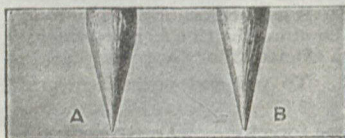
The Sonora has the supreme and silent motor of the Phonograph World. Silently and without a suggestion of scratching, it runs from 15 to 30 and 34 minutes with one winding—long enough to play 4 or 5 ten-inch records. Others make the records—the Sonora plays them all and plays them better.

Prices \$74 to \$2500

I. MONTAGNES & COMPANY

Wholesale Distributors

DEPT. E, RYRIE BUILDING, TORONTO



## Sonora NEEDLES

Play 50 to 100 times without wearing out

A—Shows a new steel needle.  
B—A steel needle used once. Note how point is worn off.  
C—A new Sonora needle.  
D—A Sonora needle used once. Impossible to notice any wear.

E—A Sonora Needle which has played over 50 records. Worn down considerably but as good as new. It will fit the groove perfectly and play many more records.

SONORA NEEDLES mellow the tone, preserve the record and eliminate scratching.

40c. per package of 5

AT ALL DEALERS, OR WRITE DEPT. E.

I. MONTAGNES & COMPANY

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D11

## FREE BIG PHONOGRAPH AND BRITISH LION OR PRINCESS PAT RING

Don't give \$25.00 for a phonograph. You can get this beautiful machine complete with 12 of the newest selections absolutely free of cost. It is a magnificent machine. Its tone is powerful and as clear as a bell and it plays any make disc record—Victor, Columbia or Edison. It has a handsome mahoganyized case, tapered tone arm, nickel trimmings, powerful motor, and in fact many of the big features found in the highest grade machines. Every loyal Canadian will also want the magnificent British Lion or Princess Pat gem ring. They are fashion's latest creations in fine jewellery. The Lion ring is a handsome massive carved Lion head with jewelled eyes and mouth—the emblem of Britain's greatness. The Princess Pat is an exquisite design set with five sparkling brilliants and having all the appearance of a \$50.00 diamond ring.

These great prizes are being given away FREE to quickly advertise and introduce "Fairy Berries" the delightful new, Cream Candy Coated breath perfume that everybody just loves. Send your name and address to-day and we'll send you free a big trial package and just 25 handsome 10c packages to introduce among your friends. Open your free package, try Fairy Berries yourself and ask all your friends to try them. Everyone wants a package or two at once, they are so delicious. Fairy



Complete with 6 Double Records 12 SELECTIONS

Plays Any Make Disk Record

Berries sweeten the breath, purify the mouth, and leave a lasting fragrance. You'll sell them like hot cakes. Then return our money, only \$2.50, and we'll promptly send your choice of the beautiful rings, all postage paid, and the grand phonograph and records complete you can also receive for just showing your fine prize to your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

SEND NO MONEY. Just send your name and address to-day. A post card will do. Address THE FAIRY BERRY COMPANY Department F. 4 Toronto, Ontario

## Flag and Ball Days

### What Submarine Warfare Meant to the Simple Sea-Folk on the Cornish Coast, England

By FRANCES SARGEANT

IT is only now when the war is over that we can speak freely of the days when the flag and ball flew; of the wounded and dying men carried through our streets, of good ships sunk within full sight of our windows, and of patrol boats and airships submarine hunting in the placid waters of our bay—of warfare as seen by an unimportant, unfortified town in England, one of many others, towns that were officially miles away from the war-zone.

Our town is on the inmost shore of a wide, deep bay, and the flag and ball is the signal which was run up at the coast-guard station whenever a submarine came inside the bay—a plain red flag above a black ball. The "ball" was a circular piece of black bunting strained out on ropes, like a large umbrella cover, but it was always called the "flag and ball" signal.

We are in the extreme south-west of England, in the Duchy of Cornwall, on a wild coast worn by the Atlantic gales, and a former haunt of smugglers and

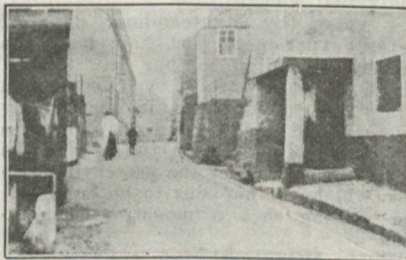
and mine-sweepers. So that the fishing was chiefly done by old men who had retired from an active life before the war, and hobble-de-hoys between school age and military service age. The old men, after a meagre existence on savings and an old age pension, seemed almost dazed by the sudden turn of events, for they were making more money than they had dreamed of in their prime.

Our town, looking out to the Atlantic and not to the comparatively safe waters of the English Channel, probably had, in proportion to its importance, as many crews from torpedoed ships landed at its jetties as any town in England. The actual arrangements for the comfort and welfare of the survivors while they were in the town rested entirely on the townspeople, fishermen, seafaring men and their families and small shopkeepers.

Jutting out to sea beyond the town is a small, rocky, turf-capped promontory where the fishermen spread their



A Typical Cornish Fisherman



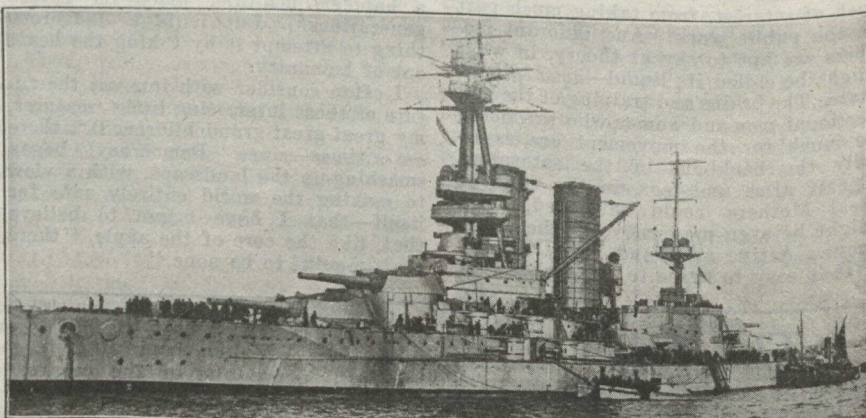
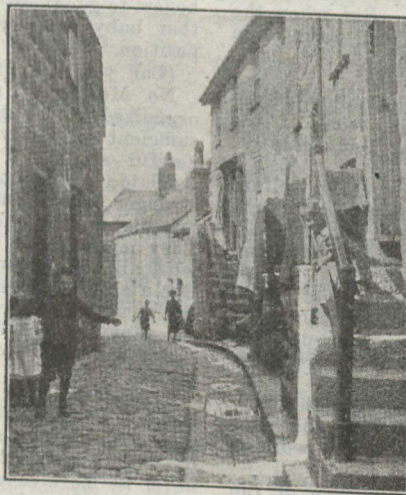
Above and below—Streets in Cornwall, England, characteristic of the country.

wreckers. Unlike most towns in the south of England, it has no "landed gentry;" indeed, there is no land at all in the sporting or agricultural sense—only deserted lead mines and gorse and granite boulders. It is a little town, old and weather bleached, and many of the streets are too narrow for a cart to pass through. Decades ago it was a mining town, but now its prosperity depends entirely on fishing, and, hard as it has been hit in other ways since the war, it has reaped a rich harvest from the sea. For the price of fish rose enormously, out of all proportion to the increased danger and increased cost of nets and materials.

The men who had gone as soldiers were allowed home on leave for the herring season—late autumn on this part of the coast—but the majority of our able-bodied men were not soldiers, but in the Navy, or serving on patrol boats

lived here during the days when the flag and ball flew will ever forget it. It is easy, too easy, to live those sad, strange, exciting days over again in memory.

The ball had scarcely shown itself like a sinister black spot against the grey sea, the red flag had scarcely flapped once in the wintry breeze, before our usually quiet streets were echoing with the sound of running feet. The lifeboat was brought out—she may or



H.M.S. "Canada"—a familiar visitor on the Cornish Coast.

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